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# GLIMPSES OF ITALIAN COURT LIFE

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HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELENA OF ITALY

REPRODUCED FROM A PHOTOGRAPH
PRESENTED BY HER MAJESTY TO THE AUTHOR

# GLIMPSES of ITALIAN COURT LIFE

## HAPPY DAYS IN ITALIA ADORATA

By

TRYPHOSA BATES BATCHELLER

NEW YORK
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DEDICATED
BY SPECIAL PERMISSION
TO HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY
QUEEN ELENA OF ITALY

# PREFACE

Italia Adorata. These two words seem to me to best express the universal sentiments of all the English-speaking people, and indeed of all the races of the civilized world, toward the country to which we all turn with a common love and admiration,—for its natural beauties given of God, for its great and historic past, for its present and heroic re-birth into the world of great nations,—and last, but not least, for the charm and rare intelligence of the Italian people.

Personally I owe to my Italian friends, for whom I have a real affection, an expression of deep appreciation for their many and oft-repeated kindnesses to me whenever I have been in Italy, or wherever I have met them elsewhere in the world. "The heart is good," as our red Indians say, and the heart of an Italian friend is very good always, I have found.

In Italy many poets of many countries have found

a special inspiration, and the painter learns often for the first time the full meaning of color when he goes to Italy to study, not only nature, but the great Italian masters of the past.

I have chosen to edit the letters written from Italy to my mother, father, and an intimate friend, because I felt that my readers would receive a clearer picture of my experiences from letters written directly from the country.

I have dwelt for the most part on Rome, where I have spent so many happy days.

The city is becoming one of the halting places in the march of the world. Travellers from the West bound for the Orient rarely pass Italy by, and generally run up to Rome for a few weeks. In a similar way travellers from the Orient, going westward, feel as if they had reached a sort of home when they arrive in dear Italy. Gradually through the many foreign marriages of the great Italian nobles with women of rank and position in Spain, England, France and America, society in Rome has come to be very cosmopolitan, and one meets people of culture and distinction from all over the world in the salons of the Roman matrons, than whom no more delightful hostesses can be found anywhere.

It has also been my pleasure to investigate the

conditions of the Italians who have come to my country, and I have written two letters on the subject of our Italian immigration, which I have studied with much interest. The results of my investigations have taught me to appreciate the worth of the Italians who are fast making part of our country a *piccola Italia*, as they themselves like to say.

Here then, I offer to Her Most Gracious Majesty, Queen Elena of Italy, some of my experiences gathered in that dear country which, in common with all the world, I love so well; trusting that in my impressions of Italian life, which I have tried to picture, something may be found to interest and please Her Majesty, as well as my friends and readers everywhere.

# INTRODUCTION

I VENTURE to add a few lines of introduction, as it seems to me there exists among a certain class of people, particularly in America, a misapprehension as to the value and meaning of titles.

True it is, that in a democratic country like our own, there is little place for the consideration of this subject; but democratic as we Americans are theoretically, practically it is well known that we all respect a foreign title without any definitely expressed reason to ourselves. In point of fact, there are as many class distinctions in America as in any foreign country, and we, unconsciously perhaps, put as high a value on family name, birth and breeding as do the noble families of the old world.

Had George Washington been made an emperor, the signers of the Declaration of Independence might have been dukes or princes; but our forefathers began with other names: hero, patriot, statesman, are the titles of the New World, for we are a New World

and a young country. Our traditions are what our great-grandfathers have made them, and we each are as proud of our own heroes of the American Revolution, who fought and died that the heritage of this dear land might be ours, as the foreign nobleman is proud of his ancestors who gave their lives in the service of their country.

The worship and love of ancestors have ever been a marked characteristic of great people the world over. The Lares and Penates were ever the favored gods of the Greeks and Romans, and the adoration of their forefathers is the first duty of the Japanese and Chinese. After all, we Puritans from England and Scotland are not far behind in the love and affection that we bear our progenitors, who have given us the greatest heritage of all, integrity, intelligence and intense love of country. Certain it is that their courage and high purpose laid the foundations of our own great country. Though superficially we may be considered a nation of merchants, at bottom we are really idealists, and the deep-seated love of our ideals will always save us from becoming altogether materialistic. The keynote of our country at the present day is, very properly, devotion to education which may teach these ideals to all who come to us.

In the olden times the strongest man ruled; he

built himself a fortress, and the weaker people in the vicinity paid tribute in the produce of their farms.

In return, he gave them his protection in times of war, though they were forced to help him fight his battles. He was a duke, a prince, what you will, because he was strong.

Later, the gallant soldiers of the European kingdoms received grants of land and a title from their sovereigns for service rendered to their king and country on the field of battle, as in the case of John Churchill, made Duke of Marlborough after the battle of Blenheim.

Happily in our times wars are growing less frequent; therefore titles are now generally conferred upon those who have achieved especial distinction in the world of art, music, literature and science; so while I am not in any way a title-worshipper, I believe fully in the power of heredity, and I maintain that titles have a definite significance.

Though everyone that bears a title may not be distinguished personally, he undoubtedly belongs to a family whose members have achieved distinction, and is therefore entitled to consideration.

We can harbly claim in America that all the descendants of our heroes, patriots and statesmen are

distinguished individually, but we never hear the names of any of our great men without a feeling of respect not only for the progenitors of those names but for those who bear them at the present time.

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# GLIMPSES OF ITALIAN COURT LIFE

# I

## To E. F. D. B.

### ARRIVAL IN ITALY

NAPLES, ITALY, December 26, 1904

*My dear Mother:*

I MUST tell you about our landing last night, which was quite amusing at first, but came very near being disastrous at the end. Our good ship that had brought us safely across the Atlantic was steaming slowly and majestically into the bay. On our left was the lovely Island of Ischia, wrapped in the soft lights and haze of early evening. It was just the sunset hour, and on our right Vesuvius was letting forth a small white cloud of smoke from his crater, as though he were enjoying quite comfortably his after dinner cigarette. The eye almost unconsciously followed the smooth, curved line from the crater down to the little outlying suburbs of the great city of Naples, and as the purple and violet lights melted away in the deep blue water, the artificial lights of "Bella Napoli" began twinkling and beckoning to us. It was all so perfect, so wonderful, so incomparably

beautiful, that I felt that my fairy god-mother could not have given me a better Christmas present than the privilege of beholding the lovely scene before me.

I was, therefore, much surprised, when a man standing near me on the deck, said in a most assertive way, "Yes, we are going on to Genoa at once, as there is nothing to see in Naples." I suppose I must have shown my astonishment, for the man turned half apologetically to me and said, "Have you ever been in Naples? Is there really anything to see?" My answer, if it had been complete, would have filled volumes, but I merely said, "You know the saying, 'See Naples and die.' I never lose an opportunity to stay in Naples as long as possible; there is not only so much of interest in the museum, but in and about the city all sorts of delightful excursions are to be made."

As I walked towards the forward part of the ship, I looked down at the steerage passengers, who were standing in crowds on the deck below, and F. B. and I both felt that they held their heads extra high just now, for very pride of belonging to this glorious land before us. One man, who had evidently been most prosperous in America, was wearing a good-looking heavy overcoat, soft felt hat and a nice pair of leather

boots. In the eyes of these men the boots are an important part of the appearance, for many of them went from their homes very poorly shod. He was armed with a broom-brush, borrowed from the steward, and was marshaling all the men about him, brushing each one with the greatest care. It was really very amusing to watch these home-coming Italians who had gone away to labor in a strange land. Most of them looked as if they had fared very well and prospered, but of course there were some to whom Fate had not been kind, who now were returning heart-broken to their own sunny land.

One man, who had been in America but a short time, had come back to spend the Christmas holidays with his family. He stood far up in the bow, eagerly looking for his dear ones on the shore, but the man with the brush summoned him, and as he reluctantly turned about to be made quite clean, we had a good chance to look him over. He was thinly and poorly clad, an old cap on his head, a loose, collarless shirt, and trousers that could be truthfully called "pants"; never mind! these same pants were turned up about six inches at the ankles, to display to the fullest possible advantage the pride of his heart—a pair of fine patent leather shoes. My, how they did shine! and he felt and wanted every-

one to feel with him, for the time being, that he was all feet. It was certainly amusing to see him strut about with those shoes. We asked about him, and learned that he will soon return again to his work in America. Next time he comes back to his dear Italy, I dare say, he will be as grand as the man with the broom-brush and the black overcoat.

We were bundled into the custom-house along with the second and third class passengers, and pandemonium followed. Naples, you know, is the noisiest city in the world, and that custom-house last night must have been the wildest scene of yelling, screaming people that ever was in Naples. After dumping our trunks on the dock, the porters proceeded to scatter them into three separate ware-houses, and I assure you, it was like hunting for a needle in a hay-mow to find one's own baggage at all. As we stepped from the gang-plank, several guides rushed up to us, and I asked the most intelligent looking one to stay by us, for dear Mrs. Gouverneur Morris of New York was with us, and there were numerous trunks to be found.

Signor Antoni proved most polite, and as we hurried to the ware-house, he said, "The Signorina is a lady guide, how many in her party? She speak Italian very well." Antoni labored hard for the salvation

THE BAY OF NAPLES

SHOWING CASTELLO DELL'OVO ON THE POINT

of the baggage, but the rescue was not easy. Porters yelled to other porters; enraged custom-house officers ordered off the Italian peasants waiting about the buildings, while Signor Antoni and I played at hide-and-seek amongst hundreds of trunks. Mine were striped with white bands, so in time we found these, and then Mrs. M. and Antoni wrestled with the situation for another quarter of an hour. The custom-house officer came to examine them, passed them quickly, and was most polite, but a moment later I saw him get furious because one of my fellow voyagers offered him a gold piece. As he stalked indignantly away Mr. —— said to me, "I meant well anyhow, and I have always heard that these people take tips." "No," I said, "you must remember modern Italy is trying to maintain very high standards, and deserves great credit for her success." We were all disgusted at the steamship management, which really was too careless for words. The emigrants, who had been refused admittance to America, were pushed indiscriminately among us, and we feared infection and all sorts of trouble. Some people did get influenza, and two ladies lost their trunks altogether, so we felt rather lucky after all, when Antoni put us into the Vesuve omnibus, and we knew that the worst was over and that we were really "all there."

I learned the Italian saying, "*Ci vuol pazienza* (you must be patient)," while we were hunting the last stray trunk, for Antoni said it over and over to me, and I feel sure it will become a watch-word between F. B. and me, especially when I am dressing for dinner. "Hurry" cannot be adequately translated into Italian, so *Ci vuol pazienza* should be learned by every one intending to stay any time at all in dear old Italy.

But here we are snug and warm in this nice hotel Vesuve. We have been here so many times, that the good Swiss landlord greeted us at the door as if we had been his relatives, and gave special instructions to his men as to our rooms and the heating of them. What do you suppose our hotel landlords in America would do if they were expected to greet every new arrival personally? Fancy Mr. Boldt standing at the door of "Peacock Alley" at the Waldorf, with a diagram of the hotel rooms in his hand, and assigning every room to each traveler himself! However, in dear Italy this is precisely what happens, at least at the Hotel Vesuve.

Nearly all the hotels in Italy, and indeed in many other countries now-a-days, are managed and directed by the Swiss; certainly, these Swiss landlords whom we have met know how to make us delightfully

comfortable—and Oscar Tschirky, that paragon of the Waldorf, is also Swiss, you know.

We insisted on steam heat and southern exposure, so our rooms are very sunny and warm. They are directly opposite the Castello dell' Ovo, where that dissolute and much married Johanna I of Naples was imprisoned so long. She was married when only seven years old to Andrew of Hungary, but in 1345 she had him ruthlessly strangled, as she wanted to marry Louis of Tarranto. He pleased little better, and she married twice after that. At the time of the revolution in Naples, she was seized and imprisoned in the castle, and afterwards hanged by the king of Hungary, a brother of her first unfortunate husband. The Castello was begun in 1154, and it certainly looks its age.

I enjoy watching the fishermen and boys in the *Borgo dei Marinari* (Place of the Fishermen) just at the side of the castle on the island; the bridge too, connecting the island with the main land, is the scene of constant passing, for the Castello is now used as barracks, and soldiers in curious uniforms are constantly going in and out. All the Italian uniforms are most picturesque and attractive, but the *bersaglieri*, the picked men of the Italian army, are always a source of delight to me. They wear dark blue

uniforms with crimson pipings, black tarpaulin hats worn very much to one side, trimmed with masses of green cock feathers, which blow merrily in the breeze as they walk swiftly by. They are supposed to be the best shots and the fastest marching men of the Italian army.

This morning we awoke to see the ground white with snow, a most unusual sight in Naples, but in spite of the shivering cold, the *restaurante*, or "restoration" (as F. B. calls it), of the fishermen was duly arranged with its out-of-door tables and the white table-cloths flapped in the bitter cold *Tramontana*, in a way that made me shiver. The women were evidently equally determined not to admit the fact that it was cold winter in their lovely land of sun, for they bravely brought their washing to the public faucet, and scrubbed away until the week's linen was cleaned. Now the water did not freeze, so it really could not have been so fearfully cold after all, but when I went out for a walk this morning to my favorite coral shops in the Via Calabritto, I was profoundly grateful for my furs.

The Sahara desert on the one hand, and the snow-covered Calabrian mountains on the other, make Naples warm and balmy, and frightfully windy and cold alternately. The *Tramontana*, or North wind

(literally, wind from the mountains), blows three, six, or nine days, and this is also true of the *Scirocco*, or South wind, which is warm and very enervating. They say here that it makes one very irritable; people sometimes forgive serious offenses if the *Scirocco* is blowing, as everyone is expected to be in bad temper, and nearly everyone meets the expectation. Never go shopping in a *Scirocco*, you will be worsted in the bargain, and will find yourself on edge at the end of the first hour. When you shop in Naples make it a rule to be smiling and amiable on all occasions and under the most trying circumstances. The Neapolitans will almost give you what you wish to buy if you smile pleasantly at them and chat kindly with them about their own city.

We can generally be our own weather prophets here, for Vesuvius is a natural barometer for Naples; a change of the weather is known twenty-four hours beforehand, by the direction in which the smoke issuing from its crater, is blowing. When it blows towards Capri, the weather is sure to be good, but when the crater is concealed by thick clouds, the *Scirocco* is sure to come, and rain along with it.

To-morrow we are going to San Martino, if the day is fine, and to the opera in the evening. As I was writing, the strains of *O Sole Mio*, one of the

Italian street songs, called me to the window. I love the simple melodies of these Neapolitan airs. How these men can sing this cold night out of doors I cannot imagine, but the Neapolitans can sing their own sweet songs "at any old time," and they always have the same fascination. I put a few *soldi* in an envelope, and threw it down from my balcony. "*Grazie, grazie, Signora Contessa,*" came back from the street below, and the song was repeated. There is a subtle charm about the voices of these Neapolitans, even of these street singers. What that charm is when developed in a really wonderful voice, we all realize when we listen to Caruso's beautiful notes. He was a Neapolitan boy, you know, and I dare say sang these very songs on his way to school.

The folk-songs of all countries to me seem beautiful. They are the spontaneous expression of some joyous or sad heart, and as they come from the heart, they go straight to the heart.

Don't you remember how delighted President Roosevelt was when I sang some ballads the evening that Mrs. Roosevelt gave that charming musicale for me at the White House? I shall never forget his insistence for the second verse of each song.

Sir Purdon Clarke is another wonderful man with a great mind and a big heart who loves the good old songs of England and Scotland. To me, however, the Neapolitan airs are especially attractive.

As the last sounds died away, the memory of the Andante of Mendelssohn's Italian symphony came back to me. How lovely it is! Don't you think he must have written the last strains with the sweet melodies of these Italian songs sounding faintly in his ears?

Good night, my dear, it is late, and I shall be lulled to sleep with the strains of *Santa Lucia* beneath my window.

"Naples! thou heart of men which ever pantest
Naked beneath the lidless eye of heaven!
Elysian City, which to calm enchantest
The mutinous air and sea,—they round thee, even
As Sleep round Love, are driven!
Metropolis of a ruined paradise
Long lost, late won, and yet but half regained!
Bright altar of the bloodless sacrifice
Which armed Victory offers up unstained
To Love the flower-enchanted!
Thou which wert once, and then didst cease to be,
Now art, and henceforth ever shalt be, free,
If Hope and Truth and Justice can avail,—
Hail, hail, all hail!"

## II

## To E. F. D. B.

### TRIP TO SAN MARTINO

NAPLES, ITALY, December 27, 1904

*My dear Mother:*

THIS morning we took one of the funny little cabs, victorias on stilts, I call them, and started for San Martino. We did not ask the driver how much he would take us for, but we told him we intended to go in his carriage and would pay him so much. It is hopeless, if you do not know Italian, but perfectly simple to manage these people if you can scold them properly in their own tongue. I found out from our landlord about what I should pay, and then I managed for myself, to the disgust of the magnificent gold-laced porter at the door.

Our little horse was dressed out this fine morning in his best harness, which was literally covered with brass nails, while on the saddle a silver model of himself was madly prancing. The driver demurred at my terms, as I expected he would, so I smilingly

added another lira to the bargain, thus making the price exactly what I had originally intended to pay, and giving him the satisfaction of feeling that he had not been altogether worsted by the hard-hearted foreign lady. As we galloped through the pretty, tropical Viale Nazionale, with its palms and palmettoes, ragged little urchins ran out holding up their fore-fingers and looking eagerly at us. At first I could not imagine what they wanted, but when one little fellow on the chance of being understood by the foreigners, called out "*Un soldo, un soldo,*" I understood that the one finger was their language for one penny. Foolishly we threw them some coins, but we were soon sorry, for presently we were followed by a dozen or more screaming boys, the beggars joined, and we had to tell the *cocchiere* (the coachman) to whip up and get away as fast as he could with his little steed.

The horses about here are very small, yet wonderfully strong; and as for the wee donkeys, the loads that they draw and the noise that they make, seem to be in an inverse ratio to their size. On the road this morning, we passed some extraordinary looking carts. The saddles of the harnesses of these dray horses were decorated with brass nails, brass flags, and small brass ornaments in the most picturesque, useless way.

The poor animals look quite worn out, carrying their big loads and all that finery into the bargain. However, to look at, they are most effective, and in this glorious country, the picturesque is as important to the natives, by very force of environment, as the air they breathe.

I bought this morning some delightful little water-colors of Ischia and Capri. Everybody at home will say they are exaggerated in color; in point of fact, they are really not bright enough. I have heard that Queen Margherita has said, that Naples is such a gorgeous festival of colors, and one's enjoyment of it so keen, that it is very tiring to stay here very long at any one time.

When we at last reached the beautiful *belvedere* of the convent of San Martino, all Naples lay stretched before us. Vesuvius in the distance directly opposite, and the wonderful harbor to the right. Our Italian guide asked us to put both hands to our ears, and look down into the city, and as we did so, we heard the most astonishing noise. It was as if hundreds of thousands of voices were all mingled into one great rumbling roar. Naples certainly lives up to its reputation of being the noisiest city in the world.

We thought it was quite warm on our drive up,

NEAPOLITAN CART

the sunshine was so lovely, in spite of the light fall of snow, but, once inside the convent, we shivered and shook and drew our furs closely about us, so I am afraid we did not altogether do justice to the many interesting things in the place. We did see the State coach, however, which was used by Victor Emmanuel and Garibaldi, when they entered the City of Naples in 1860. We took time to enjoy Stanzioni's "Descent from the Cross," the "Nativity" by Guido Reni, who died before the picture was finished, and on the altar of the sacristy we admired the eucharist cup with the wonderful ruby. Fancy the old monks living there, year in and year out, never speaking except on Sunday mornings! However, it certainly must have been an ideal place for meditation, for the cloister and garden are lovely, aside from the magnificent view.

As we were driving down, we passed a little restaurant where F. B. told me he met last year a young Italian boy from Boston. He was eating his lunch when this young man spoke to him, offering his services as a guide to Camaldoli. F. B. thought it would be rather nice to go, and they started off across country through the vineyards. Women are not allowed to go at all. The Camaldolensian Order was founded in 1585 by Prince Colonna, and

suppressed by the Italian Government in 1863. It has now passed into private hands, but is still inhabited by ten monks. Each monk lives in a little house by himself, the houses all being in a row. One of the monks took F. B. about, showed him everything, how they live, how they keep their gardens, and then took him to the most desirable point to enjoy the view. F. B. says the view is really better than the one from San Martino, which we have just seen, though it seems to me hardly possible.

As we drove down into Naples again, we were much amused at the washing which was hung up on poles fastened in the sidewalk. The Neapolitans actually live in the street, and even the meals are prepared by itinerant cooks on the sidewalk, before any house to which they happen to be called.

Before going home I stopped at Signora Piscione's to see some of her fascinating corals. Her gold medal necklace of Sardinian coral, I am happy to say, is fast locked in my trunk. She seemed delighted to see me again, and told me about her handsome son, who has a fine tenor voice. I picked up some pretty necklaces for presents, and one especially for you, of white coral with pink dots. She says it is rather "mongrel coral," but I think it is quite effective for a change. You hear people say, "coral is

coral," but that, of course, shows how little they really know about it; in point of fact, there is as much difference between fine and poor coral as there is between a pure and an off-colored diamond. The beads of pure Sardinian coral, when free from all sea marks, are like pink pearls, very rare and very expensive. The divers have to go down to great depths in the water to get the branches of this color, and a large perfect bead can be cut only from a large branch. The Signora was very kind, and obligingly pulled several strings of beads to pieces, in order that I might have just the right sizes together; and she was also very fair in her prices, as these people are, if you take them in the right way.

All along this Via Calabritto the shops are simply enchanting. In one of the largest of them, there is a whole room devoted to coral, another to tortoise shell, and another to lava taken from Vesuvius at different times, and made into bracelets and all sorts of trinkets. Signor Melillo always has a wonderful collection in his shop also. Especially attractive are the little *jettature* made from different shades of coral.

The Neapolitans are very superstitious, and almost all of them wear one of these little charms, because they believe them to be an offset to the *jettatura*

or "evil eye" that they talk about. This evening at the opera, a very richly dressed lady was pointed out to us in one of the boxes. As she came in and took her seat, I noticed that all the men touched their charm—or *jettatura*—or, failing this, they formed their left hand into a pair of horns, by stretching out the first and little fingers and holding together their second and third fingers tightly in the palm of the hand with the thumb. Of course, they did not allow this lady to see what they were doing, but any close observer could remark that almost every one went through the motion. I asked an Italian friend about it, and she said, "Oh yes, she has the evil eye, and brings ill luck everywhere." Poor lady! She was most attractive to look at, and probably is quite ignorant of her supposed ill fortune. Some of the little charms are made to represent the hand folded in the way described. These Neapolitan merchants are most artistic, and have copied and reproduced successfully many of the necklaces found in Pompeii, now in the museum of Naples. The museum claims us tomorrow, and that reminds me, I am sending home a lovely bronze, a replica of the beautiful black bronze Mercury, found at Herculaneum. It is the most perfect thing

in art, I believe. Charles Sumner left his replica, you know, to dear Mrs. Howe.

We enjoyed the opera at the San Carlo this evening immensely; they gave "La Bohème," and the soprano rôle was sung delightfully by Signora Stehle. The name seems to be German, but they say she is an Italian; anyhow, she sang the music very smoothly and with much purer tone than one usually hears. Signor Mugnone led the orchestra magnificently. Unlike many of the modern conductors, he was most considerate of the singers, and made the orchestra keep down where it belonged, and serve as a delightful accompaniment to the voices, though he in no way neglected to bring out the beauties of the score. Puccini's music is so lovely, but I like "La Bohème" much better than "La Tosca"; it has more melody and is less after Wagner. Most of the composers who try to write "after Wagner" are a long way after him.

To a foreigner's eye the house to-night presented a most unusual appearance. The boxes, of course, were filled with finely dressed people, though many of the women wore hats and high-necked gowns. The first ten rows of the orchestra were filled with luxuriously upholstered armchairs, and the people who had these seats were more or less elaborately gowned.

But the rest of the floor was filled with benches without backs, and crowded to the last gasping limit with eager, tired, music-loving Neapolitans. Several women sitting just below us had brought their babies, and the poor little things had their supper from their mothers' breasts amid the din of the orchestral overture. No wonder they grow up to be musicians!

Once when one of the singers missed a line, I noticed one of these women give the words of it to her neighbor with a laugh at the confusion of the artist on the stage, as much as to say, "I know the words and music as well as she does." You see, the Italians do not expect an operatic impresario to change his performance constantly. In the smaller towns the people save up money for a year, engage an opera troupe to come, arrange to give the same opera every night for a month, and then every mother's son of them attends each performance. As you may imagine, at the end of the month any one in the audience can act as prompter. In the large places, like Naples, there is more variety, but the people learn the music they like very quickly, and it is not safe for an artist to make any serious mistake. Hisses will shame him off the stage if he makes a bad blunder, and jeers follow if there is a second offense.

We have decided to take a little run over our favorite stamping-grounds of Capri and Sorrento, coming back by way of Amalfi, Cava and Paestum, where I want to see the temples I have missed each trip before.

We miss our Japanese friends this time in Naples. We had such a good time with them two years ago. But I must not write more to-night, it is so fearfully late. Good night.

## III

## To T. C. B.

### BEAUTIFUL CAPRI

CAPRI, ITALY, December 28, 1904

*My dear Papa:*

HERE we are once more in this fascinating spot, and have just had a merry greeting from our friends the donkey girls. How I wish I could bottle up some of this glorious morning air in beautiful Capri, and send it to you.

Most people who come to Capri see just enough to know that they ought to see more, when they run away to catch the steamer for Sorrento; but I have been to Capri so many times that the pretty girls along its shores greet me as an old friend, and each time I revisit the island, I stay a little longer than the time before, so perhaps if I come often enough, I shall end by living here altogether.

This is precisely what happened to the Emperor Tiberius (A. D. 27), who, after giving up the reins of government to Sejanus, retired to Capri, where he erected twelve villas in honor of the twelve gods.

VIEW OF THE TOWN OF CAPRI

One of our favorite excursions when here, is to the largest of these, the Villa Jovis, which is still a picturesque ruin on the topmost point of one part of the island.

Tiberius found the climate so tranquil and beautiful, and the island so inaccessible, that he spent the rest of his days and died here A. D. 37. The climate is just the same to-day, mild, balmy and refreshing.

In 1803, you remember, during the Napoleonic wars, the island was captured by the English under Sir Sydney Smith, and converted into a miniature Gibraltar; but to make the exception prove the rule, the French later beat the English in a naval battle here, when Lamarque recaptured the island.

Capri, called in olden times Caprea, was first known about under Augustus, who showed a great partiality for it, exchanging the island of Ischia for it with the Republic of Naples. He established baths and aqueducts here, and built fine palaces, but they have been destroyed or fallen into decay.

I remember, I was told when being rowed to the Blue Grotto, that the boat was passing over the famous baths built by Tiberius on the island and swallowed up by the sea many years ago. At the same time some stories of the emperor's frightful cruelty were repeated, but I am sure you would n't want to hear

them. Fancy his hurling his slaves from the topmost rock down, down into the water below!

Naturally, the first visit to Capri makes the deepest impression on the mind, for everything is so novel and so very lovely that one feels as in a fairy heaven. When I first came, our little steamer, I remember, dropped anchor a short distance from the island to allow us to see the famous Blue Grotto. I was much excited, but not nearly as much so as the boatmen and boys, who pulled their boats to and fro in a most distracted fashion by the side of the steamer, all yelling frantically to one another, and no one paying the least attention to the others. By some miracle, it seemed to me, the officer of the steamer marshalled one boat after another to the ship's side, and I suddenly found myself opposite a handsome old peasant, with red cheeks, white hair, and eyes and cap that rivaled the blue of the water over which his boat was jumping.

Of a sudden, we were told to lower our heads, and then ordered to lie down in the boat. This was not exactly an agreeable process, but the captain of a ship is master of his own boat the world over, and though this was only a rowboat of fairly good size, we felt the authority of the old man of the blue eyes, and obeyed. A lunge, a hard pull at the oars, a

fearful bounce, and we were told to sit up and look about us. It was as if some fairy had said, "Presto, change," and we had been translated to another world.

Everything was, oh! so blue, and—yes—it *was* silver, the walls of the fairy water-cave were apparently silver-plated, and the water bluer than any blue I had ever dreamed of, so that when a small boy came suddenly swimming up to the side of our boat, apparently encased in silver, I was quite convinced that I did believe in fairies after all, and that this was really fairyland. Just at this moment the boy thrust his hand out of the water for a *soldo* (penny), and it was just like any other boy's hand—the charm was broken—greed for gold had spoiled the silver magic. The light effects on the water are so elusive at first, that it is a pity you cannot be hurried out of the grotto as quickly as you are hurried in, for then you would always believe you had been in an enchanted land. I recall with less enthusiasm that we were rather wet when we regained the steamer, but wiser and merrier, although somewhat dirtier for the excursion.

I have usually landed at the *Grande Marina* (big harbor), but this morning the sea was so rough that we were obliged to go around the island to the *Piccola Marina* (little harbor). I was delighted,

because we were thus able to get a splendid view of the famous cathedral rocks that stand out in such bold relief from one end of the island.

I assure you, I 've become quite an adept at jumping in and out of small boats between waves. The girls and boys had watched the steamer's course, and rushed across the island leading their patient donkeys, while the men with the tiny horses and carriages were equally expeditious, so when we landed they were all waiting as usual, laughing and talking. They rushed up to me calling, "*Ben venuto, Signorina* (welcome to Capri), *prendete Melba, gooda donk, Signorina, prendete Miral Dewey gooda donk.*" I explained to the older girls that I was married, so now I was a Signora, and pointing to F. B., who was hastening to secure his donkey, I said, "There is my husband." "*Felici auguri, Signora* (best wishes, Signora)," and the girls all looked F. B. over very sharply to see if they approved of this man I had ventured to marry in that far-off land, where their fathers so often go to get "bigga mon." I mounted one of the gaily caparisoned little donkeys,—my patriotism leading me to choose "Admiral Dewey,"—and no sooner was I in the saddle than the owner began beating the poor beast in a ruthless way, thinking, I suppose, that the Signora must go

very quickly. I rebelled, insisted that I should dismount if she did not stop, and when the girl found that I was quite as contented to go slowly, and that she was saved the trouble of yelling and beating, she seemed much surprised and pleased. In due time, my dear little "Admiral Dewey" brought me to this nice hotel where we have just had luncheon. The host pressed his fine white Capri wine upon us, for the island abounds in vineyards, and the Capri wines are considered among the best of the white wines of Italy.

Do you remember, dear, the time you and I were here and saw the belle of Capri, *Bella Caruli?* How she came to our table, her arms loaded with pretty corals, and we felt she should have been called "Corali"? We heard the song that was written about her to-day on the boat, and it seemed so nice to hear the pretty strains of *Bella Caruli* to the accompaniment of guitars and mandolins once more. How surprised we were to see the pretty girl herself! I still have the little coral horseshoe pin she gave me as a *rivederla* (good-bye). "*Buona fortuna, Signorina,*" she said, as she handed it out to me, and was gone. *Bella Caruli,* how often I have wondered what has ever become of you! I asked to-day, but could not get much definite infor-

mation. One girl said she had married and died, and her husband had gone to America. Who knows? These peasants do not tell a foreign Signora all their secrets.

This town of Capri has the narrowest streets I have ever seen, the brightest sunshine and the oddest houses. It always seems like a children's toy village, put down anywhere, all "topsy-turvy."

There are several good hotels here now, and when you consider that though there are only six thousand inhabitants on the island, thirty thousand foreigners visit it each year, it is not surprising.

The island yields fruit, oil, and plenty of red and white wines, and the innumerable visitors each year help to make Capri a most cheerful and prosperous place.

Our landlord tells me that a great many of the men of Southern Italy emigrate to South America, where some two million Italians have settled, but the men of Capri, who generally leave their women at home, almost invariably return to their beautiful native land.

. . . . . .

This afternoon we gave ourselves the rare treat of a drive to Anacapri, which is, as you know, the village just above Capri on this rocky island. The

ROAD FROM CAPRI TO ANACAPRI

*From a water-color by Bonetti*

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drive is one of the grandest you can imagine. I am always grateful for the excellent road which is of recent construction, for formerly the traveler was asked to mount seven hundred steps, which used to form the chief approach to the higher parts of the island. My poor pen is useless when it tries to describe the beauty of the views which fairly enchanted us this afternoon. The road, broad, finely built, with ample walls at the side near the sea, winds back and forth, steadily mounting upwards for several miles; as one looks ahead, it seems now and then to disappear round a sharp curve. Apparently the carriage and its occupants must soon come to a stand-still or be hurled into the sea, but at each of these abrupt turns we had most lovely views of Nisida, the wonderful bay of Naples, Ischia and the other islands, and Vesuvius always smoking in the distance. Oh! It is glorious and no mistake! We went on, up and up, higher and higher, till we reached the little town of Anacapri.

The sky was so blue that I should need to coin a new word to express the color, the water eight hundred and eighty feet below us mirrors the sky to perfection, while the bright scarlet of the peasants' scarfs contrasts charmingly with Nature's coloring.

On the way up the steep climb, I discovered a

large grotto in the towering rocks above us, in the centre of which a large figure of the Virgin was securely placed, and seemed to look down at us from her strange altar of Nature. Some devoted one had hung a beautiful rosary on her arm, and I felt as I looked at the calm, sweet face that the action of crossing one's self, after the manner of the Romanists, is, after all, a very natural and appropriate thing to do.

But the mild Madonna was soon left behind, and we had gone but a little distance down the village street, when a pretty peasant girl entreated us to come into her garden, and try her Anacapri wine. Her beauty and the prospect of a lovely view, induced us to leave the carriage.

This evening the landlord, who prepared an excellent dinner for us, took us to see the Christmas tree he had arranged for his American guests. It looked so homelike in this foreign land, and quite delighted us, for we had been at sea on Christmas day, and only had, for Santa Claus, the good luck to find our trunks amid the chaos and confusion of the Naples custom-house, as I wrote you some days ago.

If any one is tired, ill or depressed, they should pack their trunks at once and come to Capri for a month. Here sunshine, warmth, merriment and health await them, and they will breathe in new life and happiness

with every breath. The walks and drives in and about here and Anacapri are most attractive. We plan and imagine all the wonderful apartments of the great Emperor Tiberius from the scattered ruins, and we feast our eyes constantly on one beautiful view after another. Now we see the great bay of Naples, now the blue gulf of Salerno, and from certain points on the island we have the two rare visions at the same time. At sunset, the whole island becomes embraced in soft pink clouds; Naples and Sorrento seem to become the cities of another world, whose lights twinkle to us as the stars from heaven.

Sunset at beautiful Capri! I shall always have this dear memory in my mind to recall on a very rainy day.

## IV

### To E. F. D. B.

AMALFI

December 30, 1904

*My dear Mother:*

WE took a little steamer from Capri yesterday morning to come over to Sorrento. The sea was running high, and the captain did not dare to put us off in the small boats that come out from the shore of the town to take the passengers, so our steamer had to go on to Meta, where there is a much better and safer harbor. Here we could safely get into the little boats, and were quickly rowed ashore. We easily got carriages and drove rapidly along the road, mostly shut in with high walls, of which F. B. does not at all approve, and soon arrived at Sorrento.

We found that the Victoria Hotel was equipped with steam heating, and in a very short time we were pleasantly settled in comfortable rooms. The radiators were very small and the rooms very large, so we had to add an open fire to the much talked of heating

VIEW OF THE TOWN OF AMALFI

apparatus, and then we were quite satisfied. Is there anything more beautiful than the view we had early yesterday morning from the broad balcony on which our rooms open at Sorrento? The air was clear and cold, and the beautiful bay mirrored this wonderful Italian blue sky that I never cease to enjoy and admire. There is not very much of interest in the town of Sorrento itself, but it is picturesque, built as it is on rocks, rising precipitously from the sea, surrounded by luxurious orange and lemon groves, and enclosed on two sides by deep ravines, which the peasants about here believe to be peopled with tiny fairies. Nothing now remains of the old Roman Sorrentum, though the peasants still call the place *Surient;* but there are some subterranean cisterns that have defied the passing ages, and a few fragments of stone work that have been given high sounding names.

Torquato Tasso, you remember, was a native of this place, and a marble statue erected to his memory is in the *piazza* that bears his name. The house where he was born, with the rock on which it stood, has been washed away by the sea, though the house of his sister, to whom he came in disguise in 1592, was pointed out to us.

The last time we came here we stopped at the Hotel Tramontana, and the ever thoughtful landlord

had no intention of our leaving without seeing the peasants dance the *Tarantella.* This time it was the lovely month of June, the time of all others to be in the southern part of Italy, I think. The evening was clear and cool I remember, and I was much annoyed at being called from my terrace, where I was watching the flames of Vesuvius streak up into the sky, and living over in my mind Glaucus' and Ione's flight from Pompeii, when I was told I must come and see the *Tarantella.* I recall that I was not at all enthusiastic, for I did not know anything about it, and, as is generally the way when we are supremely ignorant of a thing, we are unreasonably indifferent to it; but nothing could be prettier, brighter or more jolly than the gay dance of the Sorrento peasants, as they merrily played their castanets, dancing through one figure after another, making the most picturesque scene in their bright colored costumes.

But this time we did not stay long in Sorrento, as we were anxious to get on here. We spent the afternoon wandering about the town, and in the evening played bridge with the Henrys, who are with us on this little trip. Mr. Henry is a delightful man and an excellent bridge player. He came over in the steamer with us, and is going on to India with his son, whom he met in Naples, when this little

jaunt is over. Once in Italy he could not make up his mind to go directly away, and so proposed that we four make a few days' excursion together over ground we all enjoy so much.

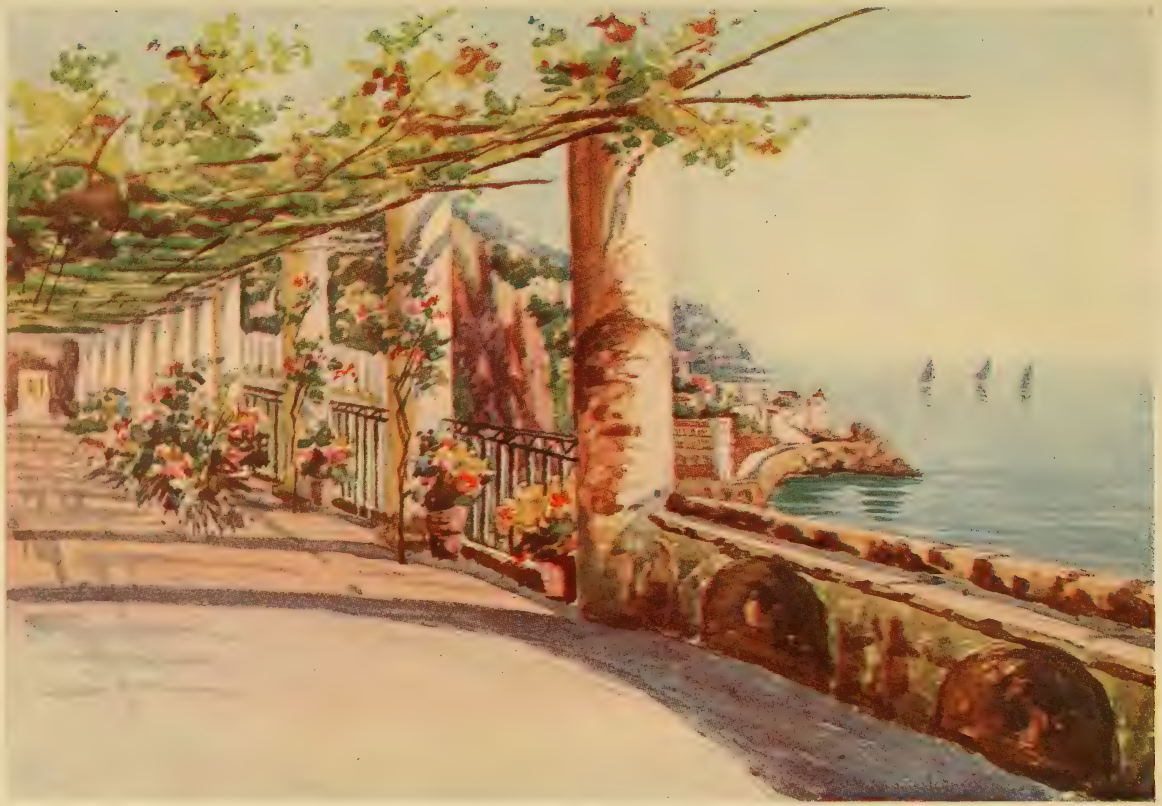
This morning we made an early start from the hotel in order that we might get the full benefit of the beautiful early morning light effects. As we drove out of Sorrento, we passed the Villa of Mrs. Howe's nephew, Marion Crawford, who spends most of his time here now. I always like to read his books when I am in Italy, they have so much local color. How can I tell you of our drive of this morning or describe to you this beautiful place where I am writing! The poets have sung its praises in all the languages, and yet no pen has ever quite done justice to the reality. You remember, we thought the drive from Sorrento to Castellammare very beautiful, but it is not to be compared with the one we have taken this morning. The road follows along the coast all the way, and we had constantly changing views of the lovely gulf of Salerno. We passed through numerous little towns built high up on the side of the cliffs, and were particularly enchanted with the view of Positano, as the carriage wound around curve after curve, giving us varied glimpses of this strange little town. We kept saying

to each other, "When shall we see beautiful Positano again." Out in the gulf we saw the Isles of the Sirens, often called *I Galli*, which are very picturesque, and on many of the rocky promontories that jut out into the water are interesting ruins of the watchtowers that belonged to the early centuries. The road skirts the highest houses of the town of Positano and winds in and around the rocky cliffs, until at last we reached this pretty and historic town of Amalfi.

After passing through the town of Vettica Minore, high above which is a nunnery, we found ourselves just below this old Capuchin monastery. We left our carriage, and men took us in chairs up a long flight of steps leading from the street to the terrace of the monastery, which stands in the hollow of a rock that rises straight out of the sea at a height of two hundred feet. It was founded in 1212 by Cardinal Pietro Capuano for the Cistercians, but came into the possession of the Capuchins later on in 1500, and is now fitted up as a most excellent hotel. Nothing could be more magnificent than the views we have from the terrace where I am writing out of doors, yes, in December; I know it does seem inconsistent, but I have just picked roses from the vines growing at my side, am writing on a garden table, and yet I

TERRACE OF THE CAPUCHIN MONASTERY AT AMALFI

*From a water-color*



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am quite comfortable in a fur-lined coat. It is all very inconsistent apparently, but, in any case, most delightful. After an excellent lunch here, which we had in the old refectory formerly used by the monks, we made a tour of the really fine cloisters of the monastery, and saw where, only two years ago, a little chapel, with the rock into which it was built, broke off and slid down into the blue waters below. Every now and then a great piece of this cliff goes crashing down to the sea, taking with it everything in its path, but now they have arranged special protection for the rest of the cloisters, and I surely hope that they may be spared, for they are very lovely, and from them one has such splendid views.

I am sorry that we did not arrange to stay here longer, for there are several excursions from here that I should like very much to make, but as our plans are now, we shall go on this afternoon as far as Cava dei Tirreni, where we are planning to pass the night. Next time I come, I hope you may be with me, and we will surely plan to stay in this enchanted spot three or four days at the very least. In a little book that I picked up just now in the reading room, I came across Longfellow's poem on Amalfi, and these lines seem to me especially appropriate :

"This is an enchanted land!
Round the headlands far away
Sweeps the blue Salernian bay
With its sickle of white sand:
Further still and furthermost
On the dim discovered coast
Paestum with its ruins lies,
And its roses all in bloom
Seem to tinge the fatal skies
Of that lovely land of doom."

This little lively town that has now but seven thousand inhabitants was formerly a very prosperous seaport; indeed, it defied the Norman sovereigns of Naples, carried on war with Pisa, and at last became subjected to the kings of the House of Anjou and Arragon. Somewhere about 1340 a terrible inundation destroyed more than half of the city which lies buried in the sea.

"Swallowed by the engulfing waves;
Silent streets and vacant halls,
Ruined roofs and towers and walls:
Hidden from all mortal eyes,
Deep the sunken city lies:
Even cities have their graves!"

But this small town is still very energetic, and there are manufactures here, we are told, of paper, silk and macaroni; and the various little villages that belong to it are very prosperous with their vineyards, and

send off quantities of wine, oil and fruit each year over the seas.

I had forgotten that the compass was invented here by Flavio Gioia, but Mr. Henry reminded us that the *tavole Amalfitane* were for centuries the accepted maritime law of the Mediterranean.

## V

## To E. F. D. B.

CAVA

December 30, 1904

*My dear M.:*

WE reached here safely this evening, after a drive that vied in beauty and grandeur of scenery with the one we took this morning.

On the road we were so enchanted with the views that, to make them last a little longer, we left the carriage and walked. Our carriage was a sort of open landau, drawn by three ponies, two harnessed in the regular way, and another hitched on queerly at one side. As we walked along, we came up with a man dressed in a very good black suit. He looked the Italian peasant in every way but his clothes. He bowed, and Mr. H. asked me to speak to him. So I asked him if he had been in America. He was very ready to respond, and told us he had a son in Nuova Jersa (New Jersey), that he had been in Australia, New Zealand,

South America and several times to New York. He said his farm was near Amalfi and that he often came back to it. He had been very prosperous in his journeys, but thought the "bigga mon" was in America, where he had bought a fine gold watch and chain that he showed us with evident pride.

The people of these southern shores of Italy are and have been of many races, Greeks, Corinthians, even Arabians and Persians have left their traces on these southern coasts, and the inhabitants to-day show many characteristics that differ from all other Italians. Most of the Italians who go over to us in America are from the southern part of Italy, Naples and its vicinity.

As we talked, a pretty little bare-footed girl carrying a bundle of grass on her head, and an empty fish basket in her hands, joined us. "*Giovannina*," she replied when I asked her name. She had been to sell her fish, and had gathered grass for her goat as she returned. She was rather shy, but when she left the road to climb up to her little home, high up on the hill-side, she found her voice, and called loudly to her little dog, "*Pasqualino*" (such a pretty name), to follow.

This is an odd little town, tucked away in the

mountains, and high up on one of the neighboring rocky summits is situated a monastery. The town consists only of a long street of arcades, and it looks like a miniature city. Of course there is a main *piazza* (square) to give proper dignity to the church of the town.

The former landlord of this hotel recently died. Mr. H. remembers him quite well and says he was quite a personage. In the little parlor this evening, while we were waiting for our rooms, I noticed numbers of letters from distinguished people, framed, and on inquiring I found they were addressed to the landlord, who has made this hotel quite famous, and has known and received many of the nobility of Europe. Mr. H. says that he formerly kept the hotel of the Capuchins also, and after dinner we were shown his portrait, painted by some very well known artist, but I cannot recall the name at this moment.

To-morrow morning we start at a very early hour for Paestum. I do not know quite how it happens that I have never been there before, but I am looking forward with great interest to seeing the famous temples. We feel more as if we were in a palace than a hotel, and I think we must have the bridal suite of the house. The walls and furniture are upholstered in

yellow satin, and the beds are most elaborately carved and gilded, while all about our parlor are numerous pieces of really beautiful bric-a-brac.

It is too cold and dark to go out about the town so we are going to play bridge this evening.

## VI

### To T. C. B.

NAPLES, ITALY, December 31, 1904

*My dear P.:*

WE are rather tired this evening, for although we have had a very pleasant day, we had quite an exciting time in getting home, and came very near not getting here at all tonight. We left Cava early this morning by train for Paestum, the thoughtful landlord having prepared a nice lunch for us to take with us. We were very grateful to him, for at Paestum there were no satisfactory accommodations. It was not long before we reached the station, called by the Italians, Pesto. On our right we had already caught glimpses of the beautiful temples bathed in the bright noonday sun, and having as a background the clear, deep blue of the gulf of Salerno, while, on our left, we beheld the peaks of the Calabrian mountains rising proudly into the Italian sky, their snow-capped brows reminding us that while we could gather roses and oranges in the plains below, we must cling closely to

our furs to ward off the cold *Tramontana* winds, which brought cold messages from their high summits, telling us that it was indeed winter.

We had hardly alighted from the train before we were literally surrounded by small boys and girls tugging at our bundles, and seeing that there were no regular *facchini* (porters) about, we realized that we were really off the beaten path of travel. We carried our lunch with us to the temples, which are situated within easy walking distance of the station; along the road we stopped at a gateway to see all that remains of an old forum. A fountain, surmounted by a broken statuette, had been converted into a washing tub for a family, whose back door looked out upon these ancient relics. Women were washing their linens, quite unmindful that here was the site of one of the most famous Greek cities of southern Italy—or Magna Græcia, as it was then called.

The town was founded by the Greeks from Sybaris in the year B. C. 600, and called Poseidonia (City of Neptune). After the defeat of Pyrrhus, Poseidonia fell into the hands of the Romans, who founded the colony of Paestum, but it gradually declined, and from the time of Augustus has been known for its malarious air. Robert Guis-

card robbed the deserted town of its monuments and sculptures, and dear Poseidonia remained in its desolate condition for many centuries, until, in modern times, the great beauty and perfection of the temples still remaining, attracted many students of art to the place.

We walked through the streets of the present little town of Pesto, which comprises only a few huts, for very few people can live here—the place is so infected with malaria—and passing under the old Roman gate, a relic of the Roman rule, we soon came in sight of the great majestic temple of Neptune. That the temple has been claimed by its tutelary god there can be little doubt, for there are many evidences that it has been subjected to the action of the water. Who knows? Perhaps it was engulfed at the time of the great inundations which occurred in this region about 1343, when many of the cities of the gulf of Salerno were washed into a watery grave. But standing in this deserted valley, surrounded by ruined bits of marble, despoiled of all that made it really a place of worship, its altar and the great statue of its god, it seemed like the ghost of ancient Greece standing and almost speaking to us. I assure you, it was with a certain reverence that I mounted the great blocks of stone at one side

TEMPLE OF NEPTUNE AT PAESTUM

of the front of the temple, and entered what was once the "Holy of Holies." The temple is most impressive in its simple grandeur, and extremely picturesque with its many massive columns of yellow travertine, that, though worn and injured, are still gigantic in their strength.

This is, as you know, the most perfect model of the Greek temple extant, and as we walked among the rows of the great columns, we discovered that in the water-worn stone innumerable tiny snails had made their home. I am afraid I was cruel enough to take out one or two to convince the incredulous of our party. It seemed to me such a pity that all the beautiful metopes, the statues of the impedimenta, paintings, etc., found here, have been taken either to the museum at Palermo or Naples. I suppose that was the only way to preserve them, though they will never seem as real in a museum.

We decided to have our lunch in the less perfect and probably older temple near by, that has been erroneously called a basilica, and young Mr. Henry, who has been making a study of Greek architecture, pointed out to me the row of columns in the centre of the temple, explaining that it was probably dedicated to two gods. We spread our lunch on one of the altar stones that has doubtless received many of-

ferings to appease or implore favors from some ancient Greek god or goddess. I suppose we ought to have been properly impressed, but we were all having such a merry time, that I fear our spirits got the better of our sentiment. The children of the government keeper of the temples gathered about us, and begged for bits of our lunch. I wish you could have seen the way those little urchins grabbed at the meat which we gave them; they were actually like little wild beasts, and I dare say, they had never tasted meat before; when we told them they might have the empty apollinaris bottle, their joy knew no bounds.

After lunch we walked over to the temple of Ceres, which has the same purity of design as the other two temples, but is much smaller, and has of necessity been somewhat restored. All three temples are built exactly in a straight line, but some little distance from one another. Before we knew it, it was time for us to go. We took a last look at these really wonderful ruins and hurried to the little station, but my dear, one should never hurry in Italy—no one ever does but the foreigners. I cannot tell you how long we waited before the little train came slowly puffing into view. When it did stop, all the seats seemed to be full, and we made frantic efforts to find an unoccu-

pied compartment—in vain. Things began to get desperate; it was the only train for many hours, and we now vividly recalled all the stories of the Paestum malaria. The *capo stazione* (station-master) seemed to regard our distress in the light of a good joke, but at last, in despair, I rushed to the baggage car; "*É vietato l'ingresso* (No admittance)," shrieked the conductor, as he called, "*Pronti* (ready)!" and made a motion as if to give the signal to start. Not getting that train meant not getting to Naples until midnight or perhaps not at all until to-morrow. It was awful! I begged F. B. and the Henrys to go with me to the baggage car once more. "You must let us in, oh good Mr. Conductor!" I called; "*pagheremo benissimo* (we will pay you well)." The magic word was spoken. With a pretence of reluctance, the conductor allowed us to bundle hastily one after another into the baggage car, and with a loud "*Partenza* (All aboard)!" we rolled away from Paestum. Bundles and baskets served as seats (we prayed they were not filled with eggs), and we rode thus most uncomfortably, though gratefully, for some time. At last, the conductor condescended to tell us that our train would probably connect at the next station with the one for Naples. He was right; by the narrow margin of

two minutes we caught the Naples train, jumped into the only first-class compartment, and reached here only an hour later than scheduled time, thanking our lucky stars that we had not been obliged to spend the night amid the ghosts and malaria of Paestum. All is well that ends well, and I would not have missed seeing the temples for a great deal.

## VII

## To C. R.

### A BIT OF JAPAN

NAPLES, January 3, 1905

*My dear Caira:*

TWO years ago, when we were here, we had the rarest sort of good luck in meeting a number of Japanese Naval officers. They had been sent by the Emperor of Japan to England for the Coronation Ceremonies of His Majesty, King Edward VII. It came about in this way: One evening our Italian maid told us about the arrival of the Japanese Ambassador in the hotel. The next morning we looked out of our windows to see the two "crack" ships of the Japanese Navy lying at anchor in the harbor—the Asama and the Takasago. F. B. was perfectly wild to go over them, for as you know, he is tremendously interested in all matters pertaining to naval armament. We asked the Japanese Ambassador if he would give us a note to the Admiral, as we were most anxious to go over the ships. With the usual Jap-

anese courtesy and politeness, an invitation was at once sent to us to come on board the Asama. We lost no time in accepting, and two charming officers met us at the ship's ladder, and showed us all about. I assure you, you could have trailed your best ball-gown over every part of that ship, it was so spotlessly clean.

F. B. says they are Armstrong-built ships and have all the latest improvements. The Asama is an armored cruiser of 9800 tons displacement, and is about the same as our Brooklyn, while the Takasago is of 4200 tons displacement, an unarmored or protected cruiser. I did not realize before that every officer in the Japanese Navy is obliged to speak English, and they do speak it very well indeed. Naturally, we found we must speak slowly, and speak plain English, minus all slang. We nearly disgraced ourselves once, by laughing right out at a remark that one of the young officers made. F. B. was much interested in one of the quick-firing guns, and said to the officer, "Won't you please have that gun opened once more, I am not *very much up on* that gun?" Quite seriously, the officer replied, "But, sir, you do not stand upon the gun." After that we tried to leave out all idioms and slang,

and by speaking slowly and distinctly got along splendidly.

The Admiral's apartments were perfectly stunning. The Emperor's and the Empress's portraits hung on the wall, framed in the most exquisite Japanese lacquer; beautiful Japanese vases were all about, filled with imitation Japanese cherry blossoms; they looked so real that I smelled of one, and when I laughed at my own mistake, the officer said, "Many other people have done the same thing; but," he explained, "the cherry blossom is the emblem of the Japanese Navy, and, as you see, we all have cherry blossoms embroidered on our caps. Here," he said, pointing to some of the decoration on the walls, "is the chrysanthemum, the flower of our Empress." We went into the wireless telegraphy room, and then out through the main part of the ship, where the sailors were being drawn up in line, and given doses of quinine before they were allowed to go on shore. It was too funny to see each one taking his dose as the doctor passed along. They all looked so strong, so well and so clean, and even the sailors seemed to have most dexterous fingers, for I saw two of them copying music manuscript for the band to play,

in a way that would have made a French copyist envious.

When we apparently had seen everything there was to see, the officers invited us down to the mess room to have tea, made in the Japanese fashion. The tables were just like those on our men-of-war, and the officers told us that lunch and dinner were served in the "European way," as he put it, and breakfast in the Japanese fashion, on the floor. The tea was served in very small bowls, and looked a bright sage green, while bits of pink and white Japanese sweets were served with it, to replace sugar, I suppose. It looked and tasted exactly like the tea that I had at the Chicago Exposition, that was called "Japanese Ceremony Tea." It was pretty bitter, but I think I could get used to the taste and like it. When we were ready to go, the officers brought me some lovely Japanese silks, and some pretty fans, upon which I asked them to write their autographs in Japanese. "Failing in nothing," they presented F. B. with some lovely lacquer boxes; and just as we were leaving, asked us to go with them the next day to Pompeii. They have some special privilege from the government, which they said they could give us as well.

We did go to Pompeii, the next day, and had a

THE HOUSE OF THE VETTII AT POMPEII

most delightful time with our new Japanese acquaintances. Of course, the Italian officials had been duly notified of the intended visit of the Japanese officers, so that the best of the government guides were waiting to receive us when we arrived.

The train passed through the little towns of Torre del Greco and Torre Annunziata, where the coral is worked almost exclusively. The excavations in Herculaneum, we were told, have to be made in tunnels under these towns; that is one reason why they are so very expensive.

We had luncheon at once at the little hotel near the station, and directly after, started out to see the wonders of the "city of the dead" We have been there several times before, and you have been there too, so I shall write you only about the new discoveries.

The house of the Vettii, which then was opened to no one without special government permission, was especially interesting, and thanks to our Japanese friends, it was shown to us in the most careful and delightful way. The beautiful paintings on the walls, the marble decorations of the peristyle—in fact, every thing found here has been left *in situ*. It is by far the best preserved and most beautiful house in Pompeii. The large room on the right of the peristyle, I thought, the most interesting of all. Here

on the walls are fascinating paintings of cupids, represented as doing all sorts of things: throwing stones at a target, pressing and selling wine, manufacturing and selling oil, having chariot races, etc., and the detail of these paintings is simply marvelous. It seems beyond belief that these colors can have kept eighteen hundred years. They were a very luxurious family, evidently, these Vettii, for everything about the place where they dwelt bespeaks wealth, pleasure and luxury. The Japanese seemed most interested in everything, and showed a keen appreciation for all that was most exquisite artistically. We were glad to revisit with them our favorite spots in Pompeii, the House of Glaucus (I bought a new copy of the "Last Days of Pompeii" yesterday), the Temple of Isis, where all the hypocrisy of the priests is so beautifully shown up in their little secret passages and doors. It seems a pity that they could not have left the beautiful statues found here, in their original places; but of course, after one has been here a number of times, and knows the museum pretty well by heart, one can fit the two things together in one's mind.

The voices of this depopulated city of Pompeii, the favorite resort of the Roman Empire, suffocated, in all the strenuousness of a life of joy and dissipation

by the ashes and lava of Vesuvius, have been studied by all who are desirous of learning the customs and history of this remote past. It always seems to me that from the monuments and houses turned, after so many centuries, to the light of the sun, one can read with clearer evidence that from all the writings and histories of the poets, what was the real life of this decadent Rome, which, having arrived at the summit of her power, gave herself over totally to ruin and dissolution. Even the walls have their revelation upon them.

Roughly traced, you can see designs even on the outer ramparts, sentences, satirical verses, words of love, of hate, bets and threats, exclamations of joy and despair, remote voices that seem those of yesterday, because they are spontaneous. As a distinguished Professor has truly said, "We seem to still hear the beating heart from which they sprang, and the trembling of the lips that pronounced these very words." More fragmentary inscriptions have been found of unusual interest, but many of them are of a dissolute nature, not suitable for translation.

As we wandered about these ruins, I was constantly reminded of Shelley's lines:

"I stood within the city disinterred;
And heard the autumnal leaves like light foot-falls
Of spirits passing through the streets; and heard
The mountain's slumberous voice at intervals
Thrill through those roofless halls.
The oracular thunder penetrating shook
The listening soul in my suspended blood:
I felt that Earth out of her deep heart spoke—
I felt, but heard not. Through white columns glowed
The isle-sustaining ocean flood,
A plane of light between two heavens of azure."

We returned to Naples in the late afternoon, and F. B. gave a dinner for the Japanese officers. I felt very odd at the table, being the only woman. I noticed at the beginning of each course, several of the officers watched me very closely, and I wondered why. Presently one of them said to me, "It is very hard for us Japanese to know just which is the proper knife and fork to take at each course." I laughed and replied, "There are a good many people who know as little as you, since the jewelers change their fashions so often, it is hard for any one to keep pace with their new shapes and styles." I felt quite proud to sit at the head of the table, surrounded by so many brass buttons and stunning uniforms. The officers certainly looked extremely well, and evidently had a good time. During the dinner some Italian musicians came in with their

guitars and mandolins, and sang my pet Neapolitan songs; and after coffee and cigars, we drove over to a little summer theatre at one side of the Castello dell' Ovo. F. B. had a large box for us, and I translated the bright little comic opera for the officers, as best I could. After the first act, the orchestra struck up the Italian National Hymn, and to our great amazement, the audience turned deliberately around, and cheered our box three times. We could not imagine what it meant, until it suddenly occurred to me that it was the twentieth of September, the national holiday that United Italy celebrates in commemoration of the day when the victorious Italian army entered Rome, in 1870. I felt very much embarrassed, as did F. B., but the Japanese officers remained calm and unruffled, and bowed their acknowledgments to the crowd below in a graceful manner. Kipling has said of some of us Americans, "that we have a great deal of manner and very few manners," but he ought to be satisfied with the Japanese, who know exactly what to do and say on all occasions.

After the play was over, we jumped into cabs and drove to the pier, where the launch was waiting to take the officers back to the ships. They sailed away the next day, and we 've had postals quite frequently,

and letters now and again from one or more of them ever since. The first letter I received, was directed to F. B., but began "My dear Mrs. Batcheller," on the inside. Was n't it the extreme limit of oriental politeness to allow F. B. the first reading of a letter to his wife from a stranger? As I replied in a reasonably short time, letters since then have come addressed directly to me. It is about time for us to hear from them again, and now that the war is on, we are, more than usual, anxious to know that they are all right.

F. B. has just come in with the horrid news of the sinking of the Japanese cruiser Takasago on the night of December 12th. How odd that I should just be writing you about it! It was sunk by a floating mine at sea. The Captain Ishibashi stood on the forebridge and addressed the crew, five hundred in number, who assembled on the upper deck. He ordered everybody on board to equip himself with a life-buoy, and added, "No one must leave the ship until she sinks, we will share together the fate of the vessel." The account says the crew then sang a naval song. Fancy their wishing to sing just before the ship plunged to the bottom! Three boats had been lowered with their regulation crews on board. The waves were running high, and the

fate of the boats themselves seemed at times precarious, but the warship Otawa came to their rescue. Only one hundred and thirty-three persons were saved, however, including Captain Ishibashi himself.

We are fearfully upset at this news, but F. B. says very likely our friends have been transferred to other ships, so I am hoping for the best.

We are going out to Pompeii to-morrow, and it will recall most vividly our delightful day spent with Lieutenants Hatano and Arawo, and others of the Japanese party.

## VIII

## To T. C. B.

### THE BRONZES OF THE NAPLES MUSEUM

NAPLES, January 5, 1905

*My dear Papa:*

THIS morning we went to the museum, and have passed a most delightful day, taking a bit of lunch at the nearest restaurant at noon-time. Of course, many people have seen these bronzes, but many, I think, do not quite realize their exact position in the world of art, nor understand why we find the only large bronzes of the ancients here and nowhere else; and perhaps you will be interested to hear a few of the results of my recent studies on this subject.

These bronzes are generally believed to be of Greek workmanship, and to represent the best of ancient Greek art, but when I say Greek, you must remember that there was no Greek or Hellenic nation in the true sense of the word. The Greek or Hellenic peoples existed not as organized and compact societies, to which might be given the name of

nation, but in separated cities, each independent and by itself, acknowledging no over-lord, and deeming the right to make war upon their nearest neighbors the highest of their privileges. The city had first been the tribe, the tribe had been the family, and over the family ruled the father, who worshipped his father and his father's father as the especial gods of his household, hence, as you know, the expression *Lares et Penates.*

The fabric of all Greek society was then almost exclusively religious. The sacred fire was not to be tended by aliens or foreigners, and must be perpetually maintained in each city. But in spite of this exclusiveness and isolation, a certain feeling of kinship sprang up between the peoples calling themselves Hellenes. In their various customs, and especially in a similarity of language, which distinguished them from other tribes, we find characteristics that, in a way, may be regarded as national. There was, also, a certain religious sympathy and feeling, for those who had left the Hellespont, and settled westward on the south shores of Italy, where they were known by those left behind, as the "grey folk," people of the gloaming, *graioi*, *graeci*, or Greeks. With these tribes the Romans first came into contact, and thus the word "Greeks" became a designa-

tion for the whole Hellenic race. Admitting the social and intellectual differences between the lowest and most advanced of the Greek tribes, the contrast with the great Asiatic empires marks so clear a line as to make it almost a necessity to speak of Greek national character.

"For the Assyrian or the Persian," a noted historian says, "the human body was a thing to be insulted and mutilated at his will, to be disgraced by servile prostrations, or to be offered in sacrifice to wrathful and bloodthirsty deities. For him, woman was a mere chattel, while his children were possessions of which he might make profit by selling them into slavery. Of these abominable usages the Greek practically knew nothing; and as he would have shrunk from the gouging out of eyes, and slitting of ears and noses, so on the other hand the sight of the unclothed body, which carried to the Oriental a sense of unseemliness and shame, filled the Greek with delight; and the exhibition of this form, in games of strength and skill, became, through the great festivals of the separate or collective tribes, bound up intimately with his religion. Yet further, this respect for the person, was accompanied by a moral self-respect, which would submit to no servile or unseemly humiliations."

The festivals of the *polis* or city were very large, but as these gatherings were purely religious, they were no hindrances to the union, and thus from the small family gatherings, sprang the magnificent assemblies, which made the names of Olympia, Delos and Nemea famous, while the guardianship of the great temples erected at these places, made the bond of religious union still firmer and closer. The full influence of these festivals on education can scarcely be imagined, for to these gatherings was attracted all that was noble and high-minded in Greek society, and the young man returning to his clan, or tribe, was haunted by the magic music of the Delian hymns, lyric songs such as no other age or land has ever equalled. Like poetry, so art in the form of wonderful temples began to be developed. These were beautifully decorated with elaborate impedimenta, and sculpture reached almost perfection.

But for the political disunion of the Hellenic races, the growth of Imperial Rome might have been forever checked. The Greeks could progress along all lines of growth, save in the belief that to be independent they must be dependent on each other, that they must sacrifice some individual importance to the importance of the race as a whole. This they refused to see, so in time they became

merely the teachers, the artists, really the employees, the skilled laborers, of the Romans. Thus when we go to the Museum in Naples, and are shown countless treasures in bronze, made by the finest Greek artists, bearing Greek inscriptions, and are told that they were taken from the houses of rich Romans in Pompeii and Herculaneum, we remember the saying of Benjamin Franklin, "We must all hang together or we shall all hang separately,"—which was precisely what happened to the Greek cities one after another.

It is an ill wind, however, that blows no one good, and to-day, had the Greeks not been forced to give of their talents and arts to the Romans, it is more than likely that the world would have few, if any, of these priceless treasures. Indeed, wicked old Vesuvius performed a great service to modern art, by covering up these beautiful bronzes so well that the ruthless robbers of the Middle Ages could not get at them, and melt them up for weapons and coins. Of the other great bronzes in which the world of Magna Græcia, the Hellespont and later Rome undoubtedly abounded, these only are left to us. General Francis Walker in his interesting work, "Money," tells how the treasure of the world was gradually dissipated during the Middle Ages. How, at first, in the earliest times, treasure seems to have been

hoarded away by one conqueror after another, from Darius, Crœsus, Alexander, etc., until about six hundred millions of dollars were probably accumulated. After the Greek and Roman conquests of the world, this treasure was made use of in part, as coin. Later, in the time of the Roman Emperors, the mines were leased out to individuals, who, caring nothing for the mine beyond what they could extract from it during their rental of it, took out only the best of the metal, heaping the refuse over the less valuable extracts, till after years of similar treatment, the mine could no longer be worked to advantage. With the adoption of coins as a medium of exchange, the abrasion of metal meant the loss of many thousands each year, while much of the precious metal of the world was probably lost by flood, shipwreck, fire, etc. Gradually with the abuses of the Roman Empire, and the disuse of the mines, the treasures of the world gradually disappeared, until the gold and silver coins were replaced with copper and iron. To supply this need of money, the many bronze figures were melted up and made into coins. Finally the coins became almost exclusively iron, and the bolts of the Colosseum were extracted for the necessary currency of the time. Hence we have no wonderful large

bronzes at Athens, nor at Rome, indeed nowhere, except where the vast lava streams of Vesuvius put them beyond the avarice and greed of the wild invaders from the North, during the dark days of the Middle Ages. Here, then, is the explanation why we find in the Museum at Naples probably the only originals of the old Greek art in bronze.

Nearly all students of the dim past believe that most, if not all, of the famous statues now seen in large marble, were originally made in smaller bronzes, and afterwards copied in marble. Surely there are many facts that seem to confirm this theory. If we examine carefully the "Venus of Milo," the "Venus of Capua," and the small bronze of "Venus at Her Toilet," in the bronze collection at Naples, we shall see a striking similarity in pose and treatment. That this small bronze was the original, is not at all certain, but that all three were taken from some larger bronze model, there can be little doubt. It is generally admitted that the original of these Venuses was a work of the fourth century B. C., which stood on the Acrocorinthus. On Corinthian coins Venus, the tutelary goddess of the city, is represented in a similar attitude, in the act of using a shield as a mirror. Some authorities state positively that the "Venus of

Milo," a work of the second century before Christ, was modelled on the same original as the Venus of the Corinthian coin, and by many is considered a "Victory" rather than a "Venus."

Another interesting comparison is seen in the "Venus of Medici," now in the Uffizi Gallery at Florence, the "Venus Capitolina" in Rome, and the three small statues of Venus in marble in the Museum of Naples. These all probably were modelled from some wonderful bronze lost to us forever. The Roman Empresses were generally anxious to be represented in sculpture as Venus, and these three last mentioned statues are thought to be portraits of the Empresses of Imperial Rome.

Another interesting comparison is found between the famous "Winged Victory" in marble in Rome, and the small "Winged Victory" in bronze at the Naples Museum. Some one has said that the real truth is never known of any event that is past, and this is perhaps true, yet circumstantial evidence has been sufficiently strong, in many cases, to lead the best and most thorough students of ancient art to arrive at certain definite conclusions. An eminent professor, in his work on ancient art, states positively that the beautiful marble head of "Hera," called by some the "Farnese Juno," is merely a replica of a

bronze original, executed by Polycletus, as a standard example of the system of proportion established by him. Here, as in many of the bronzes, the eyes were to have been of some other material, glass, stone, or silver, and joined to the statue.

The same enthusiasm is experienced for the group of tyrant slayers, "Harmodius and Aristogeiton," probably a marble copy of the bronze of Critios and Nesiotes which stood in the market-place at Athens. The Argive School of the latter half of the fifth century B. C. acknowledged as its head Polycletus. He often modelled from early works of the Athenian School, and altered them to his ideal of symmetry and beauty. An excellent example of his style is seen in the fine bronze reproductions of his Doryphorus, from the palæstra at Pompeii. In this Neapolitan collection we find also many excellent examples of the school of Praxiteles, especially in the bronze "Apollo" from Pompeii, a work probably of the fifth century B. C., and the only bronze statue hitherto found at Pompeii of a natural size. The eyes are of marble, and the left hand probably held a lyre. In fact nearly all stages of Greek art may be traced in this collection. A very early period is represented by the head of a youth remarkable for the soldering on of the hair.

The so-called "Dancing Women," five large bronze statues, which are represented at the back of the picture, are supposed to represent actresses, as they were found in the theatre at Herculaneum. There are three others similar, but rather smaller. A strange effect is produced, by the use of the stone eyes, giving the features the appearance of living negroes. These figures are said to belong to the same cycle as the sculptures at Selinus and Olympia.

A bearded head, another interesting work, once erroneously called Plato, illustrates the artistic form of the stage represented by Myron; while later art, the authorities tell us, is shown in the world-famous statue of Narcissus, now called Dionysos. You recall the story of Narcissus, the beautiful youth with whom nymphs and naiads were always falling in love. Poor Echo, a young nymph, who had been punished by Juno for having talked too much, and had had her voice taken from her, except to repeat what others said to her, had also fallen prey to the charms of the beautiful Narcissus. Tradition has it that she wasted away until nothing was left but her voice. Narcissus listened to her praises, and in this posture we see him in the bronze. The story says he remained unmoved by her love, and as he had remained unmoved by all the affections bestowed

upon him, the avenging Goddess Nemesis caused him to fall in love with his own image reflected in the fountain, so he, in his turn, was punished. The story ends rather sadly, for we are told, that gazing upon his lovely form, he pined away, until he was eventually changed into the flower that bears his name. It rather offended my illusion that some sober professor now prefers to call the beautiful figure Dionysos, since the listening posture distinctly suggests the myth of Narcissus and Echo.

The bronzes from Pompeii and those from Herculaneum are easily distinguished by their different colors. Those from Herculaneum are of a dark black-greenish color, while those from Pompeii are oxidized and of a light blue-green hue. The difference is due, it is thought by some, to a difference in treatment, while others maintain that the bronzes from Herculaneum, being protected by much lava, escaped the oxidizing which the falling ashes gave to the bronzes from Pompeii.

Almost the first bronze that meets our eye when we enter this place of wonders, is the "Colossal Horse," reconstructed from over two hundred fragments. We feel that it must have been one of a quadriga, and as we stand before the huge creature, it seems ready to prance out of the Museum at any moment. Strength

and beauty are in every line. There is another enormous horse's head, that was a part of the horse that decorated the vestibule of the temple of Neptune, in the days when Naples was Neapolis, and the guide tells us that this head was converted into a bell by a superstitious priest at the Church of St. Gennaro; it was later taken to the Museum. We are shown many small bronzes intended for fountains. Among the most interesting to me was the "Boy with the Wine-skins," from which the water flowed, and to-day, in Naples, the boys may be seen carrying water in precisely this way, in the same sort of skins.

A strangely interesting discovery was made in a Herma of Lucius Cæcilius Jucundus, erected, as the Greek inscription tells us, by his freedman Felix, and found at Pompeii. That he was a banker, is proved by the finding of a carbonized box at Pompeii in June, 1875, containing about five hundred triptychs, and receipts for money advanced by him. The head is so life-like with its stone eyes, colored pupils, the gaze so searching, that I immediately congratulated myself that my January 1st bills were all paid.

It is impossible to tell you about all this vast collection in detail, so I am coming now to the

great masterpieces, having saved the best for the last.

Nothing in the world of art is more graceful, and more beautiful than the "Resting Hermes," commonly known to us by his Roman name of Mercury. Here is a perfect representation of vigorous, lithe youth at a moment of complete relaxation; yet one feels that at any moment the figure may spring into life, so real is the portrayal of reserve strength. It always rests me to look at the perfect calm, thus wonderfully represented, and the Museum authorities have most wisely arranged a bench near by, where every one involuntarily goes to rest with the statue, and admires while resting. Our heads were nearly turned by the numerous wonders that demanded our attention. We were so glad to see again the world-famed statuette of the "Dancing Faun," found in the house named from the statuette in Pompeii. He is all movement and careless merriment, while on the other hand, the drunken "Silenus" seems to be all effort and muscular exertion. We turn from these to the statue of the "Sleeping Satyr," with his filled pigskin (used as a wine-flask) at his side. He is surely asleep, and it is a great work of art, though not as pleasing to the eye as some others. Of course one must admire

the incomparable art of the utterly irresponsible "Drunken Faun," who lies back, laughing at all the world in his drunken debauch, and snapping his fingers at the possible consequence of his revel. I agree that it is a *capolavoro* (masterpiece), but it is too frightfully realistic to be agreeable, and I slighted him to-day to enjoy the marvelous strength, activity and alertness of the "Wrestlers." Surely nothing can be more perfect than their beautiful limbs trained so admirably for muscular action, and one cannot but admire their perfection and bodily development, that was attained to be displayed in the great national religious festivals of the Greeks. No wonder the Greeks were great sculptors with such models. If it were a part of the religion of to-day to perfect human health, I fancy our race would be nearer physical perfection than it is. I am always somewhat surprised at the statue of "Diana," with her strange, glass-enameled eyes. Her left arm is broken off and is hollow, and at the back of the statue is a little hole in the neck, from which priests spoke, at the temple of Apollo at Pompeii, where the statue was found, making people believe that the voice proceeded from the oracles above, when in reality their own voices resounded through the hollow bronze. The lovely Diana looks at you quite

frankly, as if resenting the deception practised through her.

One of the most recent treasures found at Pompeii is the silver-plated statue called "Effebo" (Ephebus). The silver has become quite oxidized by the ashes, but the perfection of line and form of the statue is in no way injured. That silver was used not only in plating bronze, is proved when we behold the silver bust of "Galva." I admit that I had to be told that it was silver, but on examining it I was convinced. It is curious and interesting, but I should not call it beautiful. Some of the busts show bits of gold-plating, proving that sometimes statues were also gold-plated.

We passed from room to room filled with countless busts, some wonderful portraits, and some heads of unknown Greeks, many bearing Greek inscriptions. I was much interested in the small collection of little bronze busts; in the portrait bust of Epicurus, especially because it so resembles a famous statesman, the Hon. Mr. F., whom I know in Canada.

Indeed, we learn here that bronze was most extensively used by the ancients. We saw in the upstairs bronze rooms this afternoon, many kitchen ranges of different sorts, some wonderful tripod lamps, tables and hundreds of other ornaments.

The collection of small bronzes includes tripod

candelabra, lamps, braziers, money-chests, jars, jugs, bracelets, chains, such as Tiffany is glad to copy now; kitchen utensils, doctors' instruments, all sorts of weapons, armour, and many other things that make us realize that there is nothing new under the sun. Will you believe it, even the rouge-pots were found, with the polished silver mirrors, at Pompeii? The women then, as now, were always trying to please the other sex. The exquisite collection of Greek coins remind us that we are in a land that once was the thriving and envied seat of Greek culture, and we should be thankful that the Romans, instead of destroying that culture, knew how to use, maintain and encourage it.

This collection of bronzes is surely unrivalled in the world; the number and magnitude of the works, the delicate treatment adapted to the material, and the skilful mastery of every kind of difficulty in casting and chiselling, afford the best possible insight into the high development of this branch of art in ancient times. As I left the Museum, tired and weary, I made my very best bow to Vesuvius for having given me the privilege of enjoying these priceless and unique treasures.

## IX

## To E. F. D. B.

### THE JOURNEY TO ROME

January 7, 1905

*My dear Mother:*

HERE we are in Rome most comfortably settled at the Hotel Bristol. We had to leave Naples at half-past five in the morning, but some way we did not mind it at all. The landlord, the porter, and our ever faithful Pasquale, stood at the door and wished us a *buon viaggio* as if it were mid-day. We were sorry to go, but we always say *a rivederla* to Naples.

The train was supposed to be heated—when the thermometer is 56 degrees Fahrenheit here, the natives think they are quite comfortable—but we had taken all proper precautions, and had furs, rugs and warm over-shoes, and a small flask in case of emergency. Fortunately we had a whole compartment to ourselves; we spread out our rugs, and kept the windows closed, so that when the mists rose and the sun appeared, we became quite comfortable. As

the train passed along through the out-lying farms of Naples, it seemed as if it must be spring, so much planting was going on. The farms are usually quite a distance from any house, so that rude little huts are built, where one or two men stay at night to watch over the gardens. Now and again, the train passed herds of the Italian water-buffalo. They are smaller than our American buffalo, with dark brown, shaggy hair, and their horns grow straight back from their ears, giving them a most unusual appearance.

Quite in the American way, a very nice dining-car was attached to the train, and we passed a delightful day, enjoying the beauties of the scenery. As the train wound in and around the valley of the Garigliano, we had fine views of the rocky summits of the Abruzzi Mountains, and numerous glimpses of many of the picturesque little hill towns which we mean to come and visit some day. It seems as if some one had picked up a handful of tiny stone houses and dropped them deliberately on top of a hill or mountain, so that the last ones had slidden into place as best they could on the sides.

High up on the mountain tops were perched severe, solid-looking monasteries, surrounded by high, massive stone walls, and bespeaking isolation, rigid

self-discipline, and bodily deprivation of all kinds. A rough, steep path could generally be traced from the monastery on the hill to the village below, showing that after all, these high-minded, spiritual friars are obliged to come in contact with every-day man and his life now and then. From Cassino, we were able to see the famous monastery of Monte Cassino, high up on the summit of the rock above us. That was the first and most famous of the monasteries founded by St. Benedict in 529 A. D., on the site of an ancient temple of Apollo, and it was there that the Saint died the 21st of March, 543. You remember, Dante alludes in his "*Paradiso*" to Monte Cassino and San Benedetto.

> "Quel monte, a cui Cassino è nella costa
> Fu frequentato già in su la cima
> Dalla gente ingannata e mal disposta
> E quel son io che su vi portai prima
> Lo nome di Colui, che in terra addusse
> La verità, che tanto ci sublima
> E tanta grazia sovra me rilusse."

"That mountain on whose slope Cassino is, was of old frequented on its summit by the deluded and ill-disposed people, and I am he who first carried up thither the name of Him who brought to earth the truth which so high exalts us: and such grace shone

VIEW OF MONTE CASSINO

SHOWING MONASTERY ON TOP OF MOUNTAIN

*From a water-color by C. Carelli*

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upon me that I drew away the surrounding villages from impious worship which seduced the world."

The monastery was declared a National monument in 1866, but continues to exist now as an ecclesiastical educational establishment, with about forty monks and two hundred pupils. I was very sorry we had not planned to stay there a day or so, for the monks, who are of very high standing, allow people to stay over night, though ladies are given apartments in a building outside the monastery. The whole place is wonderfully picturesque, and the views from the monastery must be magnificent.

A short time before we reached Rome, the train passed through Anagni, once the summer residence of Pope Boniface VIII, who was taken prisoner there and barely escaped death. The town looked very old and interesting, and I wished we might have stopped, but sometime I mean to motor through Italy, and then I can see all these interesting little places I have read about so much.

When the train rolled into the broad Campagna, we saw the long line of broken aqueducts that you see represented in so many pictures. No wonder they are often painted; they certainly formed a beautiful picture against the pink sunset sky, as we saw them last night. The dome of St. Peter's seemed

like a pin speck in the distance, yet it was only a very short time before we were in Rome. The train was excellent—really.

The custom-house officials were very nice to us about our spring water, although they looked rather incredulous, and I fancied a bit contemptuous. The idea of bringing water to Rome! It seemed to them like bringing coals to Newcastle; you do hear people say, that the water in Rome is very, very fine, but those same people are the ones who say, "Water is water," or, "Do try our well water, it is so nice and hard." Of course we paid no attention to the smiles of the officials, as we knew "jolly well" the worth of our own blessed *Quabaug;* yet when we told a lady yesterday, that it was the softest water in the world, and that a famous scientific friend in England had said it was a sure cure for gout, she replied, "I much prefer hard water, though it ruins the boilers in my house in an incredibly short space of time." Poor dear! I don't suppose she saw the irony of her own contradiction, for her "tumtum" must be stronger than her steam boilers, according to her own story.

The landlord at this hotel is an Italian, and very agreeable and obliging. The dining room is cheerful and pleasant, and all the waiters speak three or four languages. We have a delightful suite on the sunny

THE BARBERINI PALACE AND GARDEN

side, overlooking the Barberini Gardens. The palace is lovely, and it is pleasant to have a pretty garden to look at every day. Our rooms are at the end of the house, so that my singing, I hope, will not disturb any one. We were so happy to get here again, we could not wait even to unlock our trunks before running down into the Piazza di Spagna. Everything is just as it was two years ago, and oh, so lovely! Prof. Sgambati, who lives on the Piazza, told me that he had the *nostalgia della Piazza di Spagna*, because he never wanted to go anywhere else. He has had an apartment overlooking the square for twenty years, and although there are many other apartments elsewhere in Rome much more convenient, that he could have now-a-days, nothing would induce him to leave his beloved corner.

We bought an armful of flowers from the picturesque flower girls, and passed a lot of the "red devils," as some call the German students in their bright scarlet robes, on the way up the steps to hear the nuns sing their lovely vespers in Santa Maria della Trinità.

Rome! Rome! there is nothing like Rome in the whole world, and the more one comes here, the more one feels it!

I will write you again in a few days, when we are a little more settled.

## X

## To E. F. D. B.

### HIS HOLINESS, THE POPE, IN ST. PETER'S

ROME, ITALY, January 8, 1905

*My dearest M.:*

WE have been in Rome only a few days, but we have already been blessed by His Holiness. The magnificent porter at our hotel told us this morning that there was to be an unusual ceremony to-day at St. Peter's. It seems that the Pope was to canonize a French priest, Giovanni Vianney, of the parish of Ars, who has been dead some time, and whose life was especially holy and devoted to good works.

We immediately sent word to R., who knows everybody, particularly at the Vatican, and asked him to get us two nice seats in one of the best tribunes. As usual, he worked the necessary magic, and at half past two in the afternoon we started off in our coupé to see the great beatification ceremony.

I had to wear a black velvet gown, and a long

HIS HOLINESS THE POPE PIUS X

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Deus Omnipotens replear vos omni benedictione

Pius PP. X

black lace veil on my head—it was too funny,—I felt like Donna Elvira in the opera of Don Giovanni. You remember hearing Nordica sing the rôle? F. B. had to wear all black also.

As we drove along the streets, we passed numerous carriages, many of them open in spite of the cold, filled with ladies and gentlemen, also going to the beatification; in fact, it seemed that all Rome was rolling toward St. Peter's, and that all the women were decked out in black lace veils. Distances are not so great in Rome, but even the poorer people felt that on this grand occasion they must have a carriage.

Our driver took us across the bridge Ponte Sant' Angelo, so we had a splendid view of Hadrian's Tomb. I always think of it, though, as the Castello Sant' Angelo, and we have promised ourselves to go over it again while we are here, as there are very good and well-preserved frescoes in the interior, and altogether it is a most interesting place.

It is a sort of preface anyway to going to the Vatican, as it was formerly the Pontifical residence, and Alexander V and John XXIII caused a covered passage from it to the Vatican to be built as a secret means of escape and communication in times of danger.

When we got into the Borgo, the crowds became immense, and our driver had to be very patient, working his way in and out among the people. Sometimes fifty years elapse between one beatification and another, so even the Romans, who are used to the Pope and the grand ceremonies at St. Peter's, were most anxious to take part in this unusual event.

Our ticket admitted us to the side door, and I soon found myself in a surging crowd of all sorts of people. Excited nuns were marshalling dozens of small children, from schools, I suppose, and stern looking friars lost their usual calm in their endeavor to get on, and secure their places in time for the entrance of His Holiness.

When one of the Pope's guard, arrayed in black velvet knee breeches, with mediæval slashed sleeves and stiff Elizabethan ruff, had bowed us into our seats, we felt we were quite settled for some time, and could look about and thoroughly enjoy the scene before us.

We had, thanks to R., excellent seats in one of the best tribunes near the high altar; and I found myself next to a distinguished old French lady, very richly dressed in black, and wearing a beautiful diamond tiara to hold her black lace veil in place.

She gives great sums to the Pope each year, and of course, would not have missed this canonization of one of her countrymen for anything. She had come expressly from Paris for the occasion. The somberness of the black and the brilliancy of the jewels in the open tribunes were very striking, and made a most unique picture.

It seems so strange that everyone who goes to see the Pope must dress in deep black always, yet all of his guards and officers, with very few exceptions, wear the most brilliant uniforms. You are familiar with the Guardie Nobile, or Swiss Guard, with their stiff ruffs and their peculiar slashed uniforms of red and yellow. But to-day there were a dozen or more other brilliant uniforms worn by different guards and officers of the Pope's now miniature army. As they walked back and forth, seeing that every last arrangement was quite perfect for the entrance of His Holiness, one fancied that one might be in Mme. Tussaud's again, only here the figures all moved.

The church was really magnificent. The vast columns of the central part were hung with crimson brocade embroidered in gold, and vast numbers of candles, now lighted by electricity, made the great church ablaze with light. The high altar was

simply beyond description. The rays of glory about the altar picture have had electric globes put all over them, and when they blazed into sparkling lights, you can imagine the effect.

We had not waited long when the organ swelled forth a march, and more of the Pope's guard marched into the church in line, carrying their mediæval lances, and looking very grand and ferocious. It was most exciting. After them came the bishops with their gorgeous purples, then followed the long line of stately red-draped cardinals, wearing much fine lace; and then, borne aloft by twelve men clothed in red brocade, came Pius X, seated in a golden chair, upholstered in crimson. He wore a long white robe, and a crimson velvet cape heavily embroidered in gold. Slowly they carried him through the great church to the high altar, where he left his chair, and the canonization ceremonies were carried on in Latin. The choir sang divinely, the Pope's angel, as the famous male soprano of the choir of St. Peter's is called, giving out his rare, high notes. I am sure you must remember hearing him sing when we were here together a few years ago. After the short services, His Holiness was carried back through the church again. We were not twenty feet from him, and as I waved my handkerchief with everyone else,

VIEW OF ROME FROM ST. PETER'S

he raised his hand to bless us all. Not a sound was heard;—cheering is strictly forbidden on such occasions.

He has one of the most beautiful hands I have ever seen, and as he made the sign of the cross with his two fingers, and bowed his venerable head with a rare, sweet smile on his face, I felt a wee lump in my throat, and my handkerchief was needed about the eyes for a minute. Pius X did not wish to be Pope, you remember, and when he left Venice, as Cardinal Patriarch of that city, he bought his return ticket to his dear Venetia. There are only five titles of Patriarch in the Roman Catholic Church, and there is only one such title in Italy. The others are at Jerusalem, Constantinople, Antioch and Corinth, in fact in each place where one of the twelve apostles founded a church. The title of Patriarch of Venice and St. Mark was transferred from a town in Asia Minor to Venice. Pius X is beloved by everybody, and I can easily understand why, since I have seen him. He is so simple, so kindly in his appearance, and his main idea is to be kind to every one and to help to bring peace over the world. Indeed, he has already done a great deal toward bringing together the Vatican and the Quirinal, so that the Blacks (Papal followers) and

the Whites (King's followers) no longer hate each other as formerly.—I was told that the Pope had advised all Romans to vote in the elections as all other Italians. "You must be good citizens as well as good Catholics," he has said. Directly following his election as Pope, he received congratulatory messages from nearly all the sovereigns of the world. As he was looking them over he said, "Ah yes, all these are gratifying, but the one I wished most to see is not here," meaning that from the King of Italy. From this remark all his court knew at once that Pius X intended to be more friendly with the Italian King than any Pope since the founding of United Italy.

He insists that he will not be a prisoner in the Vatican, as his predecessors have been since Pius IX, and I really believe it will not be long before he will ride about Rome as the Popes of old used to do.

Professor Sgambati was telling me the other day, what a commotion it used to make when Pius IX took his drive through the streets of Rome. As he passed, every one was expected to kneel and uncover their heads, so that those who were waning in their loyalty to the Pope, used to run into the numerous little alleys or side streets to escape doing homage in the prescribed way. Certainly Pius

IX must have presented a most gorgeous appearance with numbers of his Guardie Nobile riding on gayly caparisoned horses in advance. In those days too, the cardinals wore their gorgeous red robes in public, and numbers of them were nearly always in attendance on the Pope when he rode out.

From Sgambati's description it must have been a most imposing spectacle, but Pio Nono loved pomp and splendor, while if Pio Decimo, who loves simplicity above all things, really leaves the Vatican, I dare say he will go out with but little more pomp than the Cardinals of the present day, whom one meets often in the Villa Borghese, quietly taking their afternoon walk with their footman walking at a respectful distance behind, and their elegant but quiet looking coupé or landau following, ready at any time when "His Eminence" is tired. One recognizes their rank from the small red silken cords about their hats, and the red tassels which hang over the edge.

It has been said that Pius X is not as great a diplomat as Leo XIII, but from all one can learn, he has quite as much diplomacy as the late Pope, only he goes about accomplishing his ends in a rather different way.

I do hope we may be presented to him privately, since now that we have seen him in all his glory I

should like to see him at close range and talk with him.

The one idea of everybody in St. Peter's after the Pope had been carried out, was to get out also. St. Peter's is a very big place, as you know, but the crowd that day was big enough to fill it, and make the most awful jam that I ever had the misfortune to get into. We were pushed and hustled hither and yon, so that it was a good three-quarters of an hour before we really found our coachman.

I had supposed I ought to dress very warmly as I was to stay so long in a stone church, but I was all wrong. St. Peter's has a climate of its own. It is warm in winter and cool in summer; in fact, it is so vast that the temperature varies but little all the year round. I was "simply roasting" when I left the church, and came near catching a very bad cold from the sudden chill that I got when I came out into the cool, fresh afternoon air.

Well, our stay ought to be delightful, which has started with the Papal blessing. I have already written to R. telling him that I want to be presented to the Pope privately, and I have no doubt he will arrange for it in due time.

## XI

## To E. F. D. B.

### A PRESENTATION TO HIS HOLINESS

ROME, ITALY, January 10, 1905

*My dear M.:*

AS I expected, R. arranged for our special presentation to the Pope. One does not have very much notice when these presentations are to take place, as His Holiness does not always announce just what he is going to do long beforehand. However, our cards arrived in ample time, and read for "Signor F. Batcheller and his consort"; the directions for the proper costume were all plainly indicated on them. I wore my black velvet with the long lace veil, which I had worn at the beatification, only this time I sent for a hair dresser to arrange the veil, as I wished, of course, to look my very best. F. B. wore his evening clothes, though the hour of presentation was three o'clock in the afternoon. We left the hotel some little time before, as we did not wish to be a moment late. I was told that I should wear a good many jewels,

but a jeweled pin to hold my veil in place, and my strings of pearls, I thought quite enough.

We drove across the famous square of St. Peter's, passed under the porch at the left, and through a beautiful court. Here the Pope's soldiers, in steel blue coats with scarlet trimmings, bade us pass on, and we drove into the famous Cortile San Damaso, so called from the fountain erected here by Innocent X. It is the finest court of the Vatican, surrounded by the beautiful Logge of Bramante that we had read about, so we were very glad to see them. We stopped before a door at the left side of the court, where an officer in another sort of uniform, less gay, but equally mediæval-looking, ushered us from our carriage to an elevator. As we left the elevator, we passed through the famous Gallery of the Geographical Maps, built by Gregory XIII, and beautifully adorned with historical frescoes. It was formerly open on one side, but of late, it has been enclosed in glass. We had no time to examine these wonderful old maps, for, at the end of the corridor, a door was opened for us, and we were asked to pass through a large room where several of the Swiss Guard were stationed. The uniforms of this guard are so startling in their brilliancy of bright red and yellow, and the brass helmets and mediæval spears so fearful

MRS. FRANCIS BATCHELLER

AS PRESENTED TO HIS HOLINESS THE POPE

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looking, that they inspired me with tremendous respect, if not actual awe.

We had only a few moments to admire the beautiful paintings and frescoes in this room, for we were quickly shown into another, where a very tall, fine-looking man with gray hair, clad in a swallow-tail coat and a much "bepleated-bosomed" shirt, examined our cards of entrance with great care, looking us over from head to foot to make sure that we were all in black and wore no gloves, which is forbidden in the presence of His Holiness. He politely indicated the place where we were to leave our wraps, and then a gorgeous individual in red brocade opened a door and asked us to enter.

Our new escort wore knee breeches tied at the knee, and crimson leather slippers, while streamers of brocaded velvet hung from each shoulder, so that altogether he presented a most royal appearance. He may have been one of the twelve men who carried the Pope on the day of the beatification, at least he was dressed exactly as they were. He conducted us to a room hung with the most beautiful Gobelin tapestries, where three crimson-brocaded officials like himself were awaiting us. He asked us to be seated, and was very polite in answering the few questions which I asked him. As we waited, we had time to

examine this beautiful suite of rooms. The tapestries are truly wonderful, representing mythological scenes, and their colors are those soft shades which only age can give.

We did not wait long before one of the officials told us that His Holiness was coming, and asked us to kneel. I had seen the sweet, kind face when His Holiness was carried in his golden chair through St. Peter's, and I was quite willing to kneel to so good a man, as all unite in calling him, but almost before I realized it, the Pope, one of the greatest men in the world, stood before me and was speaking to me.

When one stops to consider all that he represents, all the power that he holds so undeniably throughout the world, one marvels at the sweet simplicity of the man himself, who is the embodiment of Roman Catholicism in all the countries of the earth. He was clothed in white broadcloth, wore scarlet slippers embroidered in gold, and on his head a small silken cap, also of scarlet.

He extended his right hand for me to kiss his famous ring, and as I did so, he asked, "Are you an American?" "Yes, Your Holiness, and I come from Boston, where I have tried to help the Italian immigrants who come to us," I said. He seemed much pleased, and I told him about the work that the Ital-

ian Societies to which I belong in Boston had done toward helping and instructing the poor Italians who have come to us. He raised his hand above my head, saying, "God bless you for this charity to our poor, and may they always merit it." I was told afterward that Pius X never says "I bless you," as many Popes have previously done, but always asks the Deity to give His blessing.

After speaking with F. B. and giving him his blessing, he turned to go, followed by his devoted secretary, but as he stood in the doorway, he gave us the Papal blessing again in Latin. He had been so sweet, so simple, so really great through it all, that I was reminded of Ruskin's words: "An infinitude of tenderness is the chief gift and inheritance of all truly great men."

We were politely ushered from the room. We felt very sober, yet much gratified at our experience. When we were descending the stairs, one of the officials came to me and asked me to go to the Secretary's office, at the same time directing me just where to go. I did not know quite what was to happen, but once there, I was told that, if I would leave my address, a photograph of His Holiness with the autograph and written blessing of *Sua Santità* (His Holiness) would be sent me. I did so, of



L OF C.

course, and I am very proud of the beautiful picture, upon which His Holiness has inscribed his Papal blessing and his famous autograph.

One of my "Black" friends tells me that the Pope is a very fine pianist, and spends much time playing his favorite instrument, his two Venetian secretaries serving as an audience. A few days ago a famous trio of musicians, violin, viola and cello (I forget their names) were summoned to play before His Holiness at the Vatican. This was a great innovation on the usual order of things, but Pius X intends to have an order of his own; anyhow, he is so much beloved, and the people have so much confidence in his goodness, that he can do exactly as he pleases, not as the cardinals please, an entirely different attitude from that of former Popes. It seems strange, when the Pope is so fond of music, that he has decided to restrict the music of the Roman Catholic churches throughout the world to the old seventh-century Gregorian chants, with their severe eight modes. He also makes the restriction that they shall be sung only by men, and this has been a fearful blow to many of the women singers everywhere, who have been able hitherto to earn a very comfortable living by singing in Roman Catholic churches, where they always were well paid.

I am told that this order of restriction has met with fierce opposition, and that it is not being closely followed in many parts of the world; I think in time this sentence against the women singers will be mitigated,—I surely hope so, it has brought about so much suffering, and that is the last thing that good, kind Pius X has the intention of doing.

## XII

### To E. F. D. B.

Rome, January 15, 1905

*My dear M.:*

THIS morning I had a good sing, and then went out to walk in the gardens of the Villa Borghese, or Villa Umberto I, as it is now called. The park and gardens formerly belonged to the Cenci family, but after the execution of Beatrice and her brother by Pope Clement VIII, the property was confiscated by the church, and Paul V, the Borghese Pope, gave it to his relatives. In the real estate panic a few years ago here in Rome, the Borghese family lost much of their great fortune, and the government bought the villa and gardens which now form a public park.

Numbers of Italian officers were trying English hunters on the race track that is now used as a sort of bridle path. Some of the horses took the jumps very prettily, but others were rather ugly. The Italian uniforms are very stunning, and the officers always look as if they had just stepped out of a bandbox, though how it is possible, I don't see, for their

capes are often of the lightest cadet-blue cloth that soils very easily. Even their white gloves are always just so clean; they certainly set the soldiers a fine example, for besides their fine uniforms they are nearly all very well "set up."

We are looking forward to going to the hunts here, not to follow—put your dear, anxious mind at rest—but to look on. These meets are quite a feature here, and beside the gentlemen who ride, a great many of the officers enjoy hunting immensely, and I should think, with the Campagna for a setting, they might make a very pretty picture.

Mrs. Morris came over for tea the other afternoon, and she too is anxious to go to one of these meets, so perhaps we shall arrange to go together.

To-day F. B. and I went out for a drive; I wanted to see the lovely Tortoise fountain again, *Fontana delle Tartarughe*, as it is called. So we drove around by it, and then on through Rome, out the Via Appia to the church of San Sebastiano, where we were shown in a side chapel what is said to be a footprint of Christ on stone.

We drove on past the picturesque tomb of Cæcilia Metella, wife of Cæsar's legate in Gaul, that stands out so boldly in the Campagna. It was made a fortified stronghold by the powerful Cætani family in 1300,

and it must have been a fine vantage-point for defence. All around are ruins that originally formed part of a palace and church. The aqueducts are particularly picturesque on this drive, and the aqueduct of the old time Aqua Claudia is used to-day to carry what is now called the Acqua Felice to Rome.

I am improving in my Italian, at least, I am working constantly to do so, and a nice young Italian lady comes three afternoons a week and talks with me; I write English into Italian, which is really the greatest help. Of course my teacher speaks English, and understands its construction, so that she can give me Italian idioms for our English idioms, and make any knotty point clear. I think what they say here is true, "*La lingua Toscana in bocca Romana*, (The Tuscan language in a Roman mouth)," for the Romans speak delightfully.

Well, dear, I must stop. Give my love to all the friends at home and for yourself, I say:

"Se il mare fu inchiostro
E il cielo un foglio
Non basterebbe per dirti
Tutto il ben che ti voglio."

"If the sea were an inkwell
And the heavens a page
E'en then how I love thee
I could not e'en tell."

## XIII

### To T. C. B.

Rome, January 20, 1905

*My dear P.:*

THIS has been a rather quiet day, though we are going out this evening.

This morning F. B. and I went for a nice walk on the Pincio after I finished singing. The Villa Medici, which is situated just at the entrance of the park, is now used for the French Academy of Fine Arts here, and Carolus Durand has just been appointed the director by the French Government.

This afternoon we have been for a nice drive. F. B. had never been to St. John's in Laterano, nor seen the Scala Santa, so we drove directly to the Piazza di San Giovanni in Laterano. The church is one of the most interesting in Rome, was once connected with a palace presented by the Emperor Constantine to Pope Sylvester I, and was for some years the principal church in Rome. It has had all sorts of things happen to it; an earthquake has destroyed it once, fire twice, and it came to its present

form in 1875. One of the five entrances, the Porta Santa, is walled up, and opened only in the Papal jubilee years. The principal façade has a very grand portico from which the Popes used to pronounce a benediction on Ascension day, and there is another portico on the south side.

After giving some pennies to a poor old man at the door, which I suppose was not at all the right thing to do, but he looked so miserable that my feelings got the better of my judgment, we went inside. The church is supposed to contain several very holy relics, the heads of St. Peter and St. Paul, and a wooden table taken from the Catacombs, which is said to have been used by St. Peter as an altar. Near one of the pillars to the right, we found a statue of that wonderful old Pope, Boniface VIII, represented between two cardinals proclaiming the first jubilee in 1300. Think of the money that poured into Rome that year! I wonder how it was all used—in churches perhaps, there are three hundred and seventy-five in Rome alone.

The chapel of the great Torlonia family is in this church, and is very richly decorated with marbles and much fine gilding.

After walking about the church enjoying the mosaics, marbles and paintings, we went to see the

cloisters that are noted for their beautiful inlaid columns. The monastery was founded in the sixth century, by Benedictine monks, who came here from Monte Cassino that we saw on the way from Naples.

We had a look at the sculptures in the Palazzo del Laterano, now given the long name of Museum Gregorianum Lateranense, but the day was so fine that we could not make up our minds to stay all the afternoon indoors, besides, these places are fearfully cold, and we have to bundle up tremendously to go in at all, so we mean to come to this museum another day. But before continuing our drive, we walked over to the building, once a part of the Laterano palace, that contains the Scala Santa, supposed to be the marble steps which our Lord, Jesus Christ, ascended. They were brought to Rome in 326 A. D., by the Empress Helena; no one can go up except on their knees, and a prayer must be said on each step. There are other stairs arranged at one side for coming down. At the top of the steps is the chapel of Sancta Sanctorum, which is all that is left of the old Laterano palace, and was formerly the private chapel of the Popes. It contains a picture said to be painted by St. Luke. Several devout monks and nuns, as well as peasant women, were going up, stair by stair, on their knees, patiently telling their beads.

I suppose they were much happier for their prayer, whether or not the stairs are genuine.

When we left here, we drove out through the Porta San Giovanni into the Campagna for a short distance. We saw the amphitheatre Castrense, which is the only structure of the kind in Rome, except the Colosseum.

Here come some cards—dear Mrs. Warren and Countess T.—Au Revoir. Pardon abruptness.

## XIV

### To T. C. B.

Rome, January 24, 1905

*My dearest P.:*

WE have just come in from a very pleasant reception given by Mrs. Norton this afternoon at her attractive villa in the Via Vicenza.

Mr. Norton is, as you know, the son of Prof. Norton of Harvard University, and is at the head of the American School here in Rome. Recently, Harvard, Yale and Johns Hopkins have each given $100,000.00 to this school, and it is doing splendid work. We met numbers of Americans we knew. Mrs. Morton Dexter and her daughters are here for the winter with Miss Carow, a sister of Mrs. Roosevelt. It seemed so nice to see some Boston friends, and I was glad to know Miss Carow, who is, like her sister, a most charming person. She is a great friend of dear Mrs. Lodge, and has promised to lend me young Mr. Lodge's new book to read. I also

met Prof. and Mrs. Carter of Princeton, and there were numerous other friends.

Mrs. Minton Warren, whose husband was formerly at the head of the school, went with us this afternoon, and made everything lovely for us, presenting us to numbers of her friends, who are legion in Rome, as everywhere. Before going to the reception, which was late, we took a drive in the grounds of the beautiful Villa Doria, where people in two-horse carriages are allowed to drive on Tuesday and Friday afternoons.

Throughout the drive around these fairy grounds, one beautiful view after another meets the eye; now a herd of wild deer, some clear white, others brown, in the small ravine at one end of the garden; now, an imposing view of St. Peter's and the Vatican, with Monte Mario in the distance; and, at a turn of the road, we come upon a pretty pond, where graceful swans are gliding up and down. Here and there are wonderful old marbles taken from ancient sarcophagi; in a green field to one side is an ancient stone altar, and at another turn we have a lovely view of the Alban Mountains. It is like an enchanted castle, and quite the most beautiful of the famous Italian villas and gardens.

I am looking forward to meeting the Princess

# THE VILLA DORIA AND GARDENS

Doria, who is a great friend of the Princess Venosa and a charming Englishwoman, so every one says, a sister of the Duke of Newcastle.

To-morrow we are going to an afternoon reception at our Embassy. The Meyers have an apartment in the Brancaccio palace that is very well adapted for an Embassy. They like Rome very much, and give a great many balls and dinners. I hope we are in time for the balls, for F. B. and I enjoy dancing so much, and I work so constantly at my music that I think it is eminently good for me to be frivolous at times.

By the way, the American School of Painting and Sculpture has bought the lovely Villa Mirafiori for its permanent establishment here. Is n't that fine! I believe that the generosity of Mr. Walters of Baltimore, who has done so much for art, as well as that of Mr. Morgan and some of the Vanderbilts, has made this possible, and all the Americans are rejoicing.

## XV

### To E. F. D. B.

Rome, January 28, 1905

*My dear M.*:

WE begin to feel quite at home in our snug apartment at this nice hotel. The rooms are really very pretty, having been fitted up by an American lady, who spent several winters in them, a year or two ago. F. B. comes in every morning when I am singing with Bustini or Sgambati to hear some of the songs, and brings me the results of his morning walk. He has already mastered sufficient Italian to buy flowers from the pretty girls in the Piazza, and my rooms are a perfect bower every day. In the parlor there is a long pier glass with a place arranged at the bottom for ferns or plants, and there are also shelves on a part of the frame where vases of flowers are most effective.

The first morning that F. B. bought his flowers, he waited outside our door until I had finished singing a song of Bustini's, which Bustini himself was going over with me. Mrs. M. and some friends had

asked to come over to hear me sing, so that when I finished, and they applauded, F. B. opened the door and filled my arms with flowers. We all laughed, and Bustini exclaimed "The real American husband!" Unfortunately, the poor flowers had to be soon banished, as they were all of overpowering fragrance, and I never can have that sort about when I am singing. However, there are numerous others that are quite as beautiful, and as I write, I can count bunches of jonquilles, vases of stately callas, graceful mimosa and many others too numerous to mention. Italy is surely a land of sunshine and flowers. Not a drop of rain have we seen since we arrived. One beautiful day follows another, and we do so enjoy our long walk every morning in the gardens of the Villa Borghese. The air is cold, but the trees and lawns are as green as in summer.

I find that it is best not to go down into the Piazza until ten o'clock or half-past, as it is quite damp in the early morning, and the moist air is apt to make one hoarse. I also find that kind Mrs. Howe's precautions as to health were most wise and correct. The thermometer conveys nothing to me, because it rarely registers freezing, although Bernini's Tritone fountain in our Piazza did freeze solid one morning—the first time in years our landlord assured

us. Yet I invariably need the thickest winter clothes that I possess. I do not walk in furs, of course, but always have a fur cape over my arm, so that if I do leave the park, and go from the sun into the shade down any of the narrow streets, I can immediately be warm enough.

I should think all the old inhabitants of Italy would have worshipped the sun, for you seem to be perfectly safe so long as you are in the sunshine, but the moment you leave it, you seem in danger of catching cold, fevers and other unpleasant things. One would not believe it possible that two sides of the street could have such different temperatures. You fancy yourself in a balmy, beautiful climate on the one side, and in the coldest place you have ever known, when you cross over to the other. I no more think of going out without an extra wrap, than I would think of going out without my hat, and I almost invariably take a raw egg or a glass of milk before my morning walk, as it is very bad to make any exertions in this climate on an empty stomach.

After luncheon, as all the people here seem to think it is the proper thing to do, I take a *siesta*. A lady told me yesterday that it was impossible for a foreigner to do as much in Rome as in many other places. But as there is more to see here than in any

other place in the world, and many people come here to stay but a short time, they are anxious to see as much as possible; so they run great risks, get very much over-tired, expose themselves in ways which even the natives would never dream of doing, eat anything that comes on the table d'hôte, get very ill and announce to the world that Rome is unhealthy. As a matter of fact, figures show that Rome is the second healthiest city in Europe, London coming first. A charming Italian woman once said to me, "So many people say that our Rome is unhealthy, but I think all climates have their necessary rules, and when the climate of Rome is understood, and one lives as one should, I believe there is no healthier place than this," and she is right.

In paying our visits in the afternoon, we almost invariably take a closed carriage if we know we are to be out after four o'clock, or whenever the sunset hour occurs. It simply does not do to be out at sunset in Italy. The sun is so powerful that when its heat is withdrawn, the atmospheric change is tremendous, and the dew is very heavy, so we make it a point to be either in a closed carriage or indoors at that time. I tried staying out once or twice, but caught cold each time, so I know better now. There is a saying, "A cold is the root of all evils in Rome,"

and I believe it. Many of the natives, however, do not mind being out at sunset at all, and the concerts on the Pincio given by different regimental bands, usually begin about four o'clock, but as I have to make music myself, it is more important for me to keep my instrument in condition than to listen to others, so we are waiting until later in the season to enjoy this really excellent band music. People drive after three o'clock; first on the Pincio, and later in the Corso. It is very amusing of a beautiful afternoon to drive up the Corso about six o'clock, and see all fashionable Rome moving slowly up and down, everyone nodding and smiling pleasantly to their friends as they pass. The Corso is the "Rotten Row" of Rome. The Italians have beautiful horses and turnouts, and look very attractive in their jewels and furs.

Yesterday the King passed by driving a fine pair in a handsome "spider." One of his gentlemen-in-waiting was with him, and his four bicycle outriders rode in front of and beside the carriage. These bicyclists always attend His Majesty whenever he drives out. The King bowed pleasantly right and left, but as it is a very usual thing for him to drive in this way, no particular demonstration was made, though the glances were most friendly, for everyone knows that the King is universally beloved.

You will be relieved, I know, when I tell you that our rooms are well warmed. In our bedroom we have a large steam radiator, at least it is large for over here. I am afraid, on thinking of your idea of radiators, perhaps it might seem rather diminutive to you, but besides, there is a large, cheerful fireplace, that *Buon Giorno* (good morning) takes care of faithfully, though he insists that our rooms are too warm for health. F. B. has christened him *Buon Giorno* because he always says this "on sight." Poor *Buon Giorno!* He comes into Rome in winter to work, leaving his family in a little town three hours distance by the railway, and six months often pass when he cannot hope to see his wife and children. He is an honest, cheerful man; in fact all the Italians seem to be honest, and in spite of everything, cheerful. Scarcely anyone in the hotel locks his door. You remember when you left your silk bag in Turin, the proprietor of the hotel sent it on to you without so much as touching a thing in it.

F. B. found some grape-nuts in an English-American grocery on the Piazza, and he was surprised to find he could get many American groceries here. I think Mr. Sebasti, the banker, told him where to go, as he tells all travellers in want of information

just what to do and where to go for everything. His bank, where many of the foreigners draw their money, is also on the Piazza di Spagna, so while people are waiting for their bank notes, they learn what to do and how to do it from the banker. Signor Sebasti has lived in Rome all his life, although he has been in America, and is thoroughly used to Americans and their ways.

One of the beautiful drives that we often take in the early afternoon is up to the Gianicolo Hill. We have a magnificent view from the large square where the statue of Garibaldi is placed; Gallori, a friend of R.'s, was the sculptor—and it really is a wonderful piece of work, so cleverly placed, too, for the great man seems to have one eye on his beloved Rome and the other on the Vatican. From this hill we have a very good view of the Vatican Gardens, and as we go down the other side of the hill, we pass the celebrated Mme. Helbig's *Villa Lante*, where one of the Pope's secretaries lived several hundred years ago; it is now the only villa on the Gianicolo.

We went to call upon the great lady the other day with the daughter of Mrs. Warren, who is staying for a short time in Rome. Mme. Helbig is difficult to describe in a few words. She is an unusually talented, delightful woman, who does an im-

mense amount of good, and who endears herself to every one who knows her. Before her marriage she was a Russian Princess, but she gave up all her titles to marry the man of her choice, who is a distinguished professor in the University of Rome. She cares little for pomp and show, and her life is mainly devoted to works of charity. I believe she entirely supports a children's hospital, and devotes much of her time to the sick children. She herself, is a great sufferer from neuralgia, but one never hears her complain. She is always bright, cheerful and witty, and when she sits at the piano, you realize that she is a fine artist as well as a philanthropist. Many of the great composers have been her friends, Wagner and Liszt especially, and I certainly hope I shall have the good fortune to hear her play often while we are here. She greeted me charmingly, introduced me to her distinguished son, who, like his father, is a professor in the University, and asked me to sing to her. As she had all Mozart's operas at her hand in her fine musical library, I consented. She played the accompaniment to the aria from the "Nozze di Figaro" delightfully, and I thoroughly enjoyed singing in her splendid, big, high room. My voice seemed to please her very much, and she has already nick-named me her "Paragon."

Her son is one of the handsomest men I remember to have seen, very tall, extremely well built, with a brilliant complexion and keen "*Welsung*" blue eyes. He told me that he avoided all civilized capitals, and chooses for his particular stamping grounds, Nova Zembla, Southern and Central Africa. He is extremely interesting to talk to, but cares little or nothing about society, though his position necessitates his going about more or less. He is perfectly sweet and devoted to his mother, so you would admire him right away. He has recently made some wonderful scientific inventions, which everyone says will make him world-wide famous. The other morning he asked us to come and see the government balloon ascension. He was to be the pilot, and kindly said he would explain everything to us. We were delighted to go, and it was very interesting to see how skilfully and scientifically the great balloon was handled, how easily it was made fast to the basket, and how accurately every detail was attended to. I was especially interested in the arrangements for sending messages by carrier-pigeons, which are carried aloft in little baskets at the side of the main car. The smallest bits of the thinnest paper are carefully placed between slides of aluminium. On these tiny sheets, with the aid of a small fairy pen, Prof.

PROFESSOR DMITRY HELBIG IN NOVA ZEMBLA

Helbig writes a message to his anxious mother, the moment he is on *terra firma* once more. The wee letter is rolled closely, and tied to the tail feathers of the pigeon that never rests until its message is delivered. As the great balloon, that had seemed so huge near to, silently and softly floated up, up, up into the blue sky, one was almost hypnotized by the graceful sailing motion. I want very much to make an ascension, and Signor Filippi, who is President of the Balloon Society, has offered to have a special ascension for us if we will go. Prof. Helbig promises to be the pilot, and I am most anxious to try it, but F. B. won't hear of it.

Mme. Helbig has asked us to stop in whenever we drive up this way, and as we enjoy seeing her so much, we shall surely go often. Everyone admires her immensely, and I hope to be able to live up to the new nick-name.

We have received our invitations from Her Majesty Queen Elena to be present at a formal reception which she is to give at the Quirinal Palace, so of course, we are eagerly anticipating Feb. 15th.

I simply must not write more to-night, but I hope to have great good things to tell you in a few days.

## XVI

### To E. F. D. B.

Rome, January 31, 1905

*My dear M.:*

YESTERDAY was very cold and windy, and we gave up all thoughts of going out to the Gardens of the Knights of Malta; but in the afternoon Mrs. Warren came in, and wanted us to go with her out to Elihu Vedder's studio. F.B., who never refuses to rise to the bait of pictures, assured me I should not take cold, if I went in a closed carriage. For the first time in five years, there is not a flower in the Piazza di Spagna; the Romans are perishing with the cold, and declare that the weather is most unusual. As we drove past the Spanish steps to-day, everything seemed so bare, few people were in the streets, and the usual air of a "freeze-up" was everywhere. The Vedders live in Rome on the Via Capo le Case, but the studio is quite a distance out on the Via Flaminia, and is built over a barn. The coachman was very stupid about finding the place; I suppose he could not

imagine where we were trying to go, but Mrs. W. patiently insisted on his stopping at the right gateway, and then she piloted us in and around an old garden (the shrubs are still green in spite of the cold), up a flight of steps, where we tugged at a stray wire outside the door. Some way, somehow, the wire seemed to have something on the other end, because, although we heard nothing, Mrs. Vedder soon opened the door and welcomed us. Once inside, one quite forgot the straggling garden and stable entrance.

You know I have always admired Mr. Vedder's wonderful illustrations of the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam, and the work that he did for the Congressional Library in Washington, so of course I was very much interested in seeing his studies all about the studio. The picture of the Pleiades, to me, is one of the most attractive things Vedder has ever done. The figures have so much rhythm and motion, and I told Mr. Vedder that it reminded me of the ceiling decoration of the Opera Comique in Paris, where the notes of the musical clef are represented as bells, each in the hand of a young dancing girl. So many of Vedder's works have such an Oriental touch, that I am sure he would illustrate Kipling beautifully. When I particularly admired one Oriental figure, he laughingly told me that he had never been in the

Orient, though he owned his style was rather Oriental. He gets beautiful effects in black and white, and I have arranged to carry off one of these gems.

After we had seen all the pictures, and realized how many things there are that we want and cannot have, Mrs. Vedder made us all quite happy again with a most excellent cup of tea and cakes. She said this was Salem Day for the Studio—it was odd, the Andrews, Rantouls, and other Salem people were there, and Mrs. Warren, of course, represented the Machado family.

Miss Vedder is following in her father's artistic footsteps, and has done some very creditable tapestry painting. The drive into town was rather cold and long; you can have no idea of how cold it is here when the sun goes down, but we were so well wrapped up, that I think we all avoided colds.

Mrs. Gouverneur Morris came over to dinner and afterwards we had a little "bridge"—Mr. A. making a pleasant fourth. Mrs. M. is such a splendid player that she and F. B. quite walked off with the tally. When we get home I hope you will meet Mrs. M., for I am sure you would like each other. She is an altogether charming woman, very fond of "bridge" (which will appeal to you), thinks your tallies are

fine, and won her way to my heart directly by admiring your photograph.

R. is coming to dine to-morrow night, and wrote me he had all sorts of delightful plans for us in the near future.

## XVII

### To C. R.

Rome, Italy, February 9, 1905

*My dear Caira:*

R. came in the other evening and carried us off to some private theatricals given for the benefit of the Ambulatorio della Società Soccorso e Lavoro, in one of the small halls generally used for a dancing school, and named after the dancing master Pichetti (I thought of Pappanti). When we first reached the hall we found we were quite early, and I was so thankful that I had rebelled at leaving my fur cape in the cloak room, as the thermometer, I am sure, did not register above fifty. A few people were before us, and they too, clung closely to their furs.

Mrs. Würtz, a sister of Mr. Tower, our Ambassador at Berlin, was one of the first people pointed out to us. She was wearing a beautiful ermine cape, and later in the evening when the hall became somewhat warmer, and she threw back her wrap, I had a chance to see some of her famous jewels. As you

may imagine, it was very interesting to us to watch the people coming in, for the hall is small and the tickets had been sold only to people very well known; therefore the little audience of about three or four hundred, comprised the best of Roman society. The first play was Goldoni's "Gl' Innamorati," and the principal rôle was taken by the lovely Princess Teano, a daughter-in-law of the Duchess of Sermoneta. The young Princess was animation itself in the rôle of the jealous and affectionate fiancée. I have read many of Goldoni's plays, when I was in Radcliffe College, so I was much interested to see how the cultivated Italians would interpret his rôles. The play was charmingly costumed, had been extremely well rehearsed, and went off with quite a professional dash. The Marchese Guglielmi, Prince Altieri and the Marchese G. Cappelli, all had a struggle for the hand of the heroine, and as the players and the audience knew one another so well, the scenes were very amusing.

This play was followed by one act of Edmond Rostand's "Les Romanesques." The Princess of Paternò made a pretty, graceful Sylvette, and her French was as smooth and Parisian as one would hear in a French theatre. By far the most distinguished-looking man in the audience was His Excellency

Signor Tittoni, the Minister of Foreign Affairs. I think I wrote you about going to call on Donna Bice Tittoni, his wife, and about her charming reception of us; I am hoping soon to have the pleasure of meeting His Excellency.

R. presented me to Count Bruschi, one of the Gentlemen-in-Waiting on Her Majesty Queen Elena, and pointed out a great many other people whose names I am struggling to recall. I remember the Marchesa Casati, a striking-looking woman, wearing a large white camellia in her elaborately dressed brown hair, the young Princess Ruspoli, a Roman beauty, sat near me, wearing a pretty frock of light blue and violet, and lots of other people that I shall write you about later.

There was a scramble for the carriages afterward, but in some magical way, R. piloted us to ours at once, and we had to thank him for a very pleasant evening. His mother is such a sweet woman. I hope some time you may meet her.

VIEW OF THE ROMAN CAMPAGNA

SHOWING THE RUINED AQUEDUCTS

## XVIII

## To E. F. D. B.

### A DAY WITH ST. PAUL

ROME, ITALY, February 11, 1905

*My dear Mother:*

MRS. Mozley is indefatigable about our sight-seeing, and yesterday insisted on our going with Miss B. and herself for "A Day with St. Paul," as she expressed it. We really had a delightful time, and perhaps you would like to have me tell you something of what we have seen.

The conditions for sight-seeing were perfect,—cool weather, glorious sunshine, bunches of lovely big violets all around, from F. B., an exceedingly comfortable carriage, a scholar as a guide, and last, but not least, plenty of warm wraps.

We started out first to see the house where St. Paul lived in Rome, which is in the "Ghetto." You know the place where the Jews live is called "Ghetto," from a Hebrew word meaning "dispersed," and here in Rome the "Ghetto" was enclosed by Pope Paul IV in 1556. All the men

were compelled to wear yellow hats, and the women yellow veils, and they were not allowed to be out after sunset or before sunrise, while gates were put across the streets that enclosed this section of the city. Pio Nono did away with the gates, but it was not until 1870, when the victorious Italian army under Cadorna took possession of Rome, that the Jews obtained the full liberties of citizenship. They first settled here in the time of Pompey the Great, and the lower part of the houses in the "Ghetto" are mostly of Roman construction, presenting a very singular, half-ruined appearance. About four thousand Jews live in this little place, packed in like sardines, but in spite of this, I am told there is no fever here.

There is nothing to remind one of St. Paul in the house that is pointed out as his, and to the ordinary passer-by, it looks very much like the other houses in the "Ghetto," so we drove on to the Porta San Paolo, and thence to the celebrated church of San Paolo Fuori le Mura. On the road we passed a small chapel, which is supposed to mark the spot where St. Paul and St. Peter took leave of each other on their last journey. A quaint bas-relief over the door represents their parting, and the inscription below says: In this place SS. Peter and Paul sepa-

rated on their way to martyrdom. And Paul said to Peter "Peace be with thee, Foundation of the Church, Shepherd of the Flock of Christ." And Peter said to Paul, "Go in peace, preacher of good tidings, and guide of the salvation of the just."

St. Peter was soon after imprisoned in Rome by Nero, in a strange stone prison that we went to see the other day. It is called Carcer Mamertinus, and is one of the most ancient structures in Rome. It is a most extraordinary place, consisting of two rooms, one above the other, but it is believed that formerly, there were others similar. The lower chamber, with a vaulted stone roof, was originally accessible only through a hole in the ceiling, and it was through this hole that poor St. Peter was supposed to have been lowered from the upper room, and it was here, so the legend goes, that St. Peter baptized his jailers (you remember the story) with water from a spring which he caused to flow miraculously through his dungeon.

Jugurtha, that fierce and unscrupulous Numidian, Vercingetorix, the bitter enemy of Cæsar, and others of Rome's conquered enemies, were imprisoned in this same dungeon. I shall tell you all about the place where poor St. Paul was beheaded presently. The drive out to the Cathedral built in St. Paul's

honor is most lovely, and we reached the church altogether too soon. The Roman Campagna is simply beautiful, and the long lines of the old ruined aqueducts, broken here and there, give such a picturesque touch to the landscape. Occasionally we could see the ruins of some old Roman watchtower, and away in the distance were the majestic snow-capped mountains, with the little hill towns nestling at their base.

On the road we met and passed many of the wine carts coming and going to these same little towns, Castelli Romani, they are called; the term is given to them all, as the district from which the wine is chiefly made in this part of the country. There are all sorts of funny little out-of-door restaurants along the road, with signs over them painted in bright colors that read, *Vini dei Castelli* (Wines from the Castelli), and before the more favored ones, there were generally three or four of these odd-looking wine carts. The way is long and the load is heavy, so that the men are often on the road all night coming to Rome, and all day returning to their home. And since their life must be thus spent upon the highway, they make their carts as comfortable as possible. As you can see from the picture I am sending you, there is a large sort of canopy built at

WINE CART OF THE CASTELLI ROMANI

one side of the driver's seat, and under the canopy are arranged numbers of bells. The frame work is built of wood, painted in bright colors, and elaborately but crudely ornamented with gay designs. Goat skins or sheep skins, untanned, make a soft, warm lining and a sure protection from the bitter *Tramontana*, which comes sweeping over the mountains. From the tinkling of the bells, each man is able to keep his own side of the road, and he may sleep in peace after a hard day's work in Rome, for his little *lupetto* will take care that no one steals any wine from the load. I have been half tempted to bring home with me one of these dogs. They are intelligent, pretty, never attach themselves to any one but their owner, and are most ferocious little creatures as watchdogs. However, I have concluded that the one I intended to take, might not agree with dear "Tip," so you need have no anxiety on this score.

When we drove up to the side door of the church, (there is no approach, as yet, to the front of the building, for hundreds of years pass here as nothing in construction), numerous venders of small Roman mosaics, cameos and postal cards surrounded our carriage. We tried to be stern and hurry into the church, but the men were very persistent, and some of the things were rather pretty, so we bought a few,

and like magic the men disappeared, only to waylay another party who were just driving up. The first impression on entering the church, is that of symmetry and elegance. Prudentius, who saw in its glory, the original basilica that was burned, describes it thus, and it is equally applicable to the present edifice :—

"Imperial splendour all the roof adorns;
Whose vaults a monarch built to God, and graced
With golden pomp the vast circumference.
With gold the beams he covered, that within
The light might emulate the beams of morn.
Beneath the glittering ceiling pillars stood
Of Parian stone, in four-fold ranks disposed;
Each curving arch with glass of various dye
Was decked; so shines with flowers the painted mead
In spring's prolific day."

It was originally built to mark the place where, according to tradition, the body of St. Paul was buried by a pious woman named Lucina, who owned the land, and in the *Confessio* the sarcophagus of St. Paul was placed. I believe the first little church was founded in 388 A. D. and was added to, greatly changed and ornamented by many of the Popes, Leo VIII in particular. In 1823, the church, which was then the finest and the most interesting in Rome, was entirely destroyed by fire, with the exception of

VIEW OF THE INTERIOR OF THE BASILICA OF ST. PAUL'S OUTSIDE THE WALLS

the choir. The rebuilding was begun immediately, but the church was consecrated only in 1854, by Pius IX on the occasion of the meeting of the Council. The nave is magnificent with its rows of eighty great columns of granite, brought from the Simplon, and above these columns, on the inner aisle, is a long series of portrait medallions of all the Popes in mosaic, from St. Peter and St. Linus down to Pius X. The workmanship is most beautiful, and the likenesses, judging from Pius IX and Leo XIII, are excellent.

But many of the mosaics are in the symbolical style of the early Christians, and according to my way of thinking, not altogether beautiful. The four columns of the high altar are of exquisite oriental alabaster, and were presented to the church by Mehemet Ali, Viceroy of Egypt, and the malachite pedestals were given by the Emperor Nicholas I of Russia. The *Confessio* (or shrine) is beautifully decorated with red and green Peloponnesian marbles that were known and much used by the ancients.

By a little persuasion, our guide was enabled to show us the famous bronze door of the ancient basilica, which was executed at Constantinople in 1070 by Staurakios. It is really magnificent, inlaid in silver with scenes taken from the Bible, and

though it is injured a good deal, it is very interesting nevertheless.

The cloisters adjoining the church are also beautiful, and have been declared by the government to be a National Monument, though the monastery, which formerly belonged to the Benedictine Order, has been secularized. Of course we could not see nearly everything in one visit, so, as we had planned to drive on to the Abbadia delle Tre Fontane (Abbey of the Three Fountains), the place where St. Paul is supposed to have been beheaded, we had to tear ourselves away. For a great many years this place was deserted, because this section of the country is very malarious; but when the French Trappists were driven from France, the land was made over to them, and here they have established a monastery. The sanitary condition of the place has been much improved by the extensive planting of the fast-growing eucalyptus trees, and the thrifty monks have been most successful in selling their Eucalyptus Cordial, which is supposed to be very beneficial in the case of colds.

As we entered the grounds of the monastery, one of the monks came forward and politely offered to show us about. He was rather old, and said that just because he was no longer young, he was allowed to

show visitors about. He was delighted when I talked to him in French, and was very kind in answering all my various questions about the place and his Order, which is one of the most austere of the Roman Catholic Church. He told us that monks who enter this Order bind themselves by vows of absolute silence amongst themselves. Many hours in the day are given to religious exercises, and several hours to hard labor. Vegetables and water form their only diet, while all meat and wine are forbidden. This especial severity was introduced into the Order in 1664 by Armand Jean le Bouthillier de Rancé, who was consecrated Abbot of La Trappe, in France, where an Abbey of the Cistercian Order was established. He had some difficulty in persuading the monks to adopt his rules, because they had become very disorderly and irreligious at the time of his consecration; but in the end he prevailed, though the Order was suppressed in France during the French Revolution, and in Germany in 1874. Mrs. M. surprised me by saying that there is more than one colony of Trappists in America. The monk showed us the church of San Paolo alle Tre Fontane, that stands on the spot where St. Paul is said to have been beheaded. After the execution, the head was seen to make three leaps, and according to tradition,

at each spot where the head touched the ground, a spring burst forth. A sort of marble basin has been built about each spring, and on the pavement below is sculptured a head intended to resemble St. Paul. At the right of the first spring is a column of white marble to which St. Paul was bound at the time of his decapitation. Naturally these springs are regarded as holy, though I believe no special curative properties are claimed for them.

The approach to this church is lined by majestic eucalyptus trees, and as we returned to go over the other two churches here,—Santi Vincenzo ed Anastasio and Santa Maria Scala Cœli—the monk, finding that F. B. talked French, drew him aside, under pretense of showing him the beautiful peacock, and asked him if he had any cigarettes. "The doctor said they would be good for me," the poor monk faltered, by way of apology, and I am happy to say that F. B. took pity on him, and gave him all that he had. Fancy living in this desolate place year in and year out and never speaking to a soul! What an awful existence! I should think if they got as far as believing that the Lord was pleased with all these sacrifices, they might get to the point of thinking that suicide might be acceptable, and certainly they must feel it would be much easier than this long

drawn-out life of misery and deprivation. The other churches are not particularly interesting, except that one of them has quite a wonderful echo, which the monk took pains to show us with his fine baritone voice, of which he evidently was very proud.

Just before leaving, we were taken to the distilling room, and asked to buy a glass of the eucalyptus liqueur. It is extremely palatable, and the Italian physicians often prescribe it in cases of influenza or grippe. The poor monk who had seemed so pleased when we arrived, seemed equally disheartened at our departure, and did his best to make us promise to return in a few days. I dare say we shall drive out that way again, and if we do, I have promised to take him some of the kodaks that I took of the place, as well as of him.

According to our landlady, who appeared this morning in a state of bustle and hustle, carrying clean lace curtains and fresh tidies for the chairs, "the great heat is coming." As we have been closely wrapped in fur-lined garments all day, we are not exactly prepared to accept her statement, but in any case, we are tremendously spruced up, and our rooms look very pretty, with all the fresh clean things about. The spring flowers are here, it is true, and the house-keeper is a most intelligent German

woman, who has lived in Rome many years, so when she replied to my doubting remark of the approaching heat, "*Gnädige, es ist wahr* (Excellency, it is true)," I suppose she really knew. I sincerely hope she is right, for I want to keep her snapping black eyes in my favor, and she had the fire-place quite cleared out and "gray washed" this morning, so I shall struggle to believe that I do not need another fire.

We are looking forward to the *Bal de Têtes*, which is to come off in a few days. Countess Bruschi, a lovely Lady-in-Waiting to H. M. Queen Elena, was kind enough to procure us tickets, and I shall write you all about it when it is over.

## XIX

### To T. C. B.

Rome, Italy, February 12, 1905

*My dear Papa:*

WE have just come in from a lovely walk in the Villa Umberto I. The park is so near-by, and so sunny, that it makes an ideal place for my morning walks.

In the mail that I found waiting for me when I came in, was a delightful letter from Jules Huret of the Figaro, and another from Georges Boyer, Secretary General of the National Academy of Music, of France; both letters contained alluring invitations for me to sing as soon as I get to Paris, and if I ever make up my mind to leave this delightful place, I know we shall have all sorts of good times in dear "Paree." You surely have read Mr. Huret's book on America—I think he has "sized us up" about as correctly as any of the foreigners who come to us. He modestly says that his book is only impressions, since he was in America less than a year, but the impressions are a good deal more to the point than

those of some of the other men who go over to America, stay two months, and claim to know it all. Mr. Boyer is fearfully busy these days receiving Sovereigns—they all seem to have decided to visit Paris—and in his position as Secretary of the Opera, naturally, he meets them all. It is nice that a man of his charm should have his position—he always has such a graceful way of doing things for everyone.

Donna Bice Tittoni came in for a few minutes this afternoon for tea. She has such a sweet personality.

We are lunching at the Embassy to-morrow, but I must not stop for any more now, as we are going out.

## XX

### To E. F. D. B.

HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELENA

ROME, ITALY, February 15, 1905

*My dear M.:*

THIS surely has been a red-letter day, a Wednesday, as all my red-letter days seem to be. I wrote you that our invitations had come from Her Majesty, but I think I did not tell you just how they came. They were separate invitations, one for Mrs. Francis Batcheller, and signed by the present Lady-in-Waiting, the Duchess of Ascoli (down in the lower left-hand corner, there was a little stamp which read, "visiting dress with hat"); F. B.'s invitation was signed by the Gentleman-in-Waiting, the Duke of Ascoli (the stamp in the corner read, "morning dress, frock coat"). Time here is reckoned from the first to the twenty-fourth hour, so the time set was 17:45 (5:45 p. m. being put in parentheses), and we drove up to the door of the inner court of the Quirinal Palace ten minutes ahead of our appointment.

A gorgeous-looking individual in a red coat and much gold lace, handed me out of the carriage, and numerous other functionaries in black satin knee breeches, red coats and powdered hair, politely directed us to the staircase. Going up we met Mrs. M. and a friend coming down; I had a momentary panic for fear that we were really late, or that I had made a mistake in the hour. But it seems that a special time is appointed for each person presented, in order that the Queen may meet and receive at her ease all those invited to the Palace. When we reached the head of the stairs, we entered a long corridor, at the right of which stood a line of ten or twelve footmen dressed as those below. A place for wraps was conveniently arranged at one side of the entrance, and a check for each person's things given in the usual way. At the other end of the corridor, we were met by one of the principal functionaries of the Palace, carrying a long gold mounted staff, who conducted us through several elegantly furnished drawing-rooms. Our guide, if one can speak in that way, never turned his face from us, but backed in and around doors and furniture in the most graceful and incomprehensible way. We were asked to be seated in a beautiful reception room, where several other ladies and gentlemen were waiting like

ourselves, to be presented to Her Majesty Queen Elena of Italy. Most of the ladies wore light cloth gowns, very elaborate, as one might expect, and everyone wore more jewels than are ordinarily suitable with visiting costumes. I wore my white broadcloth princess gown, that is trimmed with Cluny lace embroidered in gold thread, the little white and gold toque to match, and my ropes of pearls. Do you approve? No one ever wears a glove on the right hand when presented to the Queen. The left hand is gloved, and the right glove is carried in the left hand, so that if Her Majesty does extend her hand, you may be ready to accept her kindness immediately and in the approved manner.

We had been in the room but a short time, when the Duke of Ascoli introduced himself to F. B., and though we had come rather later than some people, he at once asked us to accompany him into the next room, where he presented us to his wife, the Duchess. This ducal title is Neapolitan, but the Duchess was the Princess Pio di Savoia before her marriage. She asked us to be seated, and chatted with us for the few moments we had to wait, while the Queen made her adieux to those who had been presented just before us. While we waited, I had

a chance to look about the lovely room where the Duchess had received us. It was hung with elegant tapestries, which I did not have time to see thoroughly, for the Duchess soon led us to the door of the room in which Her Majesty was receiving. I shall never quite forget my first glance at the Queen, as she stood majestic and alone in the centre of the room, in front of a huge mound of flowering plants and ferns, that formed an appropriate background for her dark imperial beauty. It could be only a glance, of course, as the first courtesy of ceremony is made directly as you enter, another when you are about half way across the room, and still another when you are directly in front of Her Majesty.

You remember, that when Queen Elena was married, it was said throughout Europe, that she was the most beautiful woman in the world, but one hears that remark not infrequently of famous people, and at the time, I did not realize how literally true the statement was in regard to the Queen of Italy. None of her photographs, beautiful as they are, give you any idea of the person of the Queen herself, for there is an indefinable expression of sweetness, kindliness and charm that no camera can portray.

Before I could make my last courtesy, Her Majesty held out her hand to me, and asked if I had been

long in Italy. She spoke in Italian and French, neither of us seemingly conscious of the change from one language to the other, but I have since been told that the Queen rather prefers French, as that is the language she has always been accustomed to speak. You will recall that she was educated chiefly in France and Russia.

You will want to know what she wore, but I almost forgot to notice, I was so impressed by the glorious beauty of the woman herself; but being a woman, I did not quite forget. Her gown was a soft gray crêpe-de-chine, embroidered in shades of gray and small silver spangles. It was cut with a low lining, and beautiful Venetian lace formed the yoke that was finished in a collar of the gray; she wore a string of very large pearls, and one or two diamond ornaments. I think it is only a brunette of just her type that can wear gray satisfactorily; but no gown of any sort would ever be very much noticed on such a beautiful woman. Her hair is simply beyond description; it is very heavy, so black that it is almost blue, and is drawn loosely back from her face and fine forehead in large, soft waves. She is very tall, but her figure is perfect. Her eyes are very dark brown and are very brilliant, but her mouth is to me her most attractive feature, for, as she speaks,

her lower lip quivers just the tiniest bit in the world, showing a tenderness of nature, such as one rarely meets.

I had feared that my conversation might be somewhat constrained, but Her Majesty put me immediately at my ease, asked me many questions about Boston and the Dante Alighieri Society, to which I belong, and if I had been in Italy before. After we had talked some time, the Queen put out her hand and bade us good-bye with a charming cordiality, yet with an impressive dignity, that showed at once the Queen and the sweet woman. We backed out of the room, making our courtesy at the doorway, and were at once conducted by the Duchess of Ascoli to the first reception room where we had previously waited. The Duke greeted us there, and presented us to Count Bruschi, another Gentleman-in-Waiting to the Queen, whom I met, as I think I wrote you, the other evening at the private theatricals. Count Bruschi conducted us to a large room, where a most elaborate buffet was prepared for Her Majesty's guests. The Count seemed pleased that I could speak Italian, and we chatted pleasantly of the theatricals, of Rome, and other things, while we had our tea; other people who had been presented were also having tea, chocolate or ices, according to their

tastes. When he said good afternoon, we found ourselves in the corridor where we had left our wraps, which we got at once and drove away.

Heretofore, I am told, the presentations at the Court of Italy were very formal affairs. People were conducted to the presence of Their Majesties by Court officials, and were ceremoniously presented to the Court and Royal Household. No words were exchanged with Their Majesties, who were seated on their throne, and the low courtesy made in front of the King and Queen comprised the whole ceremony. But Queen Elena has recently established this charming way of personally receiving and greeting everyone who is presented at her Court; the change, while a great innovation, is universally welcomed, and is certainly most delightful. It is more irksome, of course, for the Queen, but as I have said, she has such a sweet nature that she considers herself last of all, and is ever thoughtful of the happiness of others.

Aunt Mary and some friends were waiting for us at the hotel when we returned, to hear about the presentation, but I could talk of nothing but the sweetness and beauty of the Queen. She is such a great personage that of course you know a good deal about her; that she was the eldest daughter of

the Prince of Montenegro, and was the Princess most sought and most admired at several of the Courts of Europe before her marriage. Contrary to current report the Queen is very fond of music, and plays the violin extremely well, so one of her Ladies-in-Waiting told me. She is very fond of art, is quite a wonderful photographer, and as a matter of course, an excellent linguist; but she is primarily a beautiful woman with all that the word implies, a most affectionate mother and devoted wife. Her children, the little Princess Jolanda, the Princess Mafalda, and the little Prince of Piedmonte, bid fair to inherit their mother's beauty. Certainly the little Prince of Piedmonte should some day make a splendid King, for no Royal child ever had more devoted or more constant care. Nothing is ever allowed to interfere with his wants and needs, and no Royal function, indeed no function of any sort, can hope for the Queen's presence if it interferes with H. R. H's. supper. Is n't it splendid for a young woman in the Queen's great position to give the world such an example? As you may imagine from what I have already said of her sweet personality, she is adored the length and breadth of Italy. To be sure the Italians are in the habit of adoring their Queen, for they have loved Queen

CHILDREN OF THEIR MAJESTIES THE KING AND QUEEN OF ITALY

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Margherita and love her still, with an affection that few Sovereigns ever receive from their people. But the Italian heart is large, and it has made room and generous room for its new Queen, so young, so good and so lovable.

The King is equally devoted to his children, and we quite often read in the morning paper of the Royal family having spent the day in the country picnicking together at one of their palaces in the suburbs of Rome, going and coming in a large automobile, which the King runs himself. He is very fond of motoring, and one frequently meets the royal couple in an automobile victoria. Queen Margherita was very much pleased with her son's marriage, and is exceedingly fond of her beautiful daughter-in-law.

Questions of precedence are always very delicate, but in the case of the two Queens of Italy, they are unusually so, as the Queen Dowager is a handsome woman, still in her prime. However, Queen Elena is always most thoughtful as well as most tactful, and so arranges her comings and goings that the Queen Mother is almost never obliged to take second place, as, of course, she must do since she became Queen Dowager. I have noticed at various concerts and places, where the two Queens are to be present,

that Queen Elena always comes or goes a little late or a little early, so that Queen Margherita may make her entry and take her leave in the way she has always been accustomed to do; but when the two meet there is every show of pleasant affection on both sides.

Queen Elena is very much interested in the Industrie Femminili, and a few days ago took her first walk in Rome to the small palazzo, owned and built by the Industrial Corporation. She asked many questions about the work, bought many things, and insisted upon returning to the palace on foot. Both the King and Queen are distinctly democratic in their ideas, and I think their attitude of geniality has done much to allay the smouldering fires of socialism, from which Italy has so much to fear, and which is a constant menace to the otherwise successful industrial growth of the country.

As Queen Margherita has always been the special patroness of music in Italy, Queen Elena has not disturbed this patronage, and is careful not to interfere with the musical interests of the Queen Mother, or with any organization which has always received Queen Margherita's patronage. Consequently, many people have been led to believe that she is not musical, nor particularly fond of music, but this

is quite erroneous. At present she is only too happy to devote much of her time to her little family, for she knows that no one could do more than Queen Margherita to encourage Italian Art in all its branches. However, when occasion offers, she never fails to show her keen interest in the art and music of Italy, and manifests the greatest interest in the work of modern Italian artists, exhibited each year at the National Gallery at Rome. On these occasions the King and Queen formally open the exhibition, and I am told that the Queen is always greatly interested in the work of the young and rising artists. Queen Margherita has always been the protecting goddess of the St. Cecilia Society, and Queen Elena is rarely seen at one of these concerts; but if an artist of great fame visits Rome, a special concert is almost invariably arranged for Queen Elena's personal enjoyment.

Queen Elena is one of the best shots in Italy, and invariably accompanies the King on his hunting expeditions; she is also a fine horsewoman, and her little daughters are already beginning to ride.

One of the Italian ladies, who is interested in many charities, told me that when Queen Elena visited a certain school for poor children, not long ago, the poor women outside of the school, mothers

of the children, many of them, formed a line on both sides of the path leading from the school to the Royal carriage, and as the Queen passed, bent and kissed her dress. "You can have no idea how the poor people adore our Queen," the lady said to me, and well they may, for Queen Elena is in every way adorable.

## XXI

### To C. R.

Rome, Italy, February 19, 1905

*My dear C.:*

WHOM do you think I sat beside last night at the opera? Mme. Ternina, and we had great fun talking over the new opera that we were both interested to hear — Celia's "Adrienne Lecouvreur." Mme. Krusceniski, the young Polish soprano, sang beautifully, but Ternina said she was straining her voice very much, and I thought so, too. She sings, as a rule, three or four nights a week, which of course is a great strain, as she is quite young and takes very heavy rôles. We shall not have the luck to hear Ternina in Rome, for she is travelling this winter for pleasure, and not singing at all.

This afternoon R.'s mother took us for a lovely drive, away out on the Via Nomentana as far as the old bridge with the Mediæval tower, where we had a lovely view of the river Teverone, winding through the Campagna. We went out through the Porta Pia, and passed the place marked with the great

tablet where the Italian army under Gen. Cadorna entered Rome on the 20th of September, 1870. A new suburb is springing up outside of this gate, and there are many handsome villas being built here. Then we drove out to the church of Sant' Agnese Fuori le Mura. This old church was built by Constantine over the tomb of St. Agnes, and retains many characteristics of the early Christian basilica. Just before we reached the entrance, R. pointed out in the court to the right, through a large window, a dreadful fresco in commemoration of what is called the miracle of Pius IX. It seems that on the 15th of April, 1855, the floor of the room adjoining the church, where the Pope had returned after mass, gave way, and Pio Nono was precipitated into the cellar; because he was extricated unhurt, he announced that he had performed a miracle.

We went down into the church which is really underground, and the sixth century mosaics and old pillars were quite interesting. On our way up a small baby was violently protesting at baptism; the calm priest paid no attention to the poor infant's screaming, but continued his services in Latin, dashing cold water regardless on the baby's head at the approved and proper moment.

There are some catacombs to be seen here, but I

have never been willing to go down into these damp, grewsome places.

It was a heavenly day, warm and bright with sunshine, and off to the right Signor A. pointed out the little hill-towns of Frascati, Albano and Nemi, while the snow-capped Alban mountains formed a beautiful background for the picture.

On our way back into Rome we passed the villa of the poet Leopardi, and then R. insisted on our going down to the Corso for tea. We had the greatest difficulty in getting a table at the Café Nazionale, and some difficulty in getting into the restaurant at all, for at this hour of the day the Corso is very crowded, and there is a regular parade of carriages. All the dandies in Rome, young and old, assemble near this big tea place about five o'clock. It is really quite brilliant, and many of the people take a liqueur or something else at little tables, outside of the restaurant, in spite of the cold. How they can stand it I do not see!

We had scarcely reached home when Countess Bruschi called; she is a perfect beauty, and has such sweet manners; they say the Queen is very fond of her and as one of the Ladies-of-Honor to Her Majesty she is often at the palace, even when not *de service*.

## XXII

### To E. F. D. B.

Rome, Italy, February 20, 1905

*My dear M.:*

YOUR letters are full of questions about my music, and I am happy to say I have been singing a good deal of late. Last week our Ambassador gave a brilliant reception, and asked me if I would sing. People were really enthusiastic about my voice; when I finished the aria from the "Magic Flute," a well known gentleman from Philadelphia, standing near F. B., said to him in a very earnest manner, "Really a remarkable voice, don't you think so?" F. B. laughed and said, "Well, yes, I enjoy hearing it every day; the singer is my wife." This aria always seems to surprise and please people. It is written so high that almost no one living sings it in the original key. Mozart's wife and his wife's sister, had, as you know, exceptionally high voices. The Ambassador was very charming and presented me to many of his guests. Lady Egerton, the wife of the British Ambassador, left

early, as the news of the murder of the Grand Duke Sergius became known, and as she was a Russian Princess before her marriage, she wished, of course, to retire as soon as possible. However, she was kind enough to wait until I had finished singing, and did me the honor to ask me to visit her and sing with her. I am sure I shall enjoy making music with her, as she expressed it, as I am told she is a very fine pianist, and a woman of rare culture and talent.

This same evening I met the Duchess of Sermoneta, who was one of the beautiful Misses Wilbraham of the family of the Earls of Lathom. She is very fond of music, and spoke very charmingly of my singing. One of her sons is a successful composer, I am told, and spends the greater part of his time in Paris. The Duchess is still a handsome woman, and the other evening was wearing the famous Sermoneta pearls, the largest in the world, I believe.

The Caetani family is one of the most distinguished in Italy, and has given two Popes to the Church; one in 1118 as Pope Gelasius II, while Benedetto Caetani, in 1294, became the celebrated Pope Boniface VIII. The papacy at that time had fallen much in the general esteem of the nations,

chiefly because of a succession of weak pontiffs, who had one after the other filled the papal chair.

Benedetto Caetani, the ablest of the Cardinals, at last succeeded in having himself declared Pope, as Boniface VIII. His path to the pontifical chair had not been strewn with roses, and his reign was one long strife for the complete supremacy of the papal monarchy. He was an ambitious and energetic man of undoubted ability, who fully realized the importance and power of his great position as the head of Christendom, but the political tendencies of the time were changing. The crusades were over, and gun-powder and cannon were soon to be heard on the battlefield. Poor man, he could not bend nor yield to the growing power of the temporal kingdoms, but persisted in fighting to the end. He was a fighter from the start, yet, in a way, he had to struggle to maintain his position. He crushed the powerful Colonna family, and seized their great stronghold of Palestrina; the Colonna Cardinals were deposed, and the family reduced to beggary and exiled to France. He issued the famous Bulls, "De Clericis Laicos" against Philip IV of France, in which he declared all church property exempt from taxation, and "Unam Sanctam," which boldly asserted his supreme temporal power. Philip retaliated by expelling the

papal legate from France, and Boniface answered by excommunication. But to the popular Philip le Bel excommunication mattered little, and the French nation took the part of their King. Then an alliance was made between the French and the Colonnas, who were only too delighted to have an opportunity of wreaking vengeance, and poor Boniface paid dearly for his arrogance; indeed, he barely escaped death at the hands of Sciarra Colonna, who was with difficulty prevented from slaying the old Pope on his throne. He was at Anagni, his birthplace and summer residence, when told of the approaching army; like the Roman senators of old, Boniface dressed himself in his pontifical robes, placed his tiara on his head, and with the keys of St. Peter in one hand and the crozier in the other, took his seat on the papal throne, and awaited the approach of his enemies. He was ordered to abdicate upon pain of death, but he proudly answered, "Behold my neck, behold my head!" His own people could not bear to see their aged pontiff carried off to prison; they rose and drove out the soldiers, and the pontiff's return to Rome was a triumphal march.

In 1300 he inaugurated the first papal jubilee, when pilgrims flocked from all parts of Christendom to the Eternal City; and countless gifts were laid

upon the altar of St. Peter's, while the coins had actually to be raked up, so devout was the joy with which the faithful received the blessing of the church. Nevertheless, his ascendancy was not to last long. Worn out with the fearful trials of his reign, and the privations that he had suffered, he died at the age of eighty-six. Boniface had many enemies, but the great pope stands out withal a noble figure. He was the last champion of the age of chivalry, and fought to the last against the new life of a new era. The papal dream of universal monarchy vanished forever with him.

The Caetani in their turn lost their lands through the Borgia Pope, Alexander VI, but recovered them again under the warlike Pope Julius II, and thenceforth down to the present day the family has remained rich and powerful. The Caetani of to-day have all the traditional family wit and talents; Michelangelo, the blind father of the present Duke, was he who carried to Victor Emmanuel II the plebiscite of the Roman people. It is a little singular that the eldest son of the present Duke of Sermoneta, the Prince of Teano, should choose for his bride the beautiful Princess with the historic name of Vittoria Colonna. To think that the descendants of two such powerful enemies should come together after so many centuries in per-

fect harmony! It is very interesting to me that there are so many names in one family. You would not think in speaking of the Duke of Sermoneta, the Prince of Teano, the Prince of Bassiano and Don G. Caetani that you were alluding to a father and three sons, would you?

I passed a delightful evening a short time ago with the present Duke's sister, Ersilia, Countess Lovatelli, who is said to have the most literary salon in Rome. Her palace is beautiful, with large, high rooms, hung in various shades of brocade, and ornamented with rare and costly bric-a-brac. It is one of the best and most thoroughly heated in Rome; that seems a queer thing to speak of as a special distinction of a palace, but I assure you, if you could go into some of the cold palaces here, you would think it a very proper one. The Countess is a great archæologist and a charming authoress. Young Professor Helbig was kind enough to take us to her palace, and made the introduction to the Countess on behalf of his mother, who goes out very little in the evening. The Countess received us charmingly, and presented me to numerous literary men of distinction—Italian, French and German. Our evening was so pleasant and our invitation to return so cordial, that we have been several times to her palace, and yesterday she sent me

one of her novels with a charming dedication. The Countess, who is a very tall, handsome woman, with black hair and eyes, presents a striking contrast to her sister-in-law, the Duchess, who is tall and fair, with lovely blue eyes and the brilliant complexion of the best type of the English beauty.

The Duchess made a most charming hostess herself a few days later, when we went to take tea with her in her wonderful Caetani palace, situated in one of the old parts of Rome, in a little square that bears the family name. We were received quite in the English fashion and she poured the tea herself. She presented her brother-in-law, the Earl of Crawford, who is about to start off on his yacht, the "Valhalla," to take part in the great ocean yacht race, which comes off very shortly, I believe. He and F. B. were soon interested in discussing the contesting yachts, while the Duchess presented me to the Countess Lützow, the Ambassadress from Austria-Hungary to the Quirinal. I have not yet met the Austro-Hungarian Ambassadress to the Vatican, who lives in the famous Venetian palace that Austria clung to after her expulsion from Italy; but I am told that the Countess Szécsen di Temerin is very charming and fond of music.

Just as we were saying good-bye to the Duchess, Mrs. W. K. V. and her sister entered, and I was struck by the fact that in that famous old palace of Italy not a word of Italian had been spoken during the whole afternoon; the Duchess, as well as many of her guests, were English; the Austrian Ambassadress, I was told, had an English mother, and the four Americans quite completed the Anglo-Saxon party. But this Anglo-Saxon impression was quite done away with as we passed through one after the other of the beautiful series of drawing rooms. These were hung with old Gobelin and Flemish tapestries, decorated with stately mirrors, statues, pictures, old and new, beautiful frescoes, and furnished with rare pieces of Chinese ebony, Indian teak wood and many old Italian and French pieces, that showed every evidence of great wealth, extensive travel and most excellent taste. We also passed through the large and beautifully tapestried gallery, where one could easily imagine that in the olden times the great feudal lords of the family received the homage of their vassals, and sat in judgment on them. The power of life and death was in their hands, and in those bygone days they did not hesitate to use it. From this gallery we were conducted to a large entrance

hall, where flunkies in picturesque liveries and powdered hair helped us with our wraps. An imposing porter, looking much like an American drum-major, escorted us to our carriage. "*Avanti*," he called loudly to our coachman, and the carriage rumbled out under the great stone archway through the Piazza Caetani and into the street of the Botteghe Scure (obscure shops), where no sidewalks were ever built, because the street was all the peasants required, and the grand "*Seigneurs*" of the palace never walked abroad.

I had such a pleasant afternoon that I am looking forward to meeting the Duchess again. I read the other day an account of the famous fancy dress ball she once gave in honor of Their Majesties, King Umberto and Queen Margherita. It must have been a brilliant sight to see the great assembly of the Kings, Queens and Princes of Europe in that wonderful old palace; but I am sure, that no one was more beautiful than the hostess herself, unless, perhaps, Her Majesty, Queen Margherita, who is so lovely on all occasions.

You will be interested to know that Prof. Sgambati has composed for me a fine cello obligato for one of his songs, and he played my accompaniments

when I sang at Mrs. McGee's villa the other day. Mrs. McGee's charming home is a sort of a Mecca for Americans who come here, and at her Saturday afternoons you will find all the Americans in Rome, *de passage* or otherwise. She is fond of music and seemed very pleased to have me sing for her. Thanks to her thoughtfulness, the arrangements were perfect, and she made the people coming and going keep very quiet. Mrs. McGee is a very kind-hearted rich woman, who has already made herself much liked here among the Italians, as well as in the American colony. She gives delightful dinners and balls, and has contributed most generously, I am told, to many of the Italian charities.

We met such an attractive American this p. m., the Marchesa di Sorbello, who was Romaine Roberts before her marriage, and she has asked us to come and see her. She knows many of our friends at home, I find, and I have often noticed, on our way to the Pincio, her palace in the Piazza del Popolo.

We are going out now to call on the Countess Zaccaria of Milan, who is staying at the Palace Hotel for the winter. She is the mother of two sweet, pretty daughters, and she showed me a photograph

of her mother, the Duchess Melzi d'Eril, that looks ever so much like you.

We met there the other day the lovely Duchess Visconti di Modrone from Milan. Visconti is closely connected in my mind with History I. in Radcliffe, and I was interested to meet a member of this very famous family. The Duchess does n't remind one of olden times, I assure you, for she is about as chic and handsome as anyone could wish. She has large dark eyes, black hair and a fine figure, which she dresses to perfection in lovely gowns. She had just met some Americans who had recently come to Rome and asked me all about them.

Let the idea that Italy is poor leave your sympathetic mind. If you could see some of the exquisite up-to-date toilettes that these Italian beauties wear, you would exclaim as I do, with a series of adjectives before each new vision. Jewels may be kept for years, I know, and the jewels here in Rome go ahead of any I have ever seen; but clothes, my dear, we know too well, are out-dated in a year, generally in six months.

The Visconti, as they say here, is extremely animated, and wherever she goes in the evening, she moves about with a little court of admirers, who fol-

Maria Anna Pessoa
de Espadrada

THE DUCHESS VISCONTI DI MODRONE

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Maria Anna Viscountess
di Modrone

low devotedly after her. I must stop, for my pen runs riot when I start talking about these fascinating women.

Au revoir, dear, love to "Dad," "Tip" and the friends at home.

## XXIII

### To C. R.

ROME, ITALY, February 22, 1905

*My dear C.:*

I SUPPOSE we should all feel properly patriotic this morning, but I have reserved my patriotism for this afternoon, when we are going to the reception at the Embassy. This morning we had the rare good luck to have tickets sent us (R. is ever kind), to the opening of the Palazzo delle Belle Arti, by Their Majesties the King and Queen. We were told that it was simply impossible to get tickets, but it did not seem to be, and we had a beautiful time. The Queen was lovely as ever, in a dark blue street gown, and seemed to enjoy the pictures very much. Count San Martino, who is President of the Società degli Amatori e Cultori di Belle Arti, received Their Majesties and showed them about the rooms of the exposition.

There were really a great many fine pictures; those that interested us most were by Sartorio. A whole room was given up to his pictures that seemed

to be of all kinds and styles. His water colors were beautiful, some of his animal sketches extraordinary, and his landscapes unusually fine, we thought. There were some very weird pictures by Stetson, of Pasadena, Cal., a few good portraits, a lovely water color by Gabrini, and some excellent pieces of sculpture. As a whole the exposition was excellent in every way, and we mean to run in often to get better acquainted with some of these artists' work.

On the way home we stopped in for a moment to see the wonderful *Bambino* at the church of Santa Maria of Aracœli, that is supposed to perform such miraculous cures. The little olive wood baby is loaded down with votive offerings of the faithful. Our time was limited, so we could not stay long, but we mean to come again to see the other interesting things in the church, where the remains of St. Helena are supposed to lie in an ancient porphyry sarcophagus under the altar.

As we drove back to the hotel we passed the immensely extensive monument that is being erected to Victor Emmanuel II. It will be most imposing when done, but it is far from complete at present.

. . . . . .

We have just come in from the Washington's Birthday reception at our Embassy. A large portrait of

George Washington was arranged in one of the rooms, and one would scarcely believe that there were so many Americans in Rome, as we met to-day.

Mrs. Meyer looked extremely well in a plain black velvet gown, that was most becoming to her blonde coloring. She has a fine figure and usually wears simply-made gowns of elegant cut and material, with the result that she always looks very well dressed; she carries herself beautifully. These are her last days in Rome, where she has entertained so much, and has had such a good time for the past few years, for Mr. Meyer has received his appointment as Ambassador to St. Petersburg.

I cannot begin to tell you all the people I saw, but there were a number of Americans, just passing through Rome, with whom I exchanged greetings. Alice, and Julia Meyer (very attractive girls they are) looked after me at the tea table, and I think in spite of the large number of people there, I saw only two or three who were not Americans. Monsignore O'Connell was presented to me, and looked so fine in his dark purple soutane and red cap, that I addressed him in French at first, but he smilingly said, "Plain, straight English, please, I come from Maine." He is a very interesting man, has lived in Rome a great

deal, and for some time was connected with the American Catholic Seminary here.

The Brancaccio palace is quite a distance from us, and as we are dining out to-night and going to the gala performance of the opera afterwards, we hurried away home rather early.

## XXIV

### To E. F. D. B.

Rome, Italy, February 23, 1905

*My dear M.:*

THANKS to Donna Bice Tittoni, who so kindly secured us seats, we attended the gala performance at the opera last evening. I think the custom of using the word "Donna" before a lady's name is very pretty. The performance was given for the benefit of the National Institute for the Orphans and Civil Employees of the State of the Province of Rome and of the Naval League. The management of the Costanzi Theatre, where the opera is now given here, gave a very satisfactory performance of Aida, and the Polish soprano, Mme. Krusceniski, sang her music most effectively. The tenor, Signor Zenatello, was unusually fine, and I presume it will not be long before he is heard at Covent Garden. Good tenors are very rare, and so many of the best ones seem to come from Italy.

At the end of the first act, Their Majesties the King and Queen arrived, accompanied by the Duke and

Duchess of Ascoli. Every seat in the great theatre was filled, and when the orchestra played the Royal Hymn, as the King and Queen entered, the applause was fairly deafening.

Her Majesty wore a black lace gown, somewhat spangled with jet, a band of black velvet about her throat holding in place a jeweled *plaque coulant*, a diamond necklace, and a diamond star in her beautiful hair. She wore black, I suppose, as the Court has gone into half mourning for a short time for the Grand Duke Sergius. Of course, you read about his frightful death in the papers at home, and you will recall that Queen Elena lived in Russia several years, and was much beloved and admired at the Russian Court. I think on account of the Court mourning, everyone dressed rather more quietly than usual, so while the audience was very interesting, and not nearly everyone was in black, still one was distinctly conscious of an effort to be less gay than usual.

Donna Bice was looking particularly handsome in her box, and the Countess Gianotti, always elegant, was in another box with her pretty daughter, Marcella. In the Court box I noticed His Excellency Count Gianotti, a most distinguished-looking man with his very white hair and soldierly bearing; Marchese Cappelli was in the Hunt Club box; and Don

Marcantonio Colonna was also pointed out to me. I had no idea that such good opera was given in Rome, and F. B. and I are delighted at the prospect of enjoying some pleasant evenings at the Costanzi during the rest of the season.

To-morrow morning I am going to sing over some of Sgambati's songs with the great man himself. He has offered to come over and play his own songs and other music with me two or three times a week. It will be a delightful privilege, and I think he is most kind. He and the Signora are dining with us informally to-morrow evening, and I will write again very soon.

## XXV

### To C. R.

Rome, Italy, March 2, 1905

*My dear C.:*

IT is high carnival here now, and balls and gayeties of all kinds are following one another in quick succession. Everyone tells us that the carnival is nothing to what it used to be, when the noble Roman ladies drove about masked, in their private carriages, scattering sweetmeats and flowers to the crowds around them; but it seems rather gay to us as it is.

Yesterday afternoon when we took our drive on the Pincio, we passed several groups of gaily costumed girls and boys. Some were dressed as follies, with whitened faces, looking exactly like escaped clowns from a circus, while others had mediæval costumes with much tinsel and cotton velvet; and all wore masks. But fashionable carnival is held behind palace gates, or in elegant amateur theatricals.

We went masked to the Argentina theatre the other night, where we had a box, that we might see

a little of the people's carnival fun. Several of our friends had come masked, like ourselves, into boxes near-by, and we had much amusement trying to discover who was who. About midnight crowds of maskers came on to the floor, which was built up level with the stage, thus covering the orchestra seats entirely. There were some very pretty costumes among the dancers, and a prize in money was offered for the most effective and becoming one. A girl dressed as a Spanish dancer won the prize, and she really looked very pretty in the bright reds and yellows, that contrasted well with her black hair and eyes.

We bought bundles of confetti and packages of serpentine, which we tied to numerous small boxes of candies that we threw down into the crowd below, and it was great fun watching the scramble for the goodies. Suddenly the crowd surged towards one box, and on looking closer we discovered that the beautiful Cavalieri was throwing flowers and sweetmeats to an eager, admiring throng. She certainly is exceedingly beautiful, and they say she sings very well in Grand Opera now. A gentleman told me, who knows a good deal about her, that she is a great student, and has worked fearfully hard to win a position in the world of serious music. It surely is a great jump from the Folies Bergères to Grand Opera.

As I think I wrote you, Countess Bruschi obtained for us cards to what they call here a *Bal de Têtes*, and what we should call a fancy dress ball. I am so sorry that I did not bring my "Manon costume," that I wore to the Artists' Festival in Boston, as it would have been exactly the thing for last night. However, it was not obligatory to go in costume, or even to powder the hair, if one did not wish to do so, and once there, I felt quite comfortable as there were many other ladies not in fancy dress. I wore my violet spangled gown, as it is so brilliant, and as so many of the costumes were very gay, a dull gown would have been quite lost, however pretty.

The ball was given at the Grand Hotel for the benefit of the charity, called *Pro Infantia*. The patronesses were among the most prominent women in Rome: Donna Bice Tittoni, the Countess Suardi, who is president of the Industrie Femminili; the Countess della Somaglia, who before her marriage was a princess of the famous Doria family; the Princess Doria Pamphilj, who, besides her most lovely Roman palace, presides over the exquisite Villa Doria, the Marchesa Bourbon del Monte, who is such a fine horsewoman, the beautiful Marchesa Carlo di Rudini, a daughter-in-law of Her Excellency, the Marchesa Leone di Rudini; the Marchesa Monaldi, a charming English

woman; the Duchess di Terranova, who is of Spanish birth, and Donna Maria Mazzoleni, a sister-in-law of Countess Bruschi. Then, of course, there are others whom I do not know, and whose names I will not stop to write now. Under such distinguished patronage the success of the ball was determined beforehand, and we were very glad to have an opportunity to see it.

The Grand Hotel is particularly well adapted for balls and entertainments of a large nature, because the spacious Palm Garden, which forms a sort of entrance to the hotel is connected directly with the ball-room beyond. We really had a very pleasant evening, and F. B. and I were perfectly delighted to have a good waltz together. R. went with us, and was very kind in presenting some of the visiting celebrities, as well as the people in Rome, as, of course, he knows everybody. It was supposed to be a ball characterized by the fancy dressing of the head and hair, but, as a matter of fact, most of the women came in elaborate and beautiful costumes. Far and away the most elegant and most beautiful costume was worn by the Marchesa Camillo Casati, of the famous Casati family of Milan. She was dressed as the Empress Theodora, in a perfect fitting princesse gown of cloth of silver heavily embroidered in gold.

THE MARCHESA CAMILLO CASATI

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Luisa Casati
Stampa de Loncino
Amman

The costume was an exact reproduction of one worn in Paris by Sarah Bernhardt a short time ago. The Marchesa wore on her head a crown formed of eagles, and had some of her diamonds set up in a large diamond eagle, which was her only corsage ornament. Two or three ropes of her wonderful and famous pearls hung loosely about her beautiful neck, and altogether she was quite the most stunning person at the ball. She is a handsome woman, tall and slight, with a beautiful figure and splendid carriage. Her hair is a light chestnut color, and she is always pale, though her paleness is of that attractive sort that does not indicate ill-health. She is said to be one of the best dressed women in Rome on all occasions. One thing surprised me very much; the dancing was quite American. They call our two-step the "Boston," and talk about "Bostoning" in the most amusing way; they seem to like it immensely, and nearly everyone waltzes in the American fashion also, so, as you may imagine, I was in my element. Only those in fancy dress danced in the opening quadrille, and that was very nice, for we had a better chance in this way to examine the more elaborate costumes.

The Italian woman is certainly the epitome of ease and grace, and these women wore their fantastic

costumes with as little affectation as if they had been summer muslins. You know, at our fancy dress balls at home, many people are apt to seem so unnatural, so hopelessly conscious of the fact that they are dressed up in something different from their ordinary and conventional garments. It would take too long to tell you about all the costumes, but I am sure you will be interested to hear about a few. The Baroness Renée de Bruck, the daughter of the former Ambassador to Rome from Austria, made a most attractive Marie Antoinette, in the costume of Mme. Le Brun's portrait. Those turbans are certainly becoming, and make such a pretty frame about the face. The Baroness lives in our hotel, so I see her quite often, though I had to look twice to make sure it was she, as I pointed her out to F. B.—white hair changes the expression so much. Donna Franca Florio, one of the richest women in Italy, and by many considered one of the handsomest, was very elegant as the famous Duchess of Devonshire. Her costume was of exquisite white lace, trimmed with artificial pansies, and she wore, of course, the conventional Gainsborough hat, with her hair appropriately and becomingly dressed, after the manner of the famous picture. The young girls were very

HER EXCELLENCY DONNA BICE TITTONI, WIFE OF THE MINISTER OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS

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Alla gentile Sig.ra Batcheller
ricordo d'Oltremare — Roma 18-10-905

fetching; perhaps the most effective head dress, a Valkyrie helmet, was worn by the daughter of Countess Danieli, but the daintiest little Louis XVI lady was Miss Patterson, of Baltimore.

Just outside the ballroom were two little booths where lemonade and ices were sold, and two or three of the patronesses in their lovely costumes served out these dainties. As I was sipping lemonade with Captain Bodrero, whose wife was an attractive Desdemona, I discovered F. B. as one of a half dozen men who were saying good-night to Donna Bice Tittoni. She was looking extremely pretty in a light pink gown, and her pearls and diamonds are beautiful. She is most popular with everybody everywhere, always bright and animated, and always has a pleasant word and smile for all her friends. In her position as wife of the Minister of Foreign Affairs, naturally she must go out a great deal socially, and as this is to be one of the gayest weeks of the season, she laughingly waved them all good-bye and said she must be off early.

At first we had intended to leave early ourselves, but the time for the cotillion arrived before we knew it, and I thought it would be interesting to see how they manage here, so we decided to stay on. The

figures were very simple and much like the cotillions at home. Nearly all the favors were dainty little Japanese fans and dolls, and the whole affair was splendidly managed by the Marchese Guglielmi, who wore the costume of a Roman peasant boy.

During the cotillion the orchestra played so continuously that it actually made me nervous. Think of those men playing for two or three hours steadily, without the smallest rest! When we left at two in the morning, after a perfectly splendid time, they were still fiddling away for dear life! I met a number of people whom I had not met before, and many of them have asked me to come to see them. To-morrow afternoon I shall devote to card leaving, which is a very important matter here. Every man you meet in Rome leaves his card within twenty-four hours—fancy!

Of course, there have been several brilliant balls: The Countess Telefner's, the Princess Buoncompagni's, and the Duchess Sforza Cesarini's; but the Princess d'Antuni quite carried off the palm for originality at her ball, by having a cute little Sardinian donkey draw in a dainty wagon filled with favors for the cotillion. Then the Countess Taverna also gave a most lovely ball last Thursday in her fine old pal-

ace, where she has a beautiful ballroom, hung with some fine Giulio Romano pictures. But all balls are hop, skip, jump and go, and I know that you are more interested to hear about other things; but last night's ball, of course, was a little out of the ordinary.

## XXVI

### To E. F. D. B.

Rome, Italy, March 5, 1905

*My dear M.:*

THIS morning we went for a good walk to the church of Santa Maria Maggiore, so called because it is the largest of the eighty churches here in Rome that are dedicated to the Virgin Mary.

There is also a legend that the Virgin appeared to a very devout Roman and to the Pope Liberius simultaneously, ordering them to erect a church in her honor on the spot where they should find snow in the city on the following morning. They are said to have built the Basilica Liberiana, but it was re-erected by Sextus III in A. D. 432. Only the nave, with its very fine old marble columns and mosaics, is left of that edifice. The church has been changed and rebuilt numerous times. The interior is very elegant and imposing, and the ceiling, which is most elaborate, was gilded with the first gold brought from America. The ancient tomb of por-

phyry, said to be that of the Roman Patrician Johannes (of the vision), is supposed to contain the remains of St. Matthew, and the canopy is borne by four splendid porphyry columns. There are a great many interesting works of art in the church by Guido Reni, Bernini and others, and in the gorgeous Borghese Chapel is a very old picture of the Virgin (you can barely distinguish the figure, it is so black) that is believed to possess miraculous powers. According to the tradition, it was painted by St. Luke himself, and Pope Gregory I is said to have carried it about the streets of Rome in a solemn and holy procession in A. D. 590. The altar above this picture is, like all the Borghese things, very gorgeous, and is beautifully inlaid with lapis lazuli, agate, and other precious marbles.

There were a few beggars sunning themselves on the steps as we went into the church, but they were not at all importunate, as there are severe laws now against begging. One sees few beggars here compared to years ago, and only yesterday F. B. saw one arrested and carried off in the police wagon. He said the officer was kind to the old man, but that he had to be very patient, and expostulated some time with him before he could make him get into the police wagon. There is also a very efficient Society

for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals here and in Naples, to which many of the best people belong. The British and American Embassies always give it their support, and several of the Italian ladies have become much interested in the work of the Society, the Duchess of Sermoneta and the Princess d'Antuni especially. The Society here has men in uniform, who put a stop at once to any cruelties they see, and are sustained in so doing by the government. There is a new building being erected opposite the Palazzo Margherita, and the heavy stones must be drawn each day up the narrow, steep Via del Tritone. For several days F. B. and I have fretted about the poor horses, whose loads were so heavy that they were almost unable to move at all when they came to the hill; so we were much pleased to see one of the Society's men appear yesterday, and order an extra horse put to each load when it reached the steep incline.

This afternoon we stopped on our way to the races at Tor di Quinto to see the Countess Bruschi. Her apartment is so pretty, and has a delightful outlook on the Piazza delle Terme. Her salon is very large, draped in red and exceedingly attractive. We met there a beautiful woman with wonderful dark eyes, but I cannot for the life of me recall her name. However, I shall see the Countess in a day or so and

shall surely ask her. When one is introduced to a number of people at one time, it is really very difficult to catch all the names correctly at the first "go."

The races were very good. It has been a bright, sunny day, and lots of people drove out. You would have enjoyed seeing the riding immensely; I never see a fine thoroughbred that I don't wish you could see and ride him at once. The racing language, in fact the language of sport generally, is English the world over, but the English gets funny twists sometimes. I saw a sign in a hotel to-day: "Very sporting links at the Golf Club near Rome." We drove out there the other day; they have a nice little house in the Campagna, which, of course, makes splendid links. It began to rain, and the Scotch teacher said, "Come in, come in, please; you can get wet if you like in Scotland, but you must not in Rome, and I have paid dearly for that information, too."

To-day at the races there were numbers of gentlemen riders, among them the Marchese di Roccagiovine and Mr. Haseltine, both of whom took prizes in one of the steeple-chases. Some of the horses had such pretty names: Ulpia, Rugantino and Divano. Countess Taverna was with her niece, the lovely Countess Martini-Marescotti, and I saw also the Duchess Visconti and the Marchesa Casati,

both handsome as always. King Umberto I, you remember, was nearly assassinated once when driving out here to the races. It is not so easy to be a King in Italy, or anywhere, for that matter.

When we came in we had a little chat with the Duchess of San Carlos, who is going about a great deal this winter with her pretty daughter. She is Spanish, but has many friends here, and is one of the most charming women I have met. I see her often, as she lives in this hotel. Just as a great exception, we are going to be quiet this evening, and I shall wrestle with my correspondence.

I had a very nice letter from Mrs. Lodge not long since, and have heard quite regularly from Rosamond Lang, who is such a dear, and always finds time to do everything; but then, she belongs to a wonderful family. I have written to her, Margaret Upham, and one or two others, but writing you and Dad and C. such very long letters, I simply can not keep up a frequent correspondence with many people, of course.

To-morrow evening is the Court ball, and I am looking forward to a fine time. I do hope it will not rain, as it is so "messy" when everything is wet and there is a great crowd.

## XXVII

### To E. F. D. B.

MUSIC

ROME, ITALY, March 6, 1905

*My dear M.:*

WE have just come in from one of the concerts given by the Royal Academy of St. Cecilia, and who should be the artist but Pablo Casals, assisted by Bustini! I am sure you will remember Casals, for we saw him so often when we were in Paris. He played to-day, as always, with consummate art. He had a very long programme beginning with that delightful Beethoven sonata in A major for the cello and piano, then followed a Bach suite, and at the end he played two delightful pieces by Faure.

Queen Margherita, as usual, was present, and Count San Martino and Signor Falchi were in the Royal box with her. After the concert, Her Majesty sent for Casals and Bustini and congratulated them on their artistic performance.

The hall in which these concerts are given is de-

lightful, the acoustics are excellent and it is a very satisfactory place for musicians in every way.

One of the principal directors of this Academy is Prof. Giovanni Sgambati, who is the pianist and director of the Court Quintette for Her Majesty the Queen Mother. For many years he has arranged a series of concerts for Queen Margherita, which are given in her palace during the winter season, to which are invited her intimate friends and Ladies-in-Waiting. Signora Sgambati told me that when only eleven years old, her husband composed a very creditable sonata for the piano, and he was still a very young man when he became one of the foremost pianists of his day. He was a great friend of Liszt, a fervent believer in the Liszt school of piano playing, and is the principal teacher in the piano department of the St. Cecilia Academy. From time to time he brings out excellent pianists, who generally make their mark in the musical world. It is delightful to hear him play; as he sits at the piano his eyes assume a sort of dreamy expression, and without affectation or effort his fingers fly over the keys, showing a rare technique. Once at the piano he is quite lost to the world, thinking only of the interpretation of the music that he is playing, whether his own or that of some other composer. I have often heard him say,

PROFESSOR SGAMBATI IN HIS MUSIC ROOM

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN BY THE AUTHOR

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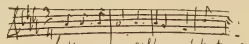
A Mme Batcheller interprete ilettre "Prière"



Si Vous m'avez quelque sensation pour mon cœur

Rome April 1905

G. Zambatini

"I do not like to hear people remark how beautifully this or that artist played, but rather what a beautiful piece of music they have just heard. The artist should be forgotten in the perfect rendering of good music." He is a great worker, and like all true artists, believes that only with constant work, infinite pains and attention to detail can great results be obtained. He has been much appreciated in Germany, England and France. In Paris he was the confrère of Gounod and Ambroise Thomas. Like these great Frenchmen, Sgambati has composed some charming songs, many of which I have enjoyed singing to his own accompaniment this winter. One of these songs is written to an Italian setting of a poem by the Countess of Chambrun, and Sgambati told me that on one occasion when he was in Paris, the Countess, who collected about her all the great men of the time, gave a musicale at which the music written for her poem by Gounod, Ambroise Thomas and Sgambati was sung in succession, all three composers being present.

Now-a-days it is very difficult for Prof. Sgambati to make up his mind to leave Rome. This is really not surprising, for he is greatly admired here, and his apartment, which looks out on the ever lovely Piazza di Spagna, is one of the most attractive abiding places one can imagine in Rome. From

the windows of his music-room one looks across to the Spanish steps, where peasant girls in their fantastic Roman costumes are always to be seen selling masses of beautiful flowers.

Signora Sgambati is a charming woman, and very much liked in Roman society. One sees her everywhere, and she knows everyone, having been born and brought up in Rome. She herself is very artistic, and most devoted to her husband and all his interests.

Besides singing the great man's songs with him, we have gone over a good many of the old classics together as well. He told me he had often played the music of Mozart's "Magic Flute," but had never heard either of the "Queen of the Night" arias sung before, so he has asked me to go over them several times with him; and he was much interested and greatly pleased with a number of Margaret Lang's songs that I sang to him the other morning. He tells me that there are very few, if any, really high voices in Italy to-day. I was much surprised to learn this, but on reflection I can see that it must be so; for modern Italian music is of such a dramatic nature, and the music for the soprano rôle is almost invariably so heavy, that in order to have sufficient volume for these new operas, the sopranos have been obliged to

VIEW FROM THE PIAZZA DI SPAGNA OF THE STEPS LEADING TO THE CHURCH OF SANTISSIMA TRINITÀ DE' MONTI

*From a water-color by J. Febrianchi*

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sacrifice their high notes because of the forcing of their middle voice, with the result that to-day in many of the Italian opera houses the sopranos are imported from other countries. Of course, one cannot sing these tremendously heavy dramatic rôles with a light lyric voice, such as is required in the "Traviata," and when a soprano strains her middle notes, her very high ones usually go altogether. These rare high notes are, as you know, the last to come and the first to go in the voice; Patti knew this better than any one in the world, and she cared for her precious notes in alt. as they should be cared for.

The modern music of Italy, like most modern music, shows the influence of Wagner. I have heard the greatest singing teacher of the age, Mme. Matilde Marchesi, discuss this subject of Wagner and vocal music most interestingly. She had long talks with the great composer on this subject, when his works were first produced in Vienna, but they never reached an agreement; for Wagner maintained that the composer was not bound to consider the singer at all in his composition, while, of course, Mme. Marchesi could never accept this statement, and she believes that Wagner has done much to injure the singing art of the present age, as he undoubtedly has. So many orchestral conductors also have come to feel the pre-

dominant importance of the orchestra, and consider the singers far less than in the old Rossini and Verdi days; they let their orchestras bang away regardless of the poor singers, who shriek in vain to be heard at all.

Indeed it is not only in the opera that the exaggerated idea of sound (noise is really a more appropriate word) is noticeable, for it was but a short time ago in a European capital that I heard a famous orchestra under a well-known leader play a Beethoven symphony with the force and fury of a Wagner composition.

The great Beethoven with his wonderful dignity and intellectuality would have shuddered, I am sure, at the smashing, crashing rendering of his distinguished music. That I was not alone in this opinion was proved by the voicing of similar ideas by several of the most eminent critics of the city in the press. Give passionate and dramatic interpretations if you will, but let them be somewhere within the bounds of reason. No one loves the passionate music of Tchaikovsky, or the mystic music of the modern French school, more than I, but every one likes balance in all things, and few people, I believe, like indiscriminate enthusiasm, however sincere it may be.

That Wagner was a genius no one denies, but he was not the only one, and I cannot bring myself to

believe that he really meant to disregard entirely the voices that must interpret his music, for he was such a magician for producing all sorts of beautiful effects. In any event, all the music for all time should not be based on his ideas. No one will ever equal Mozart for exquisite melody and truly vocal music, to my way of thinking. Dear Sembrich with her wonderful art has kept Mozart and the old Italian music to the fore with us, and people always love it. She and I have had many good talks together about this and we always agree. Melody is melody, and the world will always like to listen to it. A great critic said to me the other day, as we were talking over these things, "You do not have to learn to enjoy the perfume of a flower, and you should not have to learn to like good music."

The scarcity of sopranos in Italy makes it almost impossible to give the dear old operas of Rossini, Donizetti and Verdi, that we are still lucky enough to hear in New York. It always amuses me to hear people say that these operas and the old Italian music have gone by, and are no longer liked; but it is a singular fact, if that be true, that when a manager is particularly desirous of making extra money and packing the house, he offers the "Traviata" or the "Barber of Seville," and en-

gages some singer who has the technique and the light lyric voice required by these operas, who can charm the audience with brilliant, florid singing as well as reach the heart in the pathetic and more quiet passages. We all know that in New York no one fills the coffers at the Metropolitan Opera House quite so surely as Mme. Sembrich or Mme. Nordica.

Mme. Nordica is, I believe, the only singer, except Lilli Lehmann, who has been able at the same period of her life to sing Wagner's Isolde and some brilliant rôle like Eleonora in the "Trovatore" or Violetta in the "Traviata." That Mme. Nordica fully realizes the value of a perfect technique underlying her great dramatic work, is shown by the fact that at any moment she can take up the "Trovatore" or the "Traviata" and give to the music all the required technique, combined with the wealth of her own glorious organ as well. It is because she can sing the "Trovatore" as she does that she can sing Isolde so magnificently.

You may say it is not artistic to consider the financial value of a singer, but the impresario is bound to consider the profit and loss; the profit is invariably on the side of the clear, pure soprano who has technique as well as a heart, and the loss will invariably be on the side of the singer who feels that no technique is necessary, and that a certain amount of noise combined with a rolling of the eyes heaven-

ward is all that is necessary to impress the public that she is a "temperamental" artist. You may just as well say that a painter is a success, because he has beautiful color, though he has no ability to draw; or that beautiful prose is poetry though the lines in which the idea is expressed have no metrical form, but certainly no dramatic singer can make a really great success without vocal technique, and that is precisely what some of the singers of to-day do not realize. But that is not altogether surprising, considering the attitude that a few people take now-a-days, especially in America; they seem to have a sort of vague contempt for any show of pyrotechnics in a singer. They do not ask a pianist to play merely a series of magnificent chords, or a simple smooth melody with a "soulful rendering," and they are perfectly willing to listen and applaud the technique of a Kubelik, a Krasselt, or a Bauer, though I did read recently an absurd statement that the Boston Symphony Orchestra was "*too* perfect," technically. But, when a singer steps upon the platform, though most of her programme be made up of songs which appeal to the heart, these same few people smile with amused indulgence if she sings a florid aria from one of the old masters that contains brilliant runs and trills, quite similar to those they have recently applauded on the piano or violin, a few moments be-

fore. Why should the singer not have the same musical standards as other artists? If they did, you would not hear the remark so frequently made, "Most singers are not musicians," which is not at all fair or true, I believe. I know a singer who was to appear before a very brilliant New York audience for the first time. Having been told that the old florid arias were considered quite gone-by, she had selected several simple, beautiful songs, and was surprised when she handed her programme to the manager, to hear him say, "This will never do, you must sing something brilliant." "But," she said, "I have been told that the audiences no longer care for the runs and trills." "Oh, nonsense!" he returned, "a few people say that, but I find at my concerts—and in fact, all the managers tell me the same thing—that the audiences never fail to enjoy the music of the old Italian school when it is properly done; the trouble is that it is so often improperly done." Of course, the singer who has technique and nothing else, is equally useless, but as long as many of the young singers of to-day are told that technique is after all not very important "if you have a soul," they are quite apt to work their imaginations more than their brains. As a matter of fact, a singer may have all the heart and temperament in the world,

but without technique she can but ill express her feelings, however deep they may be.

Many people in Italy feel very badly at the decadence of song here, as they express it, and Prof. Mastrigli, an honorary member of the Royal Musical Institute of Florence, has written a book entitled "La Decadenza del Canto in Italia," in which he gives many reasons why the singing art of the world, especially in Italy, is not as high as formerly. He laments the nervous haste alike of the pupil and teacher to "railroad art," and says that it is because many people are willing to take shrieking for singing that there are so many fearful voices heard now-a-days, that fairly make your ears ring. Speaking of the dramatic singer, he quotes E. Garcia, "Il canto largo si fa tanto più facile, quanto più completamente l'organo si sarà abituato a tutte le difficoltà della esecuzione; diremo anzi che questa prontezza dell'organo è indispensabile a chiunque voglia eccellere nel largo. Le voci pesanti non possono giungere alla perfezione in alcun genere." (E. Garcia, figlio.) "Dramatic singing is done the more easily, the more completely the organ has accustomed itself to all the difficulties of execution. We will say that this agility of the voice is indispensable to whomsoever wishes to excel in dramatic work.

Heavy voices cannot reach perfection in any other way." The Professor has said some very nice things to me about my voice, and is delighted that I have been willing to devote so many years to my art. In one of his criticisms of my singing he spoke especially of my breathing.

Prof. Mastrigli makes a great point of diaphragm breathing, and how many times have I heard dear Mme. Marchesi say: "Now-a-days people seem to think they can breathe as they like, anyway, anywhere, but they will never make great artists if they do not breathe properly, and give great attention to this study." Mastrigli and I have had many delightful talks together, and I greatly enjoyed reading his book on Hygiene of the Voice, which all singers would do well to read. He has written books on Beethoven, Modern Italian Composers—in fact, a dozen or more excellent musical works, as well as a great number of very attractive and interesting songs.

The more I know of singing and singers, the more I appreciate Mme. Marchesi, and all the splendid precepts she teaches. "It takes fourteen things to be a *great singer*," she often says, and she is right; the voice is only one, and common sense comes in a very close second. One must study human nature *à fond* and one must live and love and suffer before

THE MARCHESE AND MARCHESA DE LA REJATA DE CASTRONE

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one can become an artist. Someone has said that "every round of the ladder of art must be bathed with tears," and while that is not strictly true, one has to experience many trying days, and it takes great courage to go on and up. If success comes in the end, there is no greater sunshine or joy, than the love and approval of one's fellowmen for the art for which one has loved and labored. What a wonderful couple they are, Madame and her Sicilian husband, the Marchese de Castrone; both about seventy in years and about thirty in action! Not a concert or an opera of any real moment is given in Paris that they are not seen in one of the best boxes. Is n't it splendid to live all one's life so wonderfully and not degenerate into existing the last years? Work, hard work, is eminently good for everyone, I believe, and the happiest people are the workers.

E. Garcia, too, Madame's great teacher, has just celebrated his one hundredth birthday in London. He was received at Buckingham Palace by His Majesty King Edward, afterwards given a banquet by the Laryngological Society and he received felicitations from numbers of scientific societies all over the world—Spain, Austria, Russia, etc., etc. He was a great friend of Rossini, and once, when Rossini was pressed for time, just after writing the "Barber of

Seville," he told Garcia he could n't stop to write a romance for the bass rôle, but if he (Garcia) wanted one, he could write it himself; so the romance of Almaviva, "*Io son Lindoro*," was written and first sung by Garcia.

We have had the good fortune this winter to hear many of the new Italian operas. The first we heard was Francesco Cilea's new opera "Adriana Lecouvreur." The criticisms as to its success and merits generally differ, as they are apt to, at the time of a first production, but I think the general consensus of opinion gives the opera a moderate success. Everyone admits that there are beautiful moments of melody and charm. Krusceniski certainly gave the music a most sympathetic rendering, and when the enthusiastic audience called the composer before the curtain, he would only come, leading with him Krusceniski and Zenatello, the tenor, who had so ably interpreted his music. Another opera by Filiarsi, entitled "Manuel Mendenzes," has been given in connection with Dupont's "Cabrera," and both were well received. Filiarsi has introduced into his score a beautiful intermezzo, which pleased the audience extremely, and was repeated. The music of the "Cabrera" is distinguished and lovely, and we hope to hear it again here and in Paris, where La Bellincioni

is going to sing at the Opera Comique. Giordano is also to have a hearing given several of his operas at the theatre Sarah Bernhardt, next spring, when a special season of Italian opera is to be inaugurated in Paris; so we shall hear again his "Fedora," "Siberia" and "André Chenier." Giordano's music possesses a fluent vein of melody, and he handles the orchestra with considerable skill, while a good deal of melodic beauty is given to the music of the singers.

Pietro Mascagni has added fresh laurels to his name, too, through the great success of his opera "Amica," which was recently brought out at Nice; but nothing in modern Italian operatic music appeals to me so much as Puccini's "Bohème" and "Madame Butterfly." There is a subtle charm in this music of Puccini that goes straight to the heart. It is extremely vocal and well within the reach of the purely lyric soprano. No one who has heard the rôle of "Mimi" sung as Sembrich or as Stehle sang it in Naples, can fail to appreciate its beauty.

The symphony has found a place, too, in the music of modern Italy. Sgambati has written several, and Bustini, who has recently published a short work on the "Symphony in Modern Italy," has also written one or more. I certainly hope that the great Mancinelli, who carried Bustini to South America re-

cently to be his alternate conductor, will take him to New York one day, for I think the general artistic appreciation and understanding of Maestro Bustini is unusually broad and intelligent.

We hope to go to some of the Bach Society concerts here, which are said to be excellent.

We have also met a number of litterateurs here in Rome, and Sgambati presented Sabatier to me the other day, when the Signora had a small reception. He is a most interesting man, and we had a nice talk about Prof. Barrett Wendell, of Harvard University, who has been giving a series of lectures at the Sorbonne in Paris. Sabatier said the Professor has made a very fine impression in France, and has given a great many new ideas to the French people about America, our people and their ideals. It seemed very nice to hear Prof. Wendell spoken of so enthusiastically, and to know that he had been so much appreciated in France. You and I have read Sabatier's works on St. Francis of Assisi, of course, but it is some time since I looked them over, and I mean to brush up a bit on them while we are here.

We also met Björnstjerne Björnson, the great Norwegian poet, whose daughter we knew some time ago in Paris, at Mme. Marchesi's, you remember.

I am sending you the music of the Italian Na-

PROFESSOR ALESSANDRO BUSTINI

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tional Hymn, thinking it might interest you to play over the King and Queen motive, as F. B. and I call it.

What am I reading? Much less than I should of anything, I confess, but we have been so very busy *seeing*, that it has been difficult to find time for books. I did buy some of Matilde Serao, Antonio Fogazzaro and De Amicis, only to-day, and later I mean to get some of d'Annunzio's last things.

Do forgive this tirade about music, but you know that is my life, and I knew you would n't mind a little discourse, just for once. I 'll be very good in the future and "never do so any more" as the little girl said. *Buona notte.*

## XXVIII

### THE COURT BALL

ROME, ITALY, Tuesday, March 7, 1905

*My dear M.:*

AS I wrote you, the Court balls were to have taken place February 20th and March 6th, but on account of the Court mourning it was decided to have only one Court ball this year. When we heard of this change of plan, we felt that we must make up our minds not to be disappointed if our names were not included in the list of invitations, because our presentation at Court here had been so recent, that we hardly had a right to expect to be included, when there were so many, many people that must necessarily be invited. We had received our invitations for the first ball, but did not feel at all sure that they were valid for the second, so we were very much pleased to read in the Popolo Romano (our morning paper) the announcement sent from the Palace that all invitations which had been received for Febru-

ary 20th would be valid for March 6th, the date set for the only Court ball of the season.

We left a little before ten and thought we were quite early, but when our carriage turned into the Via Quirinale, we found that many other people were before us, for the line of carriages reached as far as we could see in the direction of the Quirinal Palace. We regretted not having started earlier, but there was nothing to do but remember the saying we have learned so often to repeat, "*piano, piano, ci vuol pazienza.*" Some of the ladies in the carriages in front of us got out and walked on the sidewalk to the Palace, but I think they gained little in time, and I was not willing to do that in any case.

The square of the Quirinal had been quite cleared, and the arrangements for the advancing of the carriages, which at first seemed very awkward and unnecessary, were in reality excellent, and it was the only way that carriages coming, as they did, from various directions, could be marshalled with ease and order in and out of the Palace Court Yard. As we approached from the east, we were obliged to make a tour of the great fountain of the Horse Tamers, while the carriages that came from the other direction entered the line leading to the Palace,

alternating one by one with ours, thus forming one short continuous line into the Palace, and giving carriages from each direction equal rights. We drove into the main Court Yard, but the carriage halted before a different door from that at which we had entered when we were presented to Her Majesty. This door opened directly before the flight of stairs that leads to the State apartments, and the carriages drove out through another driveway, so there was no confusion in coming and going.

At the head of the stairs, we found ourselves in a very large, high room, and our invitations, which were engraved on pink and blue cards, the one for the lady and the other for the gentleman, were taken by the Palace functionaries, in red coats, gold lace and powdered hair. I was handed an elaborate dance order of white kid, bearing a gold monogram E. V. (Elena —Victor Emmanuel) on the outside, a gold pencil was attached by a gold chain and the whole affair was exquisite. The men's dance orders were less elaborate, but very pretty. An immense place was arranged for wraps, and looking about me I discovered hundreds of gentlemen standing about chatting to each other. I was the only woman in this immense room. I felt rather queer for a moment, and wondered if we had gone into the wrong

room, but everyone seemed to look perfectly natural, and I saw numerous ladies' wraps that had already been put away, so I allowed myself to be guided with F. B. into the long corridor leading to the Royal ballroom and State apartments of the Quirinal Palace.

Here and there divans and chairs had been placed, and groups of beautifully dressed women, and Italian officers in all the splendor of their full dress uniforms, were chatting and nodding to their various friends as they passed. But we hurried on into a large ante-room, through which one must pass before entering the ballroom.

Near the entrance I discovered the pretty Countess Leonardi, whose mother was an American, and who is an American herself by birth, although she has lived all her life in Italy. There were so many beautiful gowns about that I remember only that she looked very pretty, and that her gown was of some soft yellow material, but her diamonds I distinctly recall as being unusually large and magnificent. She was very kind, and told us just how and where to go to see the King and Queen enter the ballroom with their Court. There was something of a crowd at the door that we were to enter, but a kindly general of large proportions made a way for us to pass,

and we soon found ourselves just opposite the door through which Their Majesties would soon come with their Court in attendance. There were hundreds of people already in the room, and all the rows of seats about the sides were filled almost to the point of crowding. The absence of black gowns was very noticeable, and I was told that, while it is not a command, it is generally understood that black gowns are not desired at the Court functions. An artist would have had a fine opportunity for all sorts and kinds of expectation studies, for everyone's face portrayed the eager expectation with which all awaited the entrance of the Court.

At ten minutes before eleven, the notes of the Royal march were sounded, and to its accompaniment Their Majesties entered the ballroom. First came the Masters of Ceremony, the Marquis Vorea d'Olmo, the Marquis Scozia di Calliano, the Count Premoli, the Duke di Fragnito, the Duke Cito di Torrecuso, the Count Avogadro degli Azzoni, then immediately preceding Their Majesties came H. E. Count Gianotti, looking most elegant and distinguished, and wearing his numerous orders and decorations. As Grand Master of Ceremonies and Prefect of the Palace, he led the way for Their Majesties into the room. The King wore the uniform of a

General of the Italian army, with the "Collar of the Annunziata," and entered the room with the Queen on his arm. All eyes were turned, of course, in the direction of the Royal pair. His Majesty is very distinguished-looking, but the man rarely receives the curious glances that a woman always gives to another of her sex, however exalted the position, and surely the Queen made a picture never to be forgotten. I thought her the most beautiful woman I had ever seen, when I was presented to her in February, but there are no words to adequately describe her dazzling beauty of last night. She was simply *éblouissante*, and even that expressive French word is insufficient. She wore a beautiful gown of white satin, embroidered effectively with opalescent spangles, with the result that her dress was very brilliant, yet not too much so, as many spangled dresses are, and the soft, opalescent colorings made the historic emeralds of the Royal house of Italy show up in all their majestic splendor. Exquisite Bruxelles-point lace draped her décolleté, and made an appropriate setting for the two great emeralds, encircled in diamond knots, which form a part of the famous emerald set, and were her only corsage ornaments. About her neck was the wonderful emerald necklace (it is beyond

all words, really), worn with many diamonds and a beautiful pearl dog-collar, while in her hair she wore the great diadem which completes this world-renowned set, of which each stone is many times larger than any other emerald I have ever seen, and certainly these jewels have never adorned a more beautiful woman. Besides all these gems, she wore about her neck a long diamond chain that fell loosely from her shoulders down below her waist line. As she entered the room, we all involuntarily held our breath, as we beheld her dazzling beauty, and later in the evening, when some Ambassador spoke to the Queen of her beautiful appearance, she smilingly said, "I am not beautiful, but look at my Ladies-in-Waiting, they are, indeed, a bower of beauty." Of course, the Queen was all wrong about her lovely self, but she was right about her ladies, for as they entered the ballroom after Her Majesty, we were at loss which one to admire most. You see, the Court is all young, which does not happen very often, and for that reason, I believe, the Court of Italy to-day is the most beautiful in Europe. The King led the Queen directly to her throne chair, which had been placed in the centre at one side of the room. Her Majesty took her seat at once, but the King stood talking to the different members of his household,

THE PRINCESS VIGGIANO

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Bien cordialement
Jeff de Vigeanos

while the Ladies-of-the-Court and the Ladies-of-the-Palace took their positions behind the chair of the Queen. There are six Ladies-of-the-Court, each of whom becomes a member of the Queen's household for two months in the year. The beautiful Countess Bruschi, of whom I have written you before, for instance, lives at the Palace, or goes wherever the Queen may go, in the months of January and June, while the Duchess of Ascoli takes the months of February and July, and the Countess of Trinità, March and August. There are also six Ladies-of-the-Palace, but their duties are not quite as intimate, though they are very often with the Queen at different times.

Of course these Ladies-in-Waiting were not chosen for their beauty, but certainly each of them is beautiful to an unusual degree. The Princess Viggiano, who, before her marriage, bore the historic name of Bauffrément, seemed to me one of the most beautiful of the ladies attending Her Majesty, for she has rare distinction in her face and bearing, as well as beauty of line and form. Of course, they were all "*en grande tenue*" last evening, and their jewels were simply dazzling, so many and so numerous that it is hopeless to try to describe them. One of them wore a long chain of diamond

solitaires, reaching from the shoulders nearly to the knees, and their tiaras were most becoming, and not at all like the ordinary "picket fence" of diamonds that one sees so often on these formal court occasions. At the left of the King stood the two distinguished women who have received from His Majesty the decoration of the "Collar of Annunziata," the greatest distinction that can be accorded anyone in Italy.

The King spoke first with Her Excellency the Marchesa di Rudini, the first "Collaresse," as they say, who looked very handsome in a white gown trimmed with much beautiful lace, and ornamented with her magnificent diamonds and pearls; and then after speaking to the other "Collaresse," Donna Elena Cairoli, he turned and talked with his Generals, the Ambassadors, etc. Meantime, at a sign from Their Majesties, Count Gianotti gave the signal that those standing might resume their seats. After having watched the dancing, which had now commenced, the Queen called successively the two "Collaresses" to the chair beside her, and had a little conversation with each. She then arose, six of her Ladies-in-Waiting immediately following, and walked to where the Ambassadresses were seated at her right, speaking for a few moments with each of them.

First with Mme. Barrère, the French Ambassadress who sat nearest the throne, as she has been longest at the Court of Italy. She looked extremely well, dressed in white with brilliant jewels, and I shall have much to tell you about her and her great ability later on. Next came the American Ambassadress, who wore a becoming gown of light blue with fine turquoises, then the Ambassadress from Austria-Hungary, and then the wife of the British Ambassador, recently appointed to Rome.

Lady Egerton is a very fine and distinguished-looking woman. You remember, I wrote you of meeting her at our Embassy, and I think I told you also what a wonderful pianist she is. She has invited me several times to the British Embassy, and has been kind enough to play my accompaniments whenever I have sung there. She seems to admire my voice, and I remember to have been told that Russians nearly always prefer the lyric soprano. In any case she has been very kind to me, and we go to her Embassy one evening next week. She is a woman of rare charm, and already I hear her spoken of on all sides with much enthusiasm, though she has been here so short a time. The Queen seemed to find her very charming also, for she talked with her quite a long time, and then, preceded by the Court Cham-

berlains, Count Bruschi and the Marchese Callabrini, Her Majesty made her *cercle* or tour of the ballroom.

People, of course, made way for her to pass, and as she walked about the room she spoke now and again to two or three ladies, giving her hand and bowing to many. She stopped and spoke with the pretty Countess Sanminiatelli, whose father-in-law was Minister to Montenegro at the time when Queen Elena's marriage was arranged. By the way, I paid a visit to this countess, and her mother-in-law, the wife of the minister just referred to, is a sweet American woman from New Orleans. As the Queen came nearer to where I was standing, I forgot all about everything and everybody in my admiration for the beautiful Royal lady herself, and almost before I knew it, she was standing directly in front of me, had given me her hand, and I was making a low courtesy. Her Majesty talked with me first about the dancing, and asked me if I was fond of waltzing; as I replied in the affirmative, she said she hoped the rooms would not be too crowded for the dancers to enjoy themselves. I was most careful not to introduce any new subject nor to infringe on Royal etiquette in any way, but Her Majesty asked me several questions

about the *Industrie Femminili*, and seemed very much pleased and interested when I told her I had planned to take some of the work back to America with me. She spoke of the book, which, as you know, she has given me permission to dedicate to her, and said she would look forward with pleasure to receiving it. I did not realize until she had given me her hand, and said good evening, that we really had been talking some little time, but later I became aware that Her Majesty had paid me a very great compliment, when two distinguished looking women, whom I did not know, spoke to me and remarked upon the unusual interest which Her Majesty had shown in me. Another lady abruptly asked me, "Do you paint?" I replied it was not my custom—"No, pictures, I mean, I have never seen the Queen speak so long with anyone!" Naturally, I was much gratified at Her Majesty's kindness. No wonder the King adores her, and the Queen Mother is also very fond of her.

When the Queen returned to her chair, each of the Ambassadors in turn came and spoke to her.

At midnight the supper rooms were opened. At a little before one, the Sovereigns retired from the ball, and soon after many of the older people went away

also. R. and Count Sanminiatelli offered to take us through the different rooms. We met Mrs. D. and her daughters from Boston; and in the Mirror Room, where the floral decorations were superb, we met a number of friends, Mrs. McGee, looking extremely well in velvet and jewels, Signor V., one of the King's secretaries, and many others. In one of the supper rooms, where all sorts of good things were being lavishly dispensed, we met Prof. Sgambati and his wife talking to H. E. Mme. Ohyama, wife of the Minister from Japan. Sgambati was wearing all his decorations and orders, and Mme. Ohyama was in her Japanese costume, so they made a very attractive picture. I was introduced to Her Excellency, and we had a pleasant chat. After we had made a tour of the rooms we went home.

R. told me that the reason there were so many men in the hall when we arrived, was because no single man is allowed to enter the ballroom until Their Majesties have formally opened the ball, so all those poor men who were waiting around when we entered, had come unaccompanied by ladies, and had to wait till the time appointed for their admission to the ball room. It was an evening long to be remembered, and beside being a very interesting ex-

perience, it was for me, one of the happiest evenings of the winter.

We have received an invitation from Her Majesty Queen Margherita, to meet her in private audience on Wednesday, March 8th. Is n't it odd how Wednesday and good fortune go hand in hand almost invariably for me?

## XXIX

### To E. F. D. B.

PRESENTATION TO QUEEN MARGHERITA

ROME, ITALY, March 8, 1905

*My dear M.:*

YOU remember, I wrote you that we had received an invitation from her Majesty Queen Margherita to meet her in private audience at her beautiful palace on the afternoon of Ash Wednesday, March 8th. Once more, you see, a Wednesday was good to me. I was very much pleased that Queen Margherita should wish to receive me, because she sees comparatively few of the foreigners who come to Rome, and I was surprised that she was interested to meet so young a woman as myself; but, of course, I was quite delighted, as I have always had such an admiration for Her Majesty. Do you remember years ago when we were staying in Naples, how I always wanted to drive up and down the boulevard in front of the Viale Nazionale, where the Queen drove every afternoon? We thought then that her Majesty was very charming,

HER MAJESTY QUEEN MARGHERITA OF SAVOY

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as her carriage passed swiftly by ; her coachman and footman, in their scarlet liveries and gold lace, impressed me tremendously, and I remember we always remarked her peculiarly sweet smile. She is just the same to-day, and I cannot tell you how pleased I am to have had an opportunity of talking with so brilliant and cultured a woman, as well as so august a Sovereign.

In the early afternoon, we drove to the Palazzo Margherita, formerly the Palazzo Piombino, which was bought for the Queen Mother after the death of the late King. Our appointment was at three o'clock, and we were received with much the same ceremonies as at the Quirinal Palace. At the head of the stairs, a similar line of footmen stood, like statues, only that these wore all black satin liveries, as the Queen is still in half-mourning. We were shown at once into a large, elegant drawing room, where the Marchesa Villamarina, who is always in waiting upon Queen Margherita, met us with charming cordiality. She was pleased apparently that I spoke Italian, and asked me if I was an automobile enthusiast. She herself is much interested in motoring, for Queen Margherita has become a great traveller in her fine motor car, and is always accompanied on her various excursions about Italy by the Marchesa Villamarina, of whom she is very fond.

A distinguished-looking officer, wearing many orders, who had also been bidden to a private audience, was waiting with his daughter. I think we really waited quite a little while, though the time passed very quickly, as I enjoyed talking to the Marchesa so much. At last the lady who had been presented just previous to our arrival entered the room where we were, and, after ceremonious adieux to the Marchesa, took her leave.

It was now three o'clock, the time for our presentation, and the kindly Marchesa drew aside the curtain, and led us into the presence of Her Majesty Queen Margherita. The same three courtesies were here, as with all Royalty, *de rigeur*, but nothing could be more charming than Her Majesty's reception of us. She made me sit beside her on the divan, and talked to me of Rome, of America, about which she has read a great deal, and many other interesting things. She told me about a charitable house to which she has arranged for very little children to be brought, whose mothers must work all day, and through Her Majesty's generosity and kindness nurses are provided who may properly and satisfactorily care for the children. I told her that a similar effort had been made in Boston to help the poor Italian women who came to America, and this seemed to interest

her very much. Then we spoke of music and art, and altogether had a most interesting conversation. She reads nearly all the best of our books, as well as the best modern literature of France and Germany. She is very fond of modern music, but has a greater love for Mozart, Beethoven and the classics, at which I was, of course, delighted. With all the knowledge, she is not in the least pedantic, but her many accomplishments and quick wit make her a most brilliant conversationalist. She spoke to me entirely in Italian, but to F. B. in English, and she said to him, with one of those rare smiles for which she is famous, "Do you realize, Sir, that few foreigners come to Italy who speak Italian as well as your wife?" Was n't that splendid!

The Queen was dressed in a very rich black satin, but her only ornaments were a short string of her world-famed pearls, and one or two clear, large moonstones set in diamonds. Everybody knows about her pearls, how King Umberto, each birthday, gave her a long string, each a little longer than the one before, until now there is no collection of pearls in the world so large or so famous as those belonging to Queen Margherita.

Everything about her palace was, as one might expect, elegant and in perfect taste. She is certainly

a woman of exceptional talents, a constant student, and a kind and generous patron of art in all its branches. From the time that she married Umberto of Savoy, and took her place as the young Princess of the Royal household, she has made herself beloved throughout all Italy, from Turin to Naples. As you know, she was the daughter of the late Duke Ferdinand of Genoa, and her mother was a Royal Princess, daughter of the King of Saxony. All Germans are so "*gründlich*" (thorough); and I think that Queen Margherita's German blood has helped to make her what she is acknowledged by all to be, one of the most cultured women in Europe.

I told her about our *Comitato* of the *Società Dante Alighieri*, in Boston, and she seemed interested to hear about the lecture that Prof. Ettore Pais, Director of the National Museum at Naples, gave to our *Circolo* just before I came from home.

She is a great student of Dante, and rarely misses one of the *Lecturæ Dantis*, that are given here in the large *Salla del Nazzareno* each Sunday afternoon by some well known man of letters. R., kind as always, has taken F. B. and me to hear some of them. One Sunday we went a little early, and happened to see Her Majesty arrive. She bowed and smiled so pleasantly to us as she passed up the corridor to the lec-

ture hall, on the arm of the Marchese Guiccioli, that we were very glad we had come early on this particular day.

To-day, also, Her Majesty was very gracious, and gave us a long audience; when, at last, she arose, she was kind enough to say, as she bade us good-bye, that she hoped we should return to Rome next winter. We backed out of the room, although Her Majesty smilingly said, "Don't trouble to back out, there are so many chairs in the way," but I told Her Majesty that as long as we had the privilege of looking at her beautiful self, it was not likely that we should willingly turn away.

The Marchesa Villamarina was also most kind in her adieux, and especially asked us to acquaint her with our arrival in Rome next year, and hoped we would pay her a visit.

Just as we were going out, Mme. Düé and her sweet daughter came in. Lilly was looking very pretty in a light silk, and they made me promise then and there to spend an evening with them this week. Mon. Düé has been one of Sweden's most distinguished diplomats, and has represented his King at the most brilliant courts of Europe, having been for several years at St. Petersburg, Berlin, London and Paris. He is a very clever musician, and

has written some most attractive songs, which his daughter sings delightfully. He is much pleased with my voice, and praised it very highly when I sang the other evening at the British Embassy. Mme. Düé, before her marriage, was a Lady-in-Waiting to the Czarina of Russia. We like them all immensely, and have enjoyed going to their evenings at home. They are so musical and cultured themselves, that they naturally have about them very interesting people.

We often coax Mr. Düé to play his singular piano-forte composition, written for two fingers and intended to be played with the forefinger of each hand. He told us that when he was Minister to France, a charming old French lady, who had been a fine pianist, was bemoaning her fate, because she could no longer play. "My fingers are all useless with rheumatism," she exclaimed, "I have only two that I can use." Gallant Mr. Düé at once replied, "Then I will compose a piece for you, Madame, that can only be played with two fingers," and he did. It is really very quaint and pretty. He has been most kind to me, and only yesterday sent me a collection of songs, with a pretty dedication on the cover. Just think! He ordered them all the way from Stockholm.

When we left the palace of the Queen Mother, we drove directly to the Grand Hotel, where Donna Bice Tittoni had asked us to come to a sale of laces and embroideries made by the lace schools, under the patronage and protection of a society of Italian ladies recently formed here in Rome, and called the *Industrie Femminili.* Donna Bice Tittoni is at the head of the Roman committee, and was looking very stunning this afternoon, in a blue velvet gown, with touches of ermine, and a most becoming black hat. She presented me to Countess Suardi, one of the patronesses of the organization, and to Countess Cora Brazzà, a charming New Orleans woman, to whom is due the credit of making one of the first moves of this society. I do not know enough yet about it to write you in detail, but the things I bought are perfectly beautiful, and I am anxious to learn more about how and where they are made. All the ladies were very cordial, and many of them asked me to come and see them, so I presume later on I shall be able to tell you more intelligently about the work.

During the afternoon the Countess Taverna came in, looking handsome in black velvet, with a large black velvet hat, that was very effective on her soft white hair. She is not old at all, but her hair has

been white since she was a young girl of twenty, and it surely is most becoming. I took a special interest in the laces that were made at her school, first, because they are really beautiful and unusual, and then, because I had such an admiration for the lovely Countess herself, to whom I am very much drawn. She has invited us to come to her Lenten receptions, and as they are said to be quite as elegant as any here in Rome, we feel we are specially privileged. I saw a beautiful piece of lace that I wanted, and asked the price of a lady, who was presented to me as Donna Bianca Capranica del Grillo, the daughter of Adelaide Ristori. Such a charming personality! Donna Bianca is most devoted to her famous mother, and was nice enough to ask me to call on the great Marchesa. I am overjoyed at the prospect of meeting the famous Ristori whom you have told me so much about. The ladies invited me to have tea with them, and I enjoyed the afternoon very much. Now my room is strewn with bundles, as the result of my purchases at the sale, though I was obliged to leave behind some of the loveliest sofa pillows I have ever seen, because I knew they simply would not go into my trunks, which are already rather crowded; but I tried to buy something from each of the schools, so that you may

have a better idea of the various kinds of work that are done in the different parts of Italy, as I know you are always so interested in all that pertains to women's work.

F. B. goes on his daily pilgrimage to-morrow to the Vatican, where he is making a special study of the Raphael stanze. I mean to go once or twice myself in the afternoon, but I do not allow anything to interfere with my musical mornings. I sing for an hour, with rests between, and then I study new music without singing, till lunch time. I have become much interested in the old Italian songs of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and I think you will be pleased with some that I shall sing for you when I return home.

I am a little tired, as we have had a rather eventful and exciting day so I shall say good-night.

## XXX

### To E. F. D. B.

THE ROMAN LENT

ROME, ITALY, March 9, 1905

*Dear M.:*

I HAD expected that in a city where His Holiness the Pope dwells, Lent would be most rigorously observed, and I had made up my mind that when the carnival gayeties were over, I must lead a quiet existence with my musical studies and occasional visits to my friends. But anyone who has lived in Rome knows that Lent is one of the most enjoyable, if not really gay seasons of the year. The balls, to be sure, are over and there is no dancing, but instead, the Roman matrons open the doors of their great palaces in the most hospitable way, and invite their friends to a series of what might be called Lenten evenings.

You remember I wrote you that the Countess Taverna had invited us to come to her Lenten receptions, which are the first to begin after Ash Wednesday, as she receives on Thursdays. Accord-

ingly, about half-past ten, we drove away from the hotel, down the Via del Tritone, on and on, leaving the new part of Rome altogether. The carriage turned into little by-ways and side streets, where only now and then a dim light flickered, and when at last the carriage passed through the little old Via Panico, and drove up the steep ascent, covered by the great stone portico, into the large court yard of the Palazzo Taverna, I said to F. B., "We have surely driven back to the middle ages." But my statement was quickly contradicted when we entered the long series of drawing rooms, which one might almost call the state apartments of the Countess. Many people had arrived before us, and at first I could not find the hostess, as there is no formal "receiving"; but one of the ladies in the first room through which we passed, told me that the Countess was in the next room, and we had not crossed the threshold, before she came to greet us. "How charming of you to come," she said smilingly, and she at once presented us to her husband, the Count, who is a man of great wealth and position, and a Senator in the parliameut of Italy. To F. B.'s delight, he spoke English fluently, and the two were soon deep in politics, while the charming Countess introduced me to a great many people, and spared no pains to make my even-

ing most delightful and agreeable, I had rather dreaded to go, as I feared I might not know many people, but my fears were soon dispelled by the thoughtfulness and courtesy of the Countess. I happened to wear an Irish lace dress, and the Countess was much interested in the pattern of it, for she intends having the little girls in her school taught to make the Irish lace as well as the beautiful filet, about which I have written you. I have never seen anywhere a more charming hostess than the Countess Taverna. She makes no effort in receiving, but she is ever mindful of the happiness of each and every one of her guests. She always seems to introduce the right people to one another, and has that rare gift of saying the right thing to everybody. She is one of the best proofs of your favorite saying, "Blood will tell," for she belongs to the illustrious family of the Buoncompagni-Ludovisi, and before her marriage was the Princess Piombino.

Both branches of the family come from Bologna, and they have given two Popes to the Vatican; Ugo Buoncompagni, a learned doctor of the University of Bologna (and the instructor of such men as Alessandro Farnese and St. Charles Borromeo), who became Pope Gregory XIII in 1572. It was he who revised the calendar by striking out leap year at

the close of each century except the fourth. This Buoncompagni Pope was thoroughly competent to administer the affairs of the great position, both judicially and politically. He was a very kindly person, but he abhorred the thought of any one trying to arrogate an influence over him as the cardinals so often used to do. He was a great lover of splendor and magnificence, and spent enormous sums on his Papal Court, though he also did much to spread the growth of the Church through missionaries. He was indirectly connected with the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and was always in constant fear of war with the Turks and the heretics. Gregory XV belonged to the other branch of the family of Ludovisi, the estates and titles of which came into the Buoncompagni family through marriage. Alessandro Ludovisi also came from Bologna, and was made Pope under the name of Gregory XV in 1623. To him is due the founding of the College of the Propaganda Fide, an establishment for the propagation of the Roman Catholic Faith, where pupils of different nationalities are educated as missionaries. In an old record of the election of the Popes, I read, "In the election of Gregory XV the operation of the Holy Spirit was made manifest, for Borghese, who had the command of six more votes

than were required to make the Pope at his own pleasure, had resolved to have Campori elected, but three of his creatures dissenting, and other obstacles afterwards arising, he was induced to nominate his creature, Ludovisi, but more by the instigation of others than by his own inclination." Gregory XV was a protector of the Capuchins, and inclined also to be rather favorable to the Jesuits, though as the account runs, "He took recourse to the Jesuit Fathers with a wary confidence."

One of the Countess's brothers is Prince Piombino, another Prince Venosa, and another Prince Luigi Buoncompagni, while her sister, the Princess Pallavicini is one of the most distinguished *grandes dames* of Italy.

The Countess, her sister-in-law, the Princess Venosa, and her sister just mentioned, are both Ladies-in-Waiting to Her Majesty, Queen Margherita. Because she is patrician, because she is beautiful, cultured and rich, she is simplicity itself in her bearing and manners.

These receptions are distinctly a Roman institution; the young people usually all gather in one room, and have general good times together, playing games or just chatting in groups. Many of the men also gather in groups and discuss the affairs of

the day, while the ladies, all in full evening dress and magnificent jewels, move about from one room to another, talking to their various friends; and with the elegant and richly furnished rooms as a background, the whole scene is very effective. Usually these receptions are preceded by a dinner which the hostess gives to her more intimate friends, and people are coming and going all the evening. The Countess, knowing that I was a comparative stranger, took me all about, showed me her beautiful Giulio Romano pictures, and told me how she had bought this famous palace from a member of the Orsini family some ten or fifteen years ago.

How can I tell you of all the people I have met these last few months, many of whom I already feel as if I knew quite well, so exceptionally kind and hospitable have these Roman ladies been to me. Last night I had a long talk with the Marchesa Cappelli, a niece of the famous Baron Hirsch. She speaks English, French and German, and I do not know how many more languages, all with perfect ease, and is devoted to music. She lives in the great Torlonia palace, and I have promised to sing at her reception next Wednesday.

Scarcely an American did we see, though lovely Mrs. Thomas McKean, looking as if she had stepped

from some old Master's canvas, was there with her husband, and I had a few moments' pleasant talk with her. Had I not known who she was, I might have thought her an Italian, her hair is so black and her eyes so dark and brilliant, quite after the Sicilian type. She dresses exquisitely in colors and gowns that set off her beauty to great advantage, and she has been greatly admired here during the winter. The only other American whom we met was Miss Broadwood, who has lived with her family in Italy so long, that she is practically an Italian, and whose beautiful sister has married into the Ruspoli family.

Among the men, the tall straight figure of the Duke of Sermoneta was quite conspicuous, and among the younger women, the Duchess Visconti di Modrone carried off the honors for grace and beauty. You will say that the word "beauty" pervades my letters, but my dear, the word "beauty" pervades all Italy, and it is especially applicable to most of the Italian women, so if I describe things as they are, I must tell you that they are beautiful, or exquisite, or lovely, until the dictionary invents more words to express the same idea.

The Countess presented me to Her Highness, the Princess Malcolm Khan, wife of the Minister from Persia to the Quirinal, who was orientally resplen-

THE PRINCESS D'ANTUNI

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dent in black velvet and many diamonds. Another most distinguished woman present, was the Countess della Somaglia, who, before her marriage, was one of the Doria Princesses, and who also has delightful Lenten evenings at home; there were many, many others that I cannot take the time to write you about.

Before we knew it, it was after twelve o'clock, and people began to take their leave. The Countess bade us good-night, only after making us promise that we would come again next week, and I assure you it was not a difficult promise to make, for we had spent such a very pleasant evening.

. . . . . .

Another one of the very fine palaces is that of the Del Drago family, presided over by the dainty Princess d'Antuni, whose Lenten receptions are very brilliant and animated, like the hostess. The main hall or gallery of the palace is very long and beautifully decorated with frescoes by Zucchero. After I finished singing the other evening at one of these receptions, the Princess took me all about, showing me her famous paintings by Murillo, Guido Reni, and numerous other great masters. The Princess before her marriage had the pretty name of Elika Potenziani, the family came from Bologna and her title was

Princess San Mauro. She reminds one of a dainty bit of Dresden china, with her very light hair, blue eyes and exquisite pink and white coloring. People often seem surprised that Italians do not all have black hair and dark eyes, but as a matter of fact, there are a great many blondes.

In the dining room of this Palazzo del Drago, there is as fine a fire-place as I remember to have seen in any of the châteaux in Touraine; the buffet was very elaborate and the table set with gold plate. It was so interesting to me to see this old feudal palace, with its high ceiling, magnificent fire-places and many other things, which spoke of a time long gone by, perfectly lighted in the most modern and effective way with electricity. The people also who were moving about in these grand old rooms were dressed in the very latest Paris fashion, but I felt that if I rubbed my eyes and looked again more closely, I should see the stiff white ruffs, and the puffed sleeves of the costumes of the day to which the palaces belonged.

The Princess is very fond of music, and showed her appreciation of my singing by taking special pains to have me meet a great many of her friends; later in the evening she took me into her own boudoir, where she showed me her most extensive musical

library. She is very young and beautiful, but with it all very accomplished, as so many of the fashionable Italian women seem to be. She speaks four or five languages with perfect fluency, and while her gowns are always perfect and she is very fond of dancing (her balls are famous), she can talk most interestingly with any one on art, history, literature or politics, as the case may be. It is a pleasant and striking feature of the society here in Rome, that the women are so extremely well educated. Of course, they have many advantages in Rome that are not easily had elsewhere, for all the world comes here sooner or later, and the society is most cosmopolitan, giving ample opportunity for practice in various languages. Naturally, they know art, because the great masters, whom we study about at home, have spent much of their lives in decorating the palaces in which these women have been brought up. They know history, for their families have made it, and they, one and all, have a charm of manner that I think is peculiar to the Italian woman.

The American women who have married in Italy have also made themselves very much beloved, and contrary to the general belief, many of them have been married not for their money, but for their personal charm and sweetness of character. One instance I

know of especially, where an American girl, who had not a penny of dot, married one of the richest Italian nobles in Rome, and now presides most gracefully over two or three palaces and castles.

So far as I know, the marriages of our American girls with Italian noblemen have been, for the most part, very happy, and it is generally conceded that the Italians make excellent husbands and fathers.

We went, the other evening to the lovely palace of the Princess Venosa, of whom I have written you before. Her receptions are exclusive and quiet, but very delightful, and her drawing rooms are invariably decorated with wonderful flowers, sent from her villa at Albano. I have never in all my life seen such carnations as filled the vases on the table at the Princess's reception the other evening. Mr. Lawson's "glorious pink" would seem tiny beside these wonderful Venosa carnations that seemed to be in all colors and all shades. All about were the largest camellia plants I have ever seen, reaching to the high ceilings and covered with blossoms,—in fact, all the flowers were gigantic of their kind, and I was told that the Venosa greenhouse carries off most of the prizes at the horticultural shows each year.

THE MARCHESE CAPPELLI

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Colonel and Mrs. Lamb, who, by the way, is a very attractive English woman, have also had some charming afternoons at home, and their apartment in the Piazza dell'Indipendenza is effectively decorated with many tiger skins, trophies of the Colonel's hunting during his service in India. At present the Colonel is the British Military Attaché here in Rome.

The Princess Poggio Suasa, née Curtis, of New York, has a very pretty apartment just across the street from us; we have enjoyed her evenings at home extremely, for she is much liked, and all the world goes to her Friday evenings. Her charming sister, the Marquise de Talleyrand, is here now with the Princess. She is a great traveler and one hears of her sometimes at her dear Chatsworth Club, then in New York, but she usually spends part of the winter in Rome, though directly you reach Paris in the spring, you are sure to see her in one of the best boxes at the opera. Somewhere in her trunks she has tucked away the "fairy seven-league boots," I am sure,—yet she is always so animated and gay that one cannot think of her as ever being tired.

* * * * * *

The Marchesa Cappelli receives on Wednesdays in the elegant Torlonia palace, and all Rome passes through her lovely drawing-rooms between three and seven. The Marchesa is one of the most popular women in Rome, and her friends are legion. I enjoyed singing for her immensely, for she had arranged everything so well, and afterward I was presented to His Eminence, Cardinal Mathieu, who had said to his hostess, "I wish to meet the nightingale." He is a very cultured Frenchman, fond of music and society, and goes about a great deal. The long music room of the Marchesa is hung with beautifully embroidered satin draperies, and when I exclaimed to her about them, she smilingly said, "Oh! I embroidered them all myself!" I asked her when she ever found the time, going about as she does to everything, but she laughed and said, "One always can find time for things one likes to do, and, of course, the Roman season does not begin until December or January." The other day at one of these afternoon receptions, a woman was lamenting that she had no time to see anything of her friends, because she was so busy rushing about from one engagement to another, and yet, she said, "In October, when we all have nothing to do but arrange our houses, we are each more cross than the other if

THE MARCHESA CAPPELLI

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anyone tries to visit us or interrupt the winter installation of our houses. If I should go to see anyone in October, I dare say they would receive me, but they would be very annoyed, and I presume I should feel the same."

At one of the Marchesa Cappelli's receptions I met the sister of His Excellency Signor Tittoni, the Marchesa Berardi, who is chaperoning her two pretty daughters everywhere this winter. She is handsome like her brother, and looks very much like him.

One of the distinguished women, whom we see everywhere, is Her Highness the Princess Ratibohr de Corvey, who has never left the continent, yet speaks English as well as you or I. Many of these women are brought up by English governesses and learn to speak English before their own tongue.

There are many more things I want to write you, but it is very late, so good night—for this time.

## XXXI

### To C. R.

Rome, Italy, March 10, 1905

*My dear C.:*

WE have been so very busy, and have been going about such a lot, that I really have not had time to write. Mrs. M. came in the other afternoon, and said we were getting much too frivolous; that we were not devoting nearly as much time as we should to visiting and studying the wonders of Rome. As a matter of fact, I suppose she is perfectly right, but when alluring invitations come from these fascinating Italian ladies, I cannot make up my mind to decline, wonders or no wonders. Rome has been here quite a while, but one never knows how long these lovely people will be here with their villas and castles calling them away every now and then to their feudal glory in the country.

Anyhow to-day, thanks to Mrs. Mozley, we have been properly serious and have seen many interesting

things in her enthusiastic company. We drove first to the American Cemetery, which is very near the Porta San Paolo. In 1825 this land was set apart for the burial of strangers, and a little chapel in Romanesque style was erected in 1898, at the west end of the cemetery. Many distinguished men and women, lovers of dear Italia, have been buried here, and while the place is called the "English and American Cemetery," it is too near the most cosmopolitan city in the world, not to be, in reality, cosmopolitan also. It is a very restful spot, from which one has lovely views, and as I stood under the lofty cypress trees that shade the place, I could quite understand Shelley's writing of the old cemetery just adjoining: "It might make one in love with death, to think one should be buried in so sweet a place." Poor Shelley's ashes are buried here, though his heart (the only part of his body not consumed by flames, when his remains were burned in the Bay of Spezia), is at Boscombe, England. John Keats, too, is buried here, and on his tomb one reads the pathetic line written by the poet himself, and placed on his grave-stone at his request: "Here lies one whose name was writ in water." John Gibson, the English sculptor, who died in Rome, in 1866, is also buried here. We pass his house in the Via Babuino, mornings, as we

walk down into the Piazza di Spagna. Goethe's son, too, lies here, and many others of many nations. Lovers of art all over the world come to great Rome to enjoy and study its treasures, and it seems only fitting that those whose life's thread is cut in this adored land, may find a suitable resting place together, near the city in which they have loved and labored.

Mr. Waldo Story has recently sculptured a lovely monument in memory of his wife who is buried here. It represents an angel kneeling at an altar in the attitude of weeping. The Genius of Grief, it is called, most appropriately, and Mrs. M. gave me one of the photographs that she has had especially taken of the monument, as there are none for sale.

When we came away we walked across the old cemetery to the Pyramid of Caius Cæstus Epulo, who died 12 years B. C. He was quite a personage, according to the inscription on the sides of the great tomb, a prætor, tribune of the people, etc., etc. We were anxious to enter the vault, so, after some persuasion, the workmen, who were making some slight restorations, consented, and with the aid of torches, we obtained a very fair view of the old frescoes in the little vaulted room about twenty feet long in the centre of the great Pyramid. In the middle ages,

this Pyramid was believed to be the tomb of Remus: and that reminds me, the other day when we went over to the Forum to brush up our memory a little (I 'm afraid it needed a good deal of renovating, there is so much in the Forum to remember and memories are so elusive at times), we did actually see the real tomb of Romulus, or at least, what the archæologists believe to be his tomb. The old classic writers refer to certain stones in the Forum, designated as the "niger lapis," which were supposed to mark an unlucky spot, because the Romans were thus reminded of the tomb of the founder of their city; and, according to the general belief, Romulus lay buried deep down under those black stones. Signor Boni, the indefatigable archæologist, who has literally dug up so much important knowledge in recent years, discovered, first, the "niger lapis," and then decided to investigate the supposed place of burial of Romulus. In the most skilful way, he has excavated around and under the black stones without displacing them at all, and lo and behold! he has found the most curious cone of yellowish tufa, and behind this, a tufa cippus in the shape of a truncated quadrangular pyramid. On the four faces this cippus bears an inscription in Greco-Archaic letters, the like of which has never been seen, and which as

yet no one has been able to decipher. All around have been found ashes, coals, bones of bulls and wild boars, that were brought there as votive offerings probably. Some of the bucchero vases that were used by the ancients for their tombs, and some little archaic brown statues in the Phœnician style, have also been discovered. Nobody really knows why all these things were put there, though I believe there is no question that they belong to the seventh century before Christ.

A lighted torch enabled us to see the markings more clearly and they are certainly very curious. Dear me! If we keep on we shall prove true all the fables of the olden times. Now that Dr. Schliemann has dug up Troy, and Signor Boni unearthed the tomb of Romulus, perhaps somebody will some day find Aladdin's Lamp.

But *retournons aux moutons*. Not content with all these interesting things, Mrs. M. set off in another direction and calmly announced to her courier that she wished to go over the house of Beatrice Cenci. "*Non è possibile, Signora,*" ("It is not possible"), he replied, "*la casa non è aperta al pubblico*" ("the house is not open to the public"). With a queer little determined smile, Mrs. M. closed the door of the carriage and repeated, "I wish to go

to the house of Beatrice Cenci," and the courier meekly mounted the box, and told the driver to go to the Palazzo Cenci-Bolognetti, which is situated in the Ghetto or Jewish quarter, near the Piazza Tartaruga.

On the way we talked over the story of poor, unhappy Beatrice, whose father was so wicked and cruel to her, that after struggling in vain to escape his indignities, she finally murdered him, with the help of her brother and step-mother. The Pope, Clement VIII, knowing the extenuating circumstances, said he would pardon the unfortunate girl, but another patricide was reported to him from an adjacent town, and he felt he must make an example; so poor Beatrice was executed with her two accomplices, September 11th, 1599, in front of Castel Sant' Angelo. We saw the gloomy dungeon where she was confined when we went over the Castello a few mornings ago, and near it was another where the celebrated goldsmith Benvenuto Cellini, who was such a valiant soldier, was also imprisoned. The artist, Guido Reni, is said to have been deeply in love with the young and beautiful Beatrice, and you remember his lovely portrait of her. As we are so near, we ran into the Gallery of the Barberini Palace to have a look at it yesterday, and saw also the one

of the step-mother by Gaetano. Beatrice certainly was lovely, but recent accounts take all the romance out of the story, and make her out quite a dreadful person.

All admission to the Palazzo Cenci was, as we expected, denied us, but Mrs. M., who was most persistent and persuasive, finally opened the doors with a little silver magic, and an old peasant woman calling, "*Venga, venga* (Come, come)," at every turn, showed us all about the house. It is an enormous old palace, cold and gloomy, and its feudal vastness seems a fitting place for the scene of such a fearful tragedy. We were shown the room where poor Beatrice lived, and her portrait forms part of the really fine frescoes on the wall, which to-day were singularly hung in the Swedish colors, as the room is used now for a Swedish club; the Cenci family, though still prominent in Rome, do not occupy this part of the palace now. If I remember correctly, one of the Lorrillard-Spencers of New York married a Cenci here.

The old peasant woman seemed quite delighted at our interest, and insisted on the other servants letting us look into the little room where Beatrice was confined after her crime, before she was taken to the dungeons in Castel Sant' Angelo; it was only as

large as a closet, but it was made to serve as a family kitchen, and amidst the pots and kettles hanging on the wall, we discovered as a sort of frieze a half broken bas-relief of fruits and flowers that seemed singularly appropriate, considering the present conditions and use of the room.

The archæologists tell us that the Cenci palace is built on the substructions of the theatre of Balbus, erected by L. Cornelius Balbus as a compliment to the Emperor Augustus, in 13 B. C., and since it was first built it has never been enlarged. What a city, or rather, layer of cities is the Rome of to-day! It has been said, that every period of civilization has left its mark in some way here, from the open, luxurious buildings of the intelligent, courageous Romans of pagan times, to the gloomy isolated fortresses of the feudal lords of the mediæval days.

On our way home we stopped at the Pantheon. This wonderful building was built by Agrippa, the son-in-law of Augustus, in 27 B. C., and was primarily intended as the sudatorium or sweating room of the great thermæ, or baths, with which it is connected. It is one of the grandest and most perfect productions of what is specifically called Roman architecture. It was so imposing after its completion, that the Romans felt, evidently, that this glori-

ous dome was more fitted for a temple for the gods than for man, and it was afterwards dedicated to Jupiter the Avenger. Pliny speaks of the Pantheon as "some of the finest works the world has ever beheld—the roofing of the Pantheon of Jupiter Ultor that was built by Agrippa." The building was repaired by Septimius Severus and Caracalla, and the statue of Jupiter, that was formerly in this temple, is now in the Hall of Busts in the Vatican museum; it is a copy of the famous Jupiter by Phidias. Of course the building has undergone many changes, and one has no idea, from the aspect of the Greek portico in front, of the wondrous structure behind, which is generally considered to be one of the greatest triumphs of the human mind over matter in connection with the law of gravity. Conflagrations, earthquakes, revolutions (and Rome has seen one hundred and fifty of them), even Time, have striven in vain to destroy this wonderful and unique structure.

As one enters the circular interior, the light effects produced by the great aperture in the centre of the dome—which is thirty feet in diameter—are so beautiful that many people in olden times believed that the temple derived its name of Pantheon from

THE PANTHEON OF AGRIPPA

its resemblance to the vaulted dome of heaven. Fluted columns of *giallo antico* (antique yellow marble) support the architrave, and it is interesting to see how successfully the *pavonnazetto* has been made to imitate the *giallo antico.* We can appreciate here how cleverly the Greeks were able to tint their marble without concealing the beauty and texture of the noble material itself.

In 609 A. D., Pope Boniface IV dedicated the Pantheon as a Christian church to all the martyrs, with the name of Sancta Maria ad Martyres, and at that time twenty-eight wagon loads of the bones of martyrs were brought here from the Catacombs. The beautiful bronze-gilt tiles of the roof were ruthlessly carried off to Constantinople by Emperor Constantine II, and the magnificent bronze cornice that encircles the aperture of the dome is the only part of the once magnificent bronze decorations of the interior of the building. You have heard the saying of Pasquino, "*Quod non fecerunt barbari, fecerunt Barberini*" ("What the barbarians did not, the Barberini have done"), and in 1632 Pope Urban VIII, one of the Barberini family, had the audacity to carry off the brazen tubes on which the roof rested, as well as other ancient bronze relics,

and had them melted up and made into columns for the canopy of the high altar at St. Peter's, and cannon for the fortress of Sant' Angelo.

Originally, the color effect of the marbles of the floor must have been very beautiful, though the sunken bases of the columns show that the original mosaic has been changed and raised in the course of time, but even now the color scheme is very effective, while due provision for the drainage of the water, which naturally must enter from the aperture at the top, is made without in any way injuring the effect of the pavement.

We were anxious to see something more of the baths of Agrippa, and as we clambered up the stone stairs leading from one side of the church, that we might get a better idea of the ruins, we came across, on a sort of landing shut in by shaky doors, the queerest old man acting as guard and guide to this part of the building. It was an extremely cold day—we were all tightly wrapped in our furs—but this old man sat quietly at a table working away with numerous cleverly arranged threads pinned on to a cushion before him and which he tied in regular and irregular knots. If you will believe it, all that he had to keep him warm was a small brazier of hot ashes, placed beside him; I cannot understand how

he was able to endure the cold. By tying and untying the threads in knots, he made the prettiest book-marks in very even patterns, with a patience that passed all understanding. I asked him where he had learned to make these pretty things, and he told me that when quite a little boy, an old aunt, who lived far away in a small town in the mountains, had taught him the work he was then doing. "In my old age, what I learned so long ago is my only means of support," he said. I bought one of his pieces of work that he said had taken him a week to make, and felt almost ashamed when I paid him his price of five francs. He told me that Queen Margherita had bought a great deal from him, and he seemed very grateful and appreciative of Her Majesty's kindness. We were shown all about the ruins, which are most interesting, although one gains a very imperfect idea of the baths, as so many of them are built into houses that the original structure cannot be altogether determined. But parts of the lovely frieze, ornamented with tridents, dolphins and other things suggestive of water and baths, have been skilfully replaced in their original position.

Our old guide showed us also the little private chapel where the Queen Mother and other members of the Royal family come to hear mass privately. It

is here that King Victor Emmanuel II and the late King Umberto I are buried. Early in January of each year there is held a great memorial service in the Pantheon, which is attended by Queen Margherita, Their Majesties, the King and Queen, all the Royal household, the diplomatic corps and the "Collars of the Annunziata." We saw the place where a beautiful monument is being erected to the late King, and we were, of course, interested in Raphael's Tomb, which bears the graceful epigram composed by Cardinal Bembo:

> "Ille hic est Raphael, timuit quo sospite vinci
> Rerum magna parens, et moriente mori."

The poet Pope has translated this as follows:

> "Living, great Nature feared he might outvie
> Her works; and, dying, fears herself to die."

On the altar at the left is the statue of the silver Madonna that is supposed to have wonderful curative powers. It was executed by Lorenzetto in accordance with Raphael's last will, and above the niche to the right of the altar is an epitaph, marking the burial place of Maria Bibbiena, Raphael's beloved, whom he made so famous in his paintings. It is here also that Ann. Carracci, Taddeo Zucchero, and

other famous men in the world of art are buried. Altogether, I think it is quite the most interesting place in Rome, for the Past and the Present seem to meet here and clasp hands, and the great Past seems to promise a great Future to the young united Italy of to-day. Certainly more valiant heroes and more ardent patriots cannot be found in the annals of old Rome than Victor Emmanuel II ("*Il Re Galantuomo*") and Umberto I. It was to this edifice, once a pagan temple, that the bones of the Christian martyrs were brought to consecrate the Christian church; and it seems probable that at a time, now not far distant, the Pope and the King may meet here in complete reconciliation. Certain it is that the Blacks are no longer so bitterly opposed to the young King and his rule as formerly, and I know one young man, who bears a famous name, who tells you with pride that two of his uncles belong to the College of Cardinals, yet, in the same breath, tells you that he himself is secretary in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs for His Majesty, the King. During the old days of the bitter strife between the Pope and the State, no person of White politics was ever seen at a party given by one of the Blacks and nothing could induce a member of a distinguished Black house to enter the doors of one of the King's adherents. But the old

days are passing away and only the old ruined castles in the mountains are left of the bitter suspicions of the feudal days, while the hatred of Guelfs for Ghibbellines is fast becoming a memory.

The resources of Italy are so great that, if the Italians can only follow dear old Benjamin Franklin, "and all hang together," they are bound to make a great and prosperous nation, for they have as a heritage one of the most glorious countries on the earth.

## XXXII

### To E. F. D. B.

Rome, Italy, March 11, 1905

*My dear M.:*

I hope you received my cable sending you my best birthday wishes. Best love, dear, always. I wish I could fly over seas and have a good birthday frolic with you.

Yesterday afternoon we took a long drive out by the barracks on the parade ground, past the road that leads to the Villa Madama, and came home by the way of the Ponte Molle (such an interesting old bridge). We turned into the road that leads to the spring of the Acqua Acetosa to see a motley throng filling bottles at the spring. The water is free to all who care to go for it, and as it is very soft, and good to drink, many poor people come out here with their little donkey carts, fill numbers of bottles, and peddle the water for one or two cents per bottle in the streets of Rome.

Before going home we stopped to see Mrs. Broad-

wood and her daughters, who have a very pretty apartment in the Piazza dell'Indipendenza.

Last evening we went to one of Mme. Düé's musical evenings. The Princess Solms Braunfels was delighted with my song by Lefèbre, "*Ici bas tous les lilas meurent.*" She said it was her favorite poem and made me sing it two or three times over. Lilly very kindly played my accompaniments.

The Crown Princess of Sweden is passing a few days in Rome, and her Lady-of-Honor was there last night. She had to leave early, she said, as she had much correspondence to attend to for Her Highness. Baronne Von Bildt, the wife of the Minister from Sweden to England, was there also; I like her very much, and have enjoyed going to her receptions which are always delightful. Her husband was formerly Minister to Italy, and she is so devoted to Rome, that she comes here in the winter as often as she can. She has such a pretty little daughter, who speaks seven languages, though she is only twelve years old.

Mr. Düé kindly played for us last evening, a young German nobleman played an interesting sonata on the violin, accompanied by his wife, and altogether we had a fine "musical good time."

## XXXIII

### To T. C. B.

Rome, Italy, March 17, 1905

*My dear P.:*

I AM afraid you will think my letters are rather infrequent of late, but the fact is, we have been so extremely busy, people have been doing so much for us, and our good times have been so numerous, that I really have not had a moment when I could write you a satisfactory letter.

Yesterday we had the good fortune to be invited by the daughter of Prince Massimo to attend the yearly festival given at the Palazzo Massimo, on March 16th, in commemoration of the miracle performed in the palace in 1583 by St. Filippo Neri.

From a fragment of the "Bull" issued by Pope Urban XIII, dated A. D. 1623, at the time of the canonization of Filippo Neri, I have the following account given me by the Prince, that was taken from the life of the saint, by P. Giacomo Bacci, a priest of the congregation of the Oratorio di Roma, an order founded by St. Filippo.

Prince Fabrizio Massimo, having five daughters, was very anxious for a son and heir. Accordingly, he asked Filippo Neri, the priest of the family, to add his prayers that a son and heir might be born to the house of Massimo, and Filippo consented providing the child should be named as he might dictate. In due time a son was born and christened Paolo by the holy father, and soon after the birth of the boy, the Princess, his mother, died. At the age of fourteen Paolo was taken ill with a fever, but he bore his sufferings with such patience that Germanica Fedeli offered to exchange his health for the sufferings of the invalid, but the holy Paolo, confessing each day to the priest, Filippo, refused to cure himself at the expense of another's health. His fever grew worse and he became weaker daily, so that the holy father Filippo, begged the family to acquaint him at once with any change in the invalid's condition. At the time that the messenger tried to approach the priest to notify him of the boy's sinking condition, the holy man was saying mass, and therefore could not be interrupted. When at last the mass was finished, and the holy father learned of the serious turn that the illness of the boy had taken, he hastened to the palace, only to find Paolo dead. Shutting himself in the room with the

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dead boy, he prayed for some time, sprinkled the body with holy water and called to him twice in a loud voice, "Paolo, Paolo!" At the sound of the saint's voice, the boy opened his eyes as if awakening from a sleep, and responded, "Father, I have forgotten one sin which I wish to confess." The holy father absolved him from his sin, and the family entered the door to find the boy returned to life. Paolo quietly answered many questions in regard to his dead mother and sister, and on being asked, if he had departed this life willingly, answered in the affirmative. The holy father repeated the question, "Do you willingly die," and the boy responded that he was anxious to join his mother and his sister in Paradise. Therefore, the holy father gave him the benediction of the church, and said to him, "Go and be blessed and pray to God for me." Thereupon, with a smiling countenance and without any further movement, the boy fell back quietly into the arms of the holy father and was dead. This last scene took place in the presence of his father, Fabrizio, his two sisters, the nun St. Martha, Violante Santa Croce, his stepmother, and the domestic who attended him in his illness, called Francesca.

All Rome believes devoutly in this miracle and from the crowds at the palace inside and out, I think

all Rome, poor and rich, great and small, came to honor the Saint's memory.

St. Filippo Neri was born in Florence in 1515, and was adopted by a wealthy uncle as his heir, but being devoutly inclined, he secretly went to Rome to study theology and canon law. He distributed his property to the poor in 1538, and became one of the most popular priests of Rome, beloved by rich and poor alike. He seems to me a most interesting personality, and far more attractive than his associate Ignatius Loyola, who founded the famous Jesuit Order in 1541. St. Filippo founded the Order of Priests of the Oratory a little later (in 1575), with the approval of Gregory XIII, the magnificent Buoncampagni Pope. He died May 26th, 1595, and on this day of every year, a festival is held in the Chiesa Nuova, erected by him for the order that he founded, and every Sunday after the Ave Maria, from November first to Palm Sunday, concerts of sacred music, to which only men are admitted, are given in the Oratorium, in memory of the Saint's great fondness of music, and his belief in that cheerful form of divine service. Beneath the altar of the small and sumptuous chapel of St. Filippo Neri repose the Saint's remains, and above is the portrait of the saint

in mosaic, after the original painting by Guido Reni, which is preserved in the adjoining monastery.

In commemoration of the St. Filippo miracle, the room in which Paolo was brought to life was converted into a most beautiful chapel, and a mass is said there each morning of the year; but on the 16th of March, as the anniversary of the miracle, a regular festival takes place. The chapel is thrown open to the public, as well as the stairways of the palace leading to it, from five in the morning until six or seven in the evening, and during that time continual masses are said before the high altar, to the accompaniment of sacred music. The chapel is endowed with the full privileges of a public church, and has received the special blessing and indulgences of many Popes. At the side of the entrance, marble tablets commemorate the personal visits of three Pontiffs; Benedict XIII, Gregory XVI, and Pius IX, who came twice to the chapel and presented it with very beautiful and costly altar candles, while Leo XIII gave the statue of St. Filippo in the chapel the same blessing as the statue of St. Peter in St. Peter's. The chapel is richly ornamented with marble columns, and along the side of the walls are arranged wrought iron standards, for innumerable

old brass reliqueurs, which contain innumerable relics of various saints. These wrought iron supports, made in the Gothic style of the fifteenth century, under the direction of Professor Ludovico Seitz, as well as the beautiful mosaic pavement of the chapel, were placed here by the present Prince in 1883, on the occasion of the three-hundredth anniversary of the miracle. At that time, Prince Carlo had a medal struck in commemoration of the anniversary. It was executed by Professor Francesco Bianchi, and represented on one side the saint bringing back the young Prince, and on the other an inscription regarding the anniversary. The Prince was kind enough to present me with a reproduction of this medal, and seeing that I was especially interested in the chapel and the palace, he invited me to come to the palace with F. B. a few days after the festival, in order that I might see all the relics more carefully, and obtain a more complete knowledge of the strange story of St. Filippo and the palace. I was very glad of this invitation, for on the day of the Saint's festival, there were so many people going up and down the stairs of the great palace, and such a large crowd in the little chapel itself that it was almost impossible to see anything thoroughly. The day of the festival the Prince's daughter received the special friends of the family in her

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PRINCE MASSIMO

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large and beautiful apartments on the second floor of the palace, and only those were allowed to enter these rooms from the stairway who had cards of invitation. It was with great difficulty that we reached the apartments of the Countess at all, and it was only through the help of one of the public *gens d'armes* in attendance, that we ever made our way up the stone stairway thronging with pushing, eager people. On presenting of our card of invitation, however, we were at once shown into the large ante-room, leading to the Countess's apartments. We tried to reward our rescuer, but modern Italy is not to be paid for services, and with a profound bow the officer made his way back down the stairs. At the door we gave our cards of invitation to one of the flunkies, and I noticed the unusual elegance of the Massimo liveries; dark crimson coats bordered with braid, in which the family arms are woven, pale blue waist-coats, crimson plush knee breeches, and white silk stockings, with powdered hair.

The pretty Countess received us cordially, and her father, the Prince, presented us with a copy of the story of St. Filippo and showed us all about the apartments which contain some very interesting and beautiful things. The portrait of the Prince's mother, Maria Gabriella, born Princess of Savoia-Carignano,

was particularly lovely, and the other morning, when we came to see the chapel again, the Prince showed us a beautiful altar piece, painted by his mother on white velvet, and we went afterward to see her monument in the church of San Damaso.

Although the Prince is called in Rome the Black Prince, because of his extremely black politics and devotion to the Papal cause, he is nevertheless a cousin of the King, since his mother belonged to the Royal House of Savoy, and his wife is of equally distinguished lineage, being a daughter of the Duchess of Berry, by her second husband, Prince Lucchesi Palli. She, too, had given a most beautiful example of her handiwork to the chapel in the shape of an altar carpet, made of white crochet work in wool and embroidered in flowers. Seven beautiful gold chalices inlaid with rubies, amethysts and enamel in the style of the fifteenth century, as well as crystal candle sticks and wonderful pieces of lace, originally belonging to Louis XVI, and some bronze altar candle holders from England, are among the treasures of this chapel. The father of the present Prince, I am told, was especially fond of English people. Both the Countess and the Prince were very kind and patient in explaining all these things to me, and in a room which opens out of the ante-

chamber, they showed me the most wonderful collection of old ivory that I have ever seen; perhaps the most extraordinary piece was a sceptre belonging to Augustus III, King of Poland, who was the great-great-great-grandfather of the present Prince.

The Massimo family is one of the most illustrious of Italy, and claims to be descended from Fabius Maximus; on one of the family tombstones, that of Leone Massimo, who died the 23d of April, 1012, and was buried on the Aventine Mound, this descent is traced. But dating even from that time, his family numbers twenty-seven uninterrupted generations, and their palace, called the Palazzo Massimo alle Colonne, is one of the most interesting mediæval structures in Rome. It was the *chef d'œuvre* of Baldassarre Peruzzi, who died in 1536, before its completion. The arch-shaped front of the palace was dexterously made to fill the curve of the original narrow street, called the Via Massimo, but all is changed, and the stern-looking palace now looks down upon the new street of the Corso Vittorio Emmanuele, which has ruthlessly done away with many small streets and traverses Rome from end to end with electric car tracks down the centre. But the palace is still very striking in effect, and on the day of the festival the

pillars of the front of the house are hung with silken draperies on which are painted scenes from the life of St. Filippo, while on all the windows of the first floor are placed the old mediæval iron torch holders; and you feel, as you enter the palace and go about the rooms where so many old and curious things are to be seen, that you have stepped from the twentieth century back into the fifteenth, though the clang of the electric cars bridges over the seeming discrepancy in time. The room in which the Countess received is hung with red brocade, consequently, everybody chatted with everybody else in a most animated way. Have you ever noticed that red makes people talk? It seems to act on people's tongues as on a bull's temper, and I have noticed many times, where there is more than one receiving room at a reception, no one will stay anywhere but in the red room, if there is one. The ceiling of this particular room is very elaborate with the combined arms of Massimo and Savoy carved in the centre, while on the walls there are many fine pictures by Giulio Romano, and his school. In the midst of all this resplendent mediævalism was a modern, up-to-date tea-table, on which all sorts of "goodies" were arranged in pretty modern silver dishes, and a cup of tea was, I assure you,

most welcome after the struggle up and down the stairs to and from the chapel.

The son of the House, Prince of Arsoli, married the daughter of Princess Brancaccio, who, you remember, was Miss Field, of Chicago. In the days of the temporal power of the Pope, the Princes of the House of Massimo were always among those nearest to His Holiness, and the picture that I am sending you shows the present Prince in his robes as a Noble Patrician Roman Prince. I hope some day you may be with me here in Rome on the occasion of this festival of San Filippo Neri, because I am sure, you would be very much interested in the many unusual and wonderful things one can see only on that day.

## XXXIV

## To E. F. D. B.

### THE LAST HUNT OF THE SEASON

ROME, ITALY, March, 23, 1905

*My dear M.:*

WE have just come in from the last hunt of the season, and a very pretty and brilliant sight it was, too. All winter long there has been a meet, once, and generally twice a week. The Italians are quite English in their fondness for following the hounds, and the broad Campagna makes an ideal hunting-ground. The meets are usually held some two or three miles out of Rome, and the riders and their friends drive out in carriages, their fine English hunters being taken by their grooms. It is one of the sights of Rome, to see these meets and hundreds of people go out each time to look on. This morning the road lay past the Colosseum and three or four miles out on the Appian way. Innumerable carriages, from landaus to governess carts, hurried along the road, making a fearful dust. Carriage after carriage filled with

# THE MEET

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gayly uniformed officers hurried by us, their orderlies following mounted, and leading their officers' hunters. Such a mêlée of carriages, people, horses and grooms, I have never seen, as were collected around the entrance way to the immense field from which the start was to be made. The riders were hurrying about giving last instructions to their grooms, hunting for friends, and, once mounted, they followed the master-of-the-hounds, forming part of the little procession that moved slowly up and down the field, for the benefit of the photographers who came out from Rome. A good deal more than an hour was consumed in getting ready, but when the field was really all mounted, a more lovely picture you can scarcely imagine. All the gentlemen were in their pink coats, which are always so picturesque, and the bright uniforms of the Italian officers added much to the usual gayety of the ordinary hunting scene. A great many ladies here ride, and this morning several of the American women had exceptionally fine mounts.

You remember about my speaking of the Marchesa Casati with her lovely gowns and jewels, but I forgot to say then, that she is one of the finest horsewomen in Italy. I am sending you a little picture that shows her in her long leopard-skin coat, just as

she rode out in her carriage to the meet before mounting. Many of the women use their large fur automobile coats for this purpose, as it is apt to be very cold driving out, and later they are doubly welcome when the hunt is over, for the drive back into Rome. Many of the jumps are extremely difficult and one must be a very good rider to attempt to follow at all.

The on-lookers ran down to see the horses take the first wall, and most of them did it splendidly. It was very warm this morning, and I believe there are to be no more meets this season, though this was the most brilliant of the year. Near the place of starting, there is often a tent put up, where sandwiches and wine may be had, either by those riding or by those who come to look on. As it was 3 o'clock when we started towards home, we were glad to avail ourselves of this impromptu buffet.

Just before we left for home, I had a little chat with Mrs. Mocatta, who was looking particularly chic this morning in a light gray tailor-made, and she had a large veil, so arranged about her hat and hair that both were perfectly protected from the dust, while she managed to make it very becoming as well. I tried to see how it was done, but I don't

THE HUNT ACROSS THE CAMPAGNA

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think I succeeded, though I heartily wished I had my head as well protected on the drive home.

Baron Morpurgo came up for a hasty good morning, as he was looking for his hunter. He is one of the best horsemen and finest riders in the country, I am told. He looked extremely well this morning; I think the pink coat is becoming to all men. Presumably, if I come back next year, I shall try and get a good hunter for the season, though, if you were here, you would carry off all the honors of the family. I did so wish you were with me yesterday, for you would have enjoyed seeing the bright red coats and uniforms galloping over the Campagna. The impressions of such a modern, up-to-date scene in contrast with the old ruined aqueducts and towers seemed incongruous; yet, it was all very picturesque, and as a back-ground we always have here the beautiful snow-capped mountains in the distance, which add, of course, so much to the grandeur of the landscape.

Just as we drove out of the field to return to Rome, our driver turned sharply to one side to let the Marchese Guglielmi's stunning four-in-hand go by. The Marquis was driving himself, and had some

very pretty girls on the coach with him. We thought the dust going out pretty bad, but we felt as if we should be simply buried up by it coming home. Automobile after automobile dashed by us, "wrapping us in dust," as our Japanese friends would say. Numerous people bowed as they passed, and I nodded blindly in return, for it was impossible to distinguish anybody clearly, as there seemed to be a regular sandbank between us.

On Tuesday we are going to call on the Countess Gianotti, who lives in the famous old Colonna Palace. She is a charming woman and I shall write you about her later. We are in a great hurry, so you must not mind a short letter this time.

*Later.*

We had a pleasant afternoon at Mme. Ohyama's reception. Just as we arrived Baronne Colucci was driving away. We went to see her the other day in her pretty villa just outside the Porta Pia, where I told you so many new villas are being built. Everything at the Japanese Embassy is very elegant, and Mme. Ohyama has the same charming politeness for

which all the Japanese are famous. His Excellency talked with F. B. a good deal about the war in a very modest way, considering the wonderful success Japan has had on every side. Mme. Ohyama, except for her beautiful Japanese hair, might have stepped from a French fashion plate, and she is one of the many Japanese women I have seen who are thoroughly successful with European clothes.

We returned early to the hotel, and F. B. found a package of his adored New York Tribunes (there is no getting him away from them when they arrive, as they do in installments three or four times a week), so we hardly got to Mrs. George Lee's dinner at the Grand Hotel in time. She had some friends from New York dining with her, and her daughter, who is soon to make her debut, is going about quite a little in Rome. Mrs. L. is an Italian, you know, but has not been in Italy for twenty years, and speaks Italian with a slight American accent; she is a very pretty woman, and looks quite as young as her daughter. It has seemed very nice to see some one from Boston.

I spent a pleasant afternoon recently with Donna Bice and Countess Taverna at the former's palace, which is quite new, and very elegant. The Countess

had thoughtfully arranged to have the directress of her lace-school come from Milan to make sure that any orders I might wish to give should be executed exactly to my wishes. Nothing could be more lovely than the courtesy of these Italian ladies, and we had a nice, cosy time together discussing the laces over tea.

THE GALLERY OF THE COLONNA PALACE

## XXXV

### To E. F. D. B.

Rome, Italy, March 29, 1905

*My dear M.:*

IN my last letter, I wrote you that I was going to call on the Countess Gianotti, so on Tuesday, when she receives, we drove to the great Colonna palace in the Piazza S. Apostoli. The Countess received us very pleasantly and, among others, presented us to her niece, the pretty Miss Patterson, whom I have spoken of before in my letters. As we are both young and both Americans, everyone has taken it for granted that we knew each other, but, as a matter of fact, we had never met till yesterday. I was glad to have a little talk with her, for I have admired her all winter. I wish all American girls had as perfect and charming manners as Miss P.

The Countess' sunny apartments are large and elegant, and I was much interested in the great picture of the battle of Custoza, about which I have often read. It represents a scene of the famous battle

where Count Gianotti saved the life of his Prince, who became afterwards King Umberto I. Count G. is the central figure, and is represented in the act of rallying the retreating Italian soldiers to the defence of their Prince.

Custoza is a little village in the Province of Verona, near the town of Villafranca, and has been the scene of two bloody, unfortunate battles for the Italians in their struggle against Austria. On July 25th, 1848, the Italians were defeated; on the same ill-fated battle-ground, in 1866, they were again worsted by their old enemy, though not completely defeated, and it was on this occasion that Victor Emmanuel took for the first time his two sons, Umberto and Amedeo, with him to battle. There was fierce fighting on both sides, and once during the battle Prince Umberto found himself almost entirely surrounded by Austrians. He was in danger of being killed or taken prisoner when Count Gianotti, riding suddenly up and discovering the danger of his Prince, called loudly to the broken ranks of the Italian soldiers to rally, and save their Prince and the honor of his house. The soldiers at once responded to the call of their valiant officer, rushed forward, drove back the Austrians, and Prince Umberto's life was saved. That the Count's heroism and valor was duly appreciated is

HIS EXCELLENCY COUNT GIANOTTI

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attested by a touching inscription of gratitude written by King Umberto himself, in the margin of the famous picture.

"Al Capitano Conte Caesare Gianotti
Ricordo di Villafranca il 24 Giugno, 1866,
Il suo affezionatissimo compagno d'armi
Umberto di Savoia."

"To Captain Count Caesar Gianotti
In memory of Villafranca the 24th of June, 1866,
His very affectionate comrade in arms
Umberto di Savoia."

On a table just below is a small bronze bust of the late King, which Queen Margherita, the Countess told me, brought with her own hands as a gift to her, after King Umberto's death.

When Royal visitors come to Italy, much of the responsibility of their entertainment falls upon Count Gianotti, who is Prefect of the Palace of the King and Grand Master of Ceremonies. They must have found the Count as clever an entertainer as he is a valiant soldier, for in a fine old Louis XVI cabinet in the corner of the drawing room, the Countess pointed out to me several exquisite boxes, ornamented with miniatures of the German Emperor, and elegantly set with diamonds and other precious stones. Italy has long enjoyed friendly relations with Prussia;

the German Emperor is very fond of Rome, and has presented these various boxes to Count Gianotti on the occasions when he has visited here. On another table is a set of the finest Sèvres figures I remember to have seen. This set was given to Count Gianotti by President Loubet of France, on the occasion of his recent visit to the King of Italy; it is a very singular coincidence that Louis XIV of France gave an exact duplicate of this set to Cardinal Colonna many hundred years ago, which is still in the same Colonna palace, although in another apartment.

Quite the most lovely picture the Countess has on her walls, to my way of thinking, is the portrait of her two daughters by Gulli. The elder is now married to Count Balbis, but Marcella, the younger, who is extremely pretty, helped her mother to receive yesterday. The Countess had planned for a little musicale for me, but invitations for a dinner to be given by Their Majesties the King and Queen, in honor of the "Collars of the Annunziata," to which the Count and Countess were bidden, necessitated a postponement. But the Countess seemed so much disappointed at not having heard me sing at all, that I said I would sing a few ballads for her then and there. As you know, the Countess is an American woman (née Franklin Kinney) and she was quite de-

HER EXCELLENCY THE COUNTESS GIANOTTI

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lighted to hear "Ben Bolt," "Coming Through the Rye," and a few others of the old-time songs. After we had gone back and were having tea, and she had showed me a picture of her little grandchild, she asked if I would mind repeating one or more of the ballads before I went away; "It is so long since I have heard them," she said, "and I think Americans always love them."

The Countess has beautiful jewels and looks most distinguished and elegant on all occasions. She is very charming to her own countrywomen who come to Italy, and has a wonderful way of receiving a number of people who all speak different languages. She makes flying translations in three or four tongues from one person to another, with so much ease and grace and with so little apparent effort, that everybody feels that they are taking part in the conversation and having a most delightful time. Although she has lived so long in Italy, and has been in Court life so much, she is very kind and thoughtful about explaining little points of etiquette or custom to her American friends. Indeed, she does us credit in every way and America should be properly proud of her.

The Colonna palace in which she lives, like so many of these great Roman palaces, was built by

pulling down ancient monuments. The Colonna Pope, Martin V, made possible all this magnificence, and the gallery is one of the finest rooms in Rome. It is two hundred feet long, and is decorated most elaborately by mirrors, chandeliers, statues, many famous paintings, and an immense amount of the gilded carved work of which the Italians are so fond. Like many of these Roman palaces, it looks nothing but a great pile of stones on the outside, and numbers of shops occupy the lower part of the front of the palace, which opens out on the square of the Apostoli.

The greater part of the sculptures in this gallery were found in the ancient excavations of Boville, which was on the Colonna estate, near Marino. There are a great many lovely pictures here; an authentic and beautiful portrait of the famous Vittoria Colonna, always the friend and patron of art, Rubens's Assumption, others by Tintoretto, Ghirlandaio and Spagnoletto, numerous Van Dykes, and a wonderful portrait of Maria Mancini, the wife of Lorenzo Colonna, by Gaspare Netscher. Beside this great hall, there is the room called the Throne-room, for it was formerly the custom in all princely Roman houses to have a special hall destined to receive the Pope, in the event of His Holiness coming to visit

THE COUNTESS BALBIS AND DONNA MARCELLA GIANOTTI

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the family. The arm-chair that was to serve as the temporary throne for His Holiness, was always turned toward the wall to show that it was only for the Pope's use.

The present Prince Don Marcantonio Colonna has had two beautiful carved frames made for two documents that belonged to the great Marcantonio Colonna II. One set is especially interesting, as it contains the nautical chart that is supposed to have been used by him in the great battle of Lepanto, in 1571. You remember the famous painting we have seen of this battle in Venice. The Colonna have always been one of the most powerful families in Italy, and disputed the territory and complete domain of the Roman Campagna for centuries, with the Orsini and Caetani families. Throughout the Middle Ages their constant warfare deluged the surrounding country with blood; but to-day all is peace, and the Throne room has become a show room only, though down to the present day the Colonna family is one of the most popular and richest of Italy. It was in the court yard of this palace, where the huge horses with their gigantic leaders, that form a part of the great fountain in the square of the Quirinal, were found with the names of Praxiteles and Phidias on their pedestals.

On leaving the Countess, we went to call on Miss Fielder, an attractive Englishwoman, whose engagement to Count Campello, the admired and cultured President of our Dante Alighieri Society in Boston, has just been announced. Miss F. has lived in Rome a great many years, and hearing that I knew Count Campello, she asked me to come and see her. Her address gave a number in the Piazza di Spagna that we recognized at once as our banker's. We did n't quite understand, but obeyed directions and drove there, feeling that we must have made some mistake. On entering the doorway, the concierge said, "*Si, Signora, è qui la Signorina Fielder, ma è meglio prendere l'ascensore*" ("Yes, my lady, it is here that Miss Fielder lives, but you had better take the elevator"). With that, she directed us around the corner to the great elevator that takes people to the Trinità from the Piazza. Bewildered, we went as we were bidden, meekly repeating Miss Fielder's name to the gruff man in the elevator. "*Entrata, Eccellenze,*" he said; "*è qui*" ("it is here"). When we were apparently in mid air, and only part way up to the Trinità, the elevator stopped, and the man motioned for me to get out. I hesitated, for I could only step out on the roof of a house. "*Ma si, è qui*" ("Yes, it is

here"), and he indicated a small door where I could ring.

Feeling like a somnambulist, I walked out on the roof, but there, sure enough, was a little door in a sort of coop. I discovered a bell, too, and rang. Presently, I heard some one coming, and in another moment I was walking down a flight of marble stairs, following a stalwart Sienese serving-maid, down, down into the apartment of Miss Fielder. I have heard of entering the side or the cellar of a house, but I never made a call through the roof before. However, it seemed to be quite the usual thing here, and after several windings and turnings, I found myself in a lovely apartment at the very top of the large fine building, overlooking the beautiful piazza with all its flowers, sunshine, busy life and constant interest.

It would have been natural, it seemed to me, for the lady of the house to enter the room through a trap door in the floor, but in this I was disappointed. Miss Fielder came through a door in the ordinary way, and I soon forgot my funny entrance through the roof, in looking over the series of marvelous photographs that my charming hostess had taken herself, among them an excellent kodak of H. M.

Queen Margherita, who is very fond of Miss Fielder.

I am selfish enough to hope that when their honeymoon is over, Count and Countess Campello will come to Boston, but to leave Rome after living there many years must be very difficult, I should imagine. We are going out this evening to the opera, so good wishes and good night.

## XXXVI

## E. F. D. B.

### PALAZZO FARNESE AND JOACHIM

ROME, ITALY, March 30, 1905

*My dear M.:*

JUST at present we are in the midst of a musical feast, and are enjoying, through the kindness of the Marchesa de Viti de Marco, the whole sixteen quartettes of Beethoven, which are being given by the Joachim Quartet in the beautiful and historic hall of the Carracci in the Palazzo Farnese, which is now rented from the heirs of the King of Naples, to whom the palace belongs, by the French government for its embassy in Rome. A more ideal place for chamber music you cannot imagine than this beautiful hall, long, high and narrow, as all halls for music should be (I wish the piano manufacturers would learn this when they build their new halls), and decorated with fine mythological frescoes by Annibale and Agostino Carracci; and of course no one can hear more lovely chamber music than that

made by the famous Joachim and the members of his world-renowned quartet.

When I first came to Rome, I was told that the Italians were not at all musical, but I have since come to know that the report was as entirely erroneous as it seemed to me incredible. The Romans distinctly dislike anything but *good* music, but that certainly does not go to show that they are not musical. Rome is only as large as Boston, yet it supports, and supports handsomely, a long season of opera, with performances three and four times a week. The productions are as a rule excellent, the artists most satisfactory, and it is not likely the impresario would continue to produce opera here each season if he did not find it financially profitable. Besides the first-class opera at the Costanzi, opera is given in two, if not more, of the smaller theatres, and these also make money, which certainly goes to show that the Romans *are* musical and that Rome does not lack for good music.

There is a flourishing Bach Society here, and only yesterday I read the announcement of the first concert of the Cherubini Society to be given in Philharmonic Hall, and a little later a committee of ladies is planning to give the Stabat Mater, by Pergolese. The Orchestral Society of Rome, in order

THE FARNESE PALACE, NOW THE FRENCH EMBASSY

to put within the means of everyone the best orchestral music, has arranged a series of concerts at very modest prices and they have engaged some of the best artists in order that the public at large may hear the various celebrities at small expense. This society also has undertaken to give help to foreign and Italian composers, whose means will not permit them to present their own compositions to the public, and besides all these, there is the celebrated Academy of St. Cecilia, which gives each season in its ideal music hall a series of excellent concerts, under the direction of the Count San Martino, who intends that all the distinguished artists of the world shall be heard one time or another at these concerts, which the Queen Mother almost invariably attends, as well as all fashionable Rome. You will see from these facts how absurd it is to say that the Italians are not musical.

Mme. Barrère, the cultured and clever wife of the French Ambassador, conceived the idea of inviting the great Joachim to come to Rome, and give in her palace the whole series of Beethoven quartettes, in a way similar to that which he had previously done in Paris. Accordingly, she offered the opportunity to her friends of subscribing to her proposed concerts, wishing beforehand to assure Joachim of success in

his Italian visit. Almost before she knew it every seat in the hall had been subscribed for, and there still remained numbers of her friends who were most anxious to attend the concerts; but, as she wisely said, much as she would like to have every one come who wished, the hall could comfortably seat only just so many people, and she was determined that it should not be crowded. First among the subscribers was Her Majesty Queen Margherita, always a patroness of music, and a special admirer of Beethoven. Her Majesty Queen Elena also immediately signified her intention to attend these concerts, and there has been the wildest sort of a scramble to obtain a ticket for some at least of these delightful afternoons. All of the arrangements were made before we arrived in Rome, so I felt it would be quite hopeless for me to attempt to go, but the ever kind and thoughtful Marchesa de V., in some way, managed to procure not only a ticket for myself, but also one for F. B., and I assure you we are very grateful to her for this kindness.

You know, I am particularly fond of chamber music, and each quartette has seemed lovelier than the one before, though I think, after all, the one in A minor leaves the deepest impression. On the first day, we received our subscribers' programmes,

printed on the finest of white vellum, and also a little book dedicated to Queen Margherita, describing each quartette, prepared by Signor Ippolito Valetta, as a lovely souvenir of these musical treats.

Queen Margherita has not missed one of the concerts, though they have taken place nearly every day. Queen Elena has come also several times, arriving usually very early and leaving before the concert was finished. Mme. Barrère always receives the Queen and the Queen Mother personally, and after each concert has a dainty tea table prepared for them. Nothing is left undone for the comfort of everyone by the Ambassadress, who, by the by, is a Turkish woman from Constantinople. The arrangement of the seats was excellent, and the chairs very comfortable. No carriages were allowed to thunder in and out of the great court yard, with its triple colonnade, during the time of the concert, but those who came late were obliged to leave their carriages at the outside entrance.

The palace is one of the finest in Rome, and was begun by the extravagant and artistic Cardinal Alessandro Farnese, who became Pope Paul III in 1534; it was built largely from materials taken from the Colosseum and the theatre of Marcellus. What

an eternal series of pulling down to build up Rome presents! One beautiful thing destroyed to build another, and that in turn torn down to add more elegance to some newer building. I have read a great deal about this Carracci Hall, where the concerts are given, so I was specially pleased to be able to see it under such delightful circumstances.

The Marchesa de V., at the end of Joachim's visit, gave the great man a very lovely dinner and reception. She was kind enough to invite me to the dinner, and in a very charming manner asked if I would consent to sing two of my Mozart arias for Joachim, and her friends, at the reception, and, of course, I was very glad to do so. The dinner was delicious, though I could not eat much, as I had to sing afterward, and Mr. Mendelssohn, a very wealthy banker from Berlin, who is a great friend of Herr Joachim, knowing that I should not talk much, made himself altogether delightful and interesting by talking to me. The French Ambassador and Mme. Barrère, and Count and Countess Cavazza of Bologna were also of the dinner party, and the Marchesa made a most lovely hostess, in a velvet gown that exactly matched her exquisite set of large emeralds. After dinner Prof. Sgambati and his quintet, known

as the Court Quintet, as it is under the special patronage of Her Majesty the Queen Mother, played some of the master's own compositions. A Beethoven trio followed, Joachim taking the violin, Mr. Mendelssohn the 'cello, and the latter's beautiful Florentine wife the piano part. Then the Marchesa asked me to sing the second aria of the Queen of the Night from the "Magic Flute" and some other Mozart selection, as she is particularly fond of that composer. Mrs. Mendelssohn had previously consented to play my accompaniments, and I thought the Marchesa most considerate to arrange for me to sing after the rest of the music, since by that time the dinner was a thing of the past. Everyone was very enthusiastic about my singing. Herr Joachim seemed much pleased and has written a bit of music for me in my album. The Princess Venosa, one of the beauties of Rome, was especially gracious and said many pleasant things about my voice. The Marchesa presented me to a great many of her guests, and I passed one of the most delightful evenings that I have spent in Rome. Among others, I met a handsome young Viennese woman, a relative of our friends in Vienna, now married to the Marchese A. Lucifero. She is very musical, talented in many

ways and has a sweet voice. Our hostess lives in the famous old Orsini palace, which is built on the ruins of the theatre of Marcellus, and is approached from the street by a steep winding ascent. One feels as if one were entering a fortress, but the welcome inside is as cordial as the outside is austere and forbidding.

## XXXVII

### To E. F. D. B.

INDUSTRIE FEMMINILI

ROME, ITALY, March 31, 1905

*My dear M.:*

YOU remember I spoke of going to the sale of laces and embroideries at the Grand Hotel on Ash Wednesday, after I was presented to Her Majesty Queen Margherita. I promised to write you something more about the organization of ladies who are interested in these laces, and as I have just been taking tea this afternoon with some of the patronesses at the headquarters of the corporation in the Via Marco Minghetti, I have learned much more about the Society and its aims. Now I think I can write you clearly about the whole matter.

In 1891, a few Italian ladies of the nobility came together with the intention to try to make known throughout Italy and abroad the work being done by Italian women, in lace and embroidery, such as *reticelle*, *pizzi* and *tessuti*, by sending to the Chicago

and Paris expositions the best samples of their work. At both expositions the work received several prizes, and also honorable mention. Encouraged by these results, the Italian ladies of rank and distinction founded in 1898 a society which was, in the words of the Countess of Taverna, President of the Roman Federation of Feminine Work, " Eminently pacific in intent, apart from all politics, representing no party, and having as its sole aim the bringing together of the various benevolent endeavors to steadily improve and advance the social, economic, intellectual and moral standards of the Italian woman." This federation in 1901 gave an exhibition of the work accomplished, under the patronage of Their Majesties Queen Elena and Queen Margherita, which met with great success. Many of the people who came to this exposition, although Italians of culture and wealth, had not realized that the Italian peasant women could produce such beautiful works of art. Encouraged by the success and public approval of this first Italian exposition, the noble ladies who formed the association arranged for a second exhibition of the products of the various lace and embroidery schools, working under their protection and guidance. Having learned from the first exposition various details to be avoided and others to

be improved, and feeling much surer of public approval, the second exposition met, as was to be expected, with greater success than it was possible for the first to have achieved. The general skepticism that every new venture is bound to meet was not apparent, and the Co-operative Society of Women's Work seemed to be an established fact. But presently the ladies realized that in these exhibitions there was really nothing permanent that they or the public could depend upon, and after proper consideration, the Society decided, in May, 1903, to establish at Rome headquarters to which the work of the various schools, now successfully established throughout Italy, could be sent, and thence distributed to the Italian public and abroad. The aims of the Society are two: to establish permanently in Italy, and if possible in other countries, a market through reliable and permanent agencies for the goods made; and through the means of an artistic committee of cultured and intelligent patronesses, who, by directing the work in the most approved way, shall lessen the price of these artistic productions, and at the same time improve the condition of the poor women of Italy.

The patrimonial advice is carried out in the society of active members, by means of a supervising committee, whose work is still further carried on by the

Sindaci. Twenty-four ladies form a committee of patronesses, who watch over the general welfare of the society, invite new members to belong to the institution, who may aid in uplifting the artistic and financial standing of the society, and, at the same time, endeavor to obtain from the government all that can be turned to advantage for the education, instruction and material improvement of the workers. Beside the committee of patronesses there is a sub-committee of ladies to inspect the work, and these ladies also take great pains to inspect the industrial schools elsewhere, to study themselves the many beautiful designs of lace and embroidery in the museums, to which their rank and position give them easy access, and to keep in touch with the changes of fashion, in order that their schools may produce the articles most desired at the most opportune time in various countries.

The council of administration and the committee of patronesses form a joint committee to decide upon the acceptability of the work sent to headquarters, the proper wages for the workers, and suitable prices for the articles to be sold. The President of the Council of Administration is Countess Cora di Brazzà-Savorgnan; the Vice President is the Countess Lavinia Taverna. The Countess Maria Pasolini was the first

President of the committee of patronesses, but on account of her health has resigned, and in her place has been elected the Countess Antonia Suardi-Ponti; Donna Bice Tittoni is now Vice President, while the Secretary is the well-known Italian authoress, Amelia Rosselli.

A most appropriate and attractive building has been constructed especially for the society in the Via Marco Minghetti. In these rooms are to be seen the best work of the Italian peasants in laces, various kinds of embroidery, dolls quaintly dressed in the costumes of the various districts of Italy, and tapestries from the old and interesting country in the Abruzzi mountains of Pescocostanzo.

More than ever at the present day, Italian art needs earnest and disinterested aid, for in this tumultuous age of inventions, where machinery is accomplishing so much, and is, perforce, depriving many hands of their labor, while the cry is continually, "much for little," it is indeed fortunate that the noble women of Italy have revived these old handicrafts, and simultaneously given to the poor women of the mountain towns regular and pleasant employment, and to the public these treasures which they are only too glad to be able to possess. It was, however, a tremendous undertaking to seek out in

the quiet corners of the little mountain villages throughout Italy, the hidden possibilities for such a great work, and these ladies who have dedicated so much of their time and activity to this research may indeed be pleased and proud of the success of their efforts.

The Countess Lavinia Taverna has a large school of lace workers near Milan, where under a skilful directress, a number of girls and women make the most beautiful filet lace that I have ever seen. The Countess herself has given much time and thought, as well as a great deal of money, to the study and perfection of her designs. Many of them are quaint and fantastic, and are reproduced from designs in the museums, or from tapestries of the fifteenth century. I have treated myself to a tea-cloth bordered with this lace, and I think I told you that I have decided to bring home a number of things from this school to show my American friends. I feel sure that everyone who sees them will wish at once to order some from Italy, as they are not only beautiful in themselves but have the added attraction of being something entirely new to us. The shirt-waists are simply fascinating, and the Countess, who has a beautiful villa on Lake Como, has watched over the dyeing of some of the lovely Como silks, with

SCUOLA CANONICA OF THE COUNTESS TAVERNA
AT COMO

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the result that her silk table covers in the old tapestry shades, made in various ways and with various kinds of her beautiful lace are simply beyond description.

Without this lace work, the girls and women of these villages would be obliged to work in the hot factories of Milan, or some other large city, where they would not be as well off physically, mentally nor morally, whereas now they can earn a good wage daily, live at home with their families, and are not so occupied but that they can still perform many of their household duties. As the Countess Taverna is a woman of taste, as well as great ability, the success of her school is a foregone conclusion, especially since the filet lace is the raging fad and fancy of the moment. Dealers everywhere are struggling to get it, and so far as I have seen in Paris, London, New York or Boston, the productions of the Taverna School far excel any of the filet made elsewhere. Moreover, as this filet lace becomes known, it is bound to be more and more fashionable, for the reason of its many practical uses. Most beautiful and elegant table cloths may be trimmed with it, attractive sofa pillows and small cushions made of colored silks are covered with lace, thus showing to good advantage the unusual and mediæval patterns;

centre-pieces, small doilies, sachets, and an infinite number of other similar things are very lovely made of this lace; and certainly nothing could be smarter than a white linen gown used in combination with some of these patterns. While this is one of the most flourishing schools, there are many others throughout Italy.

The Countess Lina Cavazza-Bianconcini is the directress of the women's section of Aemilia Ars, and has revived and brought to notice many exquisite embroideries, done in the old, almost forgotten stitches, among which the principal one, *punto a reticella* is particularly attractive, and all are from sixteenth and seventeenth century designs.

The Countess Cavazza herself taught her maid, who had come from a Convent School, many of these old stitches; the girl in turn taught her school-mates, and there are now in this lace school thus begun 2,000 girls, and 100,000 lire business is done each year. The Countess is always studying and searching for new designs, and indeed does considerable work personally, for she is one of the most energetic and delightful women of Italy.

At Perugia, the Countess del Majno with the help of the artist Rossi Scotti, has collected a small number of scholars around a very old lady in whose hands

lie the secrets of the beautiful silken tapestries, *punto a fiamma* (flame stitch), which with their permanent colorings artistically arranged, make beautiful altar decorations.

At the Savignano di Romagna, the Countess Rasponi has successfully produced in her school silk braids and fringes; at Cigoli, Baroness Sonnino, fringes and *tessuti*. At Circello the Duchess of Somora has revived tapestries worked in *lana a rilievo*. Miss Smith in Anghiari has taught the peasants to embroider *innestare su rozza tela*, a very simple stitch, forming an embroidery without color. At Trespiano, the Signorina Amari has taught the girls of the school, directed by her, rare old stitches which she has sought from museums, galleries and long forgotten books, for the Signorina is one of the most valued members of the society, and a delightful person, as I have learned to know.

At Friuli is the school of the Countess Cora di Brazzà-Savorgnan, who is an American woman (née Slocum) of whom we should be proud because of the energy and ability she has shown in connection with the *Industrie Femminili*. She comes from New Orleans, and has given the greater part of her time for several years, to directing and helping this work of uplifting the women of Italy. I had such a pleas-

ant call a few days ago when I went to see her at the Palazzo Brazzà in the Via dell' Umiltà. She was staying with her mother-in-law temporarily, as she was soon to start on a tour through Italy, of inspection and advice to the various schools connected with the organization, which she has done so much to make a permanent success. We found her at her typewriter, sheets of paper on all sides, and near at hand a number of immense sample books, showing the various laces, embroideries and other works of the Italian women. She showed me a case of gold medals bearing the stamp "Cora Brazzà" that had been presented to her at different expositions, where the laces of her school had been exhibited.

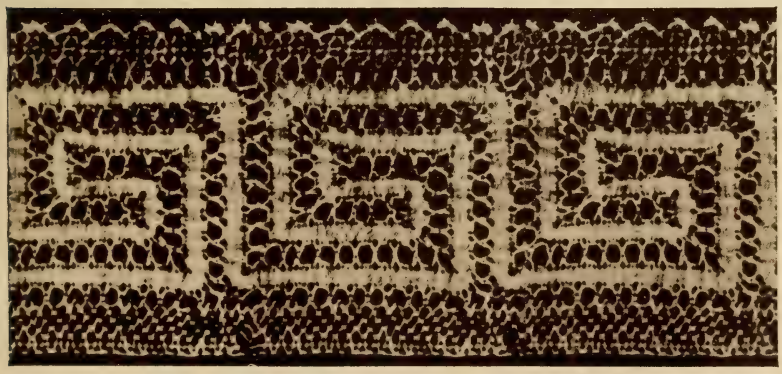
The Countess Brazzà presides over several schools in the district of Friuli that is one of the most prosperous agricultural sections in Italy, rich not only in soil but in air, and has the double advantage of nearness to both mountain and sea, which makes the climate very invigorating. Here was once a favorite Venetian stronghold, and it doubtless looks much the same to-day as when attacked by Attila nearly fifteen centuries ago. One sees here and there the pretty churches with their stately bell towers, separated from the main structure, as is the custom in Venezia. These people lived under the rule of the

LACES MADE BY FOUR DIFFERENT SCHOOLS OF THE INDUSTRIE FEMMINILI

FILET LACE FROM THE SCHOOL OF THE COUNTESS TAVERNA AT COMO

LACE WORK FROM THE SCHOOL OF THE COUNTESS CAVAZZA AT BOLOGNA

LACE AND EMBROIDERY FROM THE SCHOOL OF SIGNORINA AMARI AT TRESPIANO



LACE FROM THE SCHOOL OF THE MARCHESA DE VITI DE MARCO AT PESCOCOSTANZO

Venetian Republic for many years, and are still republicans in their sentiments, rather than royalists; they remind one one strongly of the Swiss.

In the lace schools established here, little girls from seven years and upwards are taken as pupils, and though they have much to do in the fields at certain seasons, they manage to give considerable time to their lace work. The youngest scholars begin, of course, with the simplest designs and the easiest stitches. The teachers receive from four to eight dollars a month, and the best pupils earn about sixty dollars a year, a large sum for this land, where the living is so inexpensive. Naturally this is a great assistance to the families, and many a girl at the time of her marriage finds herself the possessor of an unusually large dot for the vicinity in which she lives. Besides the financial help to the district, there are other equally important benefits to the people, for the peasants have learned that time is money, and when the weather makes it impossible to work in the fields, they can still earn their day's wage with their lace. In the school they make about two cents an hour, more in proportion than they would get for a long day's work in the field, where they are paid seventeen cents a day.

Besides, the Countess Brazzà has tactfully and

cleverly taught the value of cleanliness, a difficult task, for many of the Italian peasants are not altogether cleanly in their habits. The appeal to the vanity of the girls seems to have met with complete success, the pretty white aprons and short white sleeves have worked the magic, so that now the girls of fifteen and eighteen are clean as well as capable; realizing the improvement in themselves, they insist upon it in their families, as well as in their suitors. Not satisfied with having brought about all this good, the Countess has done much to raise the moral standard of the whole community. For instance, the first prize given once a year on Prize-day goes to the girl who has shown the best self-control, is most orderly and truthful, and the prize is a golden three-leafed clover on a gold chain. The second prize rewards the co-operative spirit, and is given to the girl who has taught the most to her friends. In fact all sections of the school are run on a co-operative plan. When a girl has learned one or two stitches, she is expected to teach them to her companions, before she herself learns the third. The third and last prize, consisting of a fully equipped cushion for lace work, is given to the girl who has done the best work.

In studying the economic value of the sales of lace in most countries, we find that the middle-man gen-

erally makes large profits over and above the price paid to the women who make the lace, and the merchant who sells it; but through these lace schools of the *Industrie Femminili*, all this injustice will be done away with. The Countess told me that the Society, after paying four per cent. on its stock, as well as allowing a discount to stockholders on their purchases, betters the condition of its wage-earners by dividing among them the net profits.

The Society receives work from any Italian woman who makes artistic things, which must meet, of course, the approval of the committee on inspection, and one sees in the shop where I have been this afternoon, not only lace and embroideries, linens and textiles, but also work in tortoise shell, coral, leather and wood, mosaics, engravings on glass, porcelain, enamel and especially beautiful reproductions of old book illuminations.

The Countess talked to me a good deal about the new project that she is about to put into execution. It is bound to be a success, if she is at the head of it, as she is a woman of great executive ability. She told me that during this year she means to establish a summer school, where women from any country, bearing proper references, may come and study, at the same time enjoying good food and lodging at

reasonable rates. Instruction will be given very inexpensively in languages, music, painting, archæology, folk-lore and agriculture. The school will remain open until November 11th, as the climate at Torreano di Martignaccio is particularly healthful, and as the surrounding country is very beautiful, it seems to me to be a delightful as well as an original undertaking. Here, as in the schools, the main object is not commercial gain, but rather to bring together the women of many different countries, that each may know the other better, and gain a wider international outlook on the world. The school is to be called the Santa Margherita Summer School, after the mountain Santa Margherita, which rises about eight hundred feet above the Adriatic in the vicinity.

The Countess asked me to come this afternoon to the shop where the works are exhibited; and everything is as dainty and artistic as possible. At one end is a sort of little room for afternoon tea, and various ladies interested in the Society are quite apt to drop in about five o'clock, so over the tea and cakes, I learned from the ladies themselves many interesting details of the work done, and their hopes for the future. The beautiful Princess Venosa, a sister-in-law of the Countess Taverna, was there with her niece, the Countess Martini-Marescotti. To my

way of thinking the young Countess is the most beautiful woman in Rome, always excepting the Queen. She was born the Princess Ruspoli, and is quite as charming as she is beautiful, though she seems perfectly unconscious of her attractions. She was dressed in very smart tailor suit, and I find that many of the Italian women have quite out-done us Americans in the art of wearing good tailor clothes. I think many of the dress-makers in America have urged fussed-up French model coats because they go out of fashion so soon, but surely they are not nearly as pretty as these trig, plain tailor-mades. The Italian women have beautiful figures, and of course are just the ones to be set off by plain lines.

It is extremely difficult to keep the relationships of the various ladies I meet quite clear in my mind. The family name one rarely hears, and when a lady refers to her sister-in-law, her aunt or cousin, it is very confusing to place the woman, the name and the title all at once. However, all the ladies are very kind, and if I make a mistake they set me right with such a pleasant explanation that puts me quite at my ease. The Italian women of rank certainly have the most graceful manners of any women that I know.

I bought a very pretty illuminated frame to-day

for your picture, and wanted to buy half the store, the things were so lovely. When we were ready to go Princess Venosa asked us to come to her reception on Friday evening. We were there last week, and I think it was very kind of her to ask us again. Just as we were going, a number of newspaper men came in to interview Countess Brazzà, and that was the last we saw of her. Donna Bice Tittoni had come in for a cup of tea with the Venosa, as they say in Rome, for as almost all women in the fashionable world have titles, they get into the habit of leaving them out when speaking of each other; you hear about the Ruspoli, the Taverna, the Colonna and you are supposed to know which is a princess, a countess, a marquise or a duchess. I think I must be getting quite Italian for all this is beginning to sound very natural, and I find I really do know who these various people are.

At Cocolia, the Countess Pasolini has established a school of embroidery, with the aim of giving to the women a means of livelihood, which should not interfere with their daily household labor. Countess Spalletti brought to the towns of Luciano and Quarrata, in Tuscany, the work *al modano*, made from authentic antique designs. The women in this school number over a hundred, and they are able to do the

work of the school, and also give the necessary attention to their little families.

At Pescocostanzo, the Signora Colecchi has founded a school to revive the old embroidery called *spina di pesce* (fishes' back-bone), a most complicated stitch in woven linen, where the stitch serves as a foundation for the design formed by the linen itself. In the same place, the Marchesa de Viti de Marco has revived the embroidery *a viarella* done now sometimes by design, and sometimes according to the taste of the workwomen, showing in this way the innate artistic sense of these peasants. Here, I was told, there are two schools of embroidery, and some ladies have taken pains to gather about an Italian peasant, over eighty years old, some young girls in order that they may learn the secrets of some of the old tapestries known only to this peasant and in danger of soon being lost forever.

Pescocostanzo is a small town in the higher Abruzzi Mountains, in the Province of Aquila, just emerging from the isolation of the middle ages, and in the words of the Marchesa de Viti de Marco, "with a keenly felt tradition of dignity and self-reliance." The origin of the town is uncertain, but tombs belonging to remote antiquity have recently been discovered in its vicinity. Five hundred years ago,

as a fief of the Marquisate of Pescara, the town enjoyed the protection of Vittoria Colonna, and in the church may still be seen many monuments that testify to the skill of the Pescolian artists, trained in Rome to a love of arts and crafts, through the interest of the gentle lady, whose domination was gladly accepted by them. In 1774, however, Ferdinand IV, King of the Two Sicilies, bought the barony and bestowed its freedom upon Pesco, an incident unique in the history of this monarch. Thus it happens that Pescocostanzo has on its shield no device of feudal servitude. There were in the town three classes, the gentry, the artisans and the peasants. The upper class derived its wealth from rent, and from the flocks and herds which grazed in summer in the uplands, and in winter found free grazing land below on the great table lands of Apulia. Formerly the Pescolians beautified with their handiwork the other towns in the Abruzzi Mountains, as well as their own, but to-day the artisans, as well as the shepherds and farmers, are emigrating to America in search of an honest livelihood, while the burden of caring for the farm falls upon the women left at home. Their task is indeed hard, for they must labor by day in the field, and with their bobbins at night, in order that the pittance required for

PORTRAIT OF VITTORIA COLONNA IN THE COLONNA GALLERY

the support of their family may be obtained by their constant effort.

Each part of Italy has an individuality of its own, and in the laces produced in various parts of the country, one sees the same marked characteristics that distinguish the exquisite arts, which the traveler admires in journeying through Italy. Indeed, it used to be true, that one could only obtain Genoese silver and gold in Genoa, Florentine mosaics only in Florence, Venetian chains only in Venice, Roman gold and Roman silks only in Rome, corals and turquoise shells much better in Naples than anywhere else; but now, the railroad has changed all this, although it is still true that the best of each specialty is to be found in the place where it is originally made. In the same way, each little Italian city has its own special characteristics, and the work of the women of each district bears its own individual imprint. This town of Pescocostanzo seems to be especially interesting as a type of southern Italy, with its generosities, its enthusiasms and singular lack of method. The laces made in this part of the country form the chief interest of the women who, for many months in the year, live almost a cloistered life. The winters are extremely cold and long in these mountains, and the summer, that comes late, ends early, so that

the women rarely leave their homes, and usually find their lace-making an outlet for their energy and interests. As the Marchesa de V. has aptly said, "The Orientals weave prayers into their carpets, but to these women their work is in itself a form of prayer." She says that one may still find hundreds of industrious women who rarely leave their homes, but live in a world apart, absorbed in lace-making and its technical problems. The finding of a new stitch, the working out of an old design from fragments of paper carefully preserved in some old chest, thus perpetuating the work of hands long since vanished, make up the major part of their lives.

"To define these designs in which the idea is often barely suggested, implies an affinity of sentiment with the dreamer who first thought them out, and this feeling, together with the special manual facility of execution, seems almost a hereditary gift of Pescocostanzo. To these souls enveloped in a mediæval silence, the lace work offers almost the only outlet for imagination or for the inner religious feeling. How many are the dreams recorded in the lace, with what mystic fervor and devout heart are the sacred symbols traced in the work destined for the church!" The life to-day in this little town, whose solitude was disturbed four years ago by the

railroad, is but little changed from the days when Vittoria Colonna was the first lady of the land, and where she would find herself to-day probably quite as much at home as ever.

In the first exposition of the Women's Work in Rome, the exhibit from Pescocostanzo attracted much interest and admiration and was awarded a diploma of the first-class. The Marchesa is also much interested in a school she has started in Casamassella, which is proving very successful. I have written you before about the charming and talented Marchesa herself, of her lovely palace, of her many kindnesses to me and of her generous admiration of my voice.

The Marchesa Romegne Ranieri di Sorbello, née Romaine Roberts, has also a school at Passignano, near Perugia, where most curious embroideries on linen are done. Here are three of the most energetic workers in this Society (the Countess Brazzà, the Marchesa di Viti de Marco, the Marchesa di Sorbello), all bearing long and noble Italian names; but we are proud to claim them as American women, who have gone into the Old World, and are not only a credit to the titles that they bear, but an honor to the name of womanhood, for the energy and ability they have shown in advancing the condition of

woman in the country which they have adopted as their own.

You can see from what I have written what a splendid work is being carried on by the noble women of Italy. Perhaps you will read this letter to some of your friends, for I hope to interest the people at home, and I am sure I shall be able to do so. The ladies this afternoon were kind enough to make me one of the members of the Society, so that I feel now a right as well as an interest in doing all that I can for the *Industrie Femminili Italiane.*

## XXXVIII.

### To T. C. B.

Rome, Italy, April 1, 1905

*My dear P.:*

YESTERDAY morning I had a most satisfactory sing with Sgambati. After lunch we left a few cards, and then went to call on the Countess Sanminiatelli, who introduced me to the Countess della Salla, another charming New Orleans woman married in Italy.

Last Sunday afternoon we went again to call on the Countess Bruschi, who receives every Sunday, before five, in her lovely big apartment in the Piazza delle Terme. Just as we were going out, we met her two pretty little daughters. The Countess is so very young looking that it seemed impossible that these young girls could be her children.

On our way home we stopped for a call on Mrs. Morris, but did not find her, so we went down the Spanish steps to the Piazza for tea. On the steps, going either up or down, we always meet some of the scholars of the various Roman Catholic semi-

naries, who frequently walk up to the Pincio in the afternoon. The English and French seminaries wear black gowns; the Scotch, violet soutanes, red girdles and black cloaks, but the Germans and Hungarians wear gowns and cloaks of the brightest scarlet, so F. B. and I always call them the "red devils." Our American students wear black gowns with blue linings and red girdles, so when we see any of our own students in or about St. Peter's, or the Vatican, we ask them for various explanations and invariably find them most polite.

Just before going in to dress for dinner, we ran across the street to the church of the Cappucini; the real name is Santa Maria della Concezione, but nobody ever calls it that. We were glad to refresh our memories with a good look at the famous St. Michael by Guido Reni, of which we see a copy whenever we go to St. Peter's. F. B. insisted on my going down for a hurried look at the ghastly burial vaults, where the bones of four thousand departed Capuchins are arranged as a wall decoration. It was so dreadfully cold there, that we did not dare to stay longer than a very few moments.

Well, my dinner last night for Lady X, went off very nicely; the table was pretty with hot-house roses and lilacs sent from Nice, and every one seemed

HIS EXCELLENCY SIGNOR TITTONI,

MINISTER OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS AND ITALY'S FOREMOST STATESMAN

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A Mrs Batcheller
Tommaso Sittoni 3/4 905

to have a good time. His Excellency Signor Tittoni was on my right, and I enjoyed so much hearing him explain why there are so many interprovincial tariffs. Of course, Italy is perfectly united, nevertheless the influence of past centuries is not to be done away with in a moment, and the large cities of provinces, which were once kingdoms, feel that they must protect their own specialties; still it is all much better than it used to be, and you now see Neapolitan coral in Milan and the Genoese silver in Rome, though you have to pay somewhat dearer for it than in the city where it is made. Signor Tittoni speaks English extremely well, for he received part of his education at Oxford, England. He is a brilliant man, a great diplomat, and recently when the Cabinet all resigned, the King looked to him for a solution of the difficulties, and while His Majesty did not wish to give him up as Minister of Foreign Affairs, for the time being he begged him to take the Prime Minister's folio.

Donna Bice was as animated and fascinating as usual last night, and wore a *très réussie* Parisian gown of pink velvet. How much prettier these soft velvets are than the stiff ones people used to wear! Lady X. was in half mourning, but black is very becoming to her. The Countess Taverna, who sat next to F. B., looked as lovely as she always does—

and what do you think! Prof. Helbig actually came to the dinner; he dislikes going out so much that I feared he would not come, but I begged his mother to intercede for me, with the result that he not only came, but made himself perfectly delightful to everyone. Why is it that men who know so well how to be agreeable are generally those who do not care a bit about society?

The dining-room was quite gay last night. Next to our big table (there were fourteen of us) Donna Franca Florio was giving a dinner for H. E. the Marchesa L. di Rudini, and I especially noticed the Duchess of Terranova, who is a real Spanish beauty. At another table Mme. Patti (Baronne Cederström) and her husband were dining with the Baronne von Bildt, and at a small table near by were Mr. and Mrs. Lehr of New York. After dinner, all those giving parties had little alcoves arranged in the Palm Garden for their special guests, and with the liqueurs nearly all the women smoked—it is quite the usual thing here, but, of course, I always decline the cigarettes, on account of my throat.

At about eleven o'clock, when our guests had left, we followed the Countess Taverna, who had gone on before to the Princess Venosa's reception. One after another of the friends who had

been dining with us, came in, and we had a very pleasant evening.

I had a charming letter to-day from Mr. Henry White, Secretary of the American Embassy at London, who, as you know, has been recently appointed Ambassador to Rome—fortunate Rome and unlucky London! Two or three English people said to me, only yesterday, "I am sure I do not know what we shall do in London without Mr. and Mrs. White. No one in American diplomatic service has ever had more friends or greater diplomatic success than he. The King and Queen thought a great deal of the Whites, dined at their house, and showed them many unusual attentions." I agree with all this, but every one knows Mr. White will make an ideal Ambassador. Mrs. White, too, is just the sort of a person to be admired and appreciated in Rome, and, of course, Muriel's friends will be legion wherever she goes. One young Italian nobleman asked me if the daughter of the new Ambassador knew how to flirt. I told him I could not answer as to that, but that everyone thought her beautiful and charming.

*Flirter* has been adopted into the Italian and French languages, so somebody must have done some flirting somewhere, which, I suppose, accounts for the question.

## XXXIX

### To E. F. D. B.

Rome, Italy, April 2, 1905

*My dear M.:*

WE have had such an interesting afternoon. The day was so fine, we thought we would take a drive in Margherita Park, *Passeggiata Margherita*, as it is called here, and come home by way of Mme. Helbig's villa. She is at home every afternoon but Tuesday, when she goes to her hospital for sick children.

Spring is surely here; the air is soft and balmy, and flowers are beginning to be everywhere in the parks. One can quite understand why the poets write about beautiful spring in Europe, especially in Italy. Most of our American poets have wisely turned to our beautiful New England autumn, for our springs do not inspire poetic feelings, especially windy days in Boston.

When we reached the Villa Lante, the door stood open, and we heard sounds of music. F. B. and I tiptoed into the big music-room, and there sat

Madame at one grand piano, an Italian gentleman at another, and a lovely Tschaikovsky duet was going on. What beautiful music that wonderful man has written! I was quite lost in the enjoyment of the music, when Madame, suddenly spying me, called: "Come on, dear Paragon, I want you to sing your 'Magic Flute' for all these people." There were several ambassadors, attachés and a number of distinguished ladies present, who had met partly by chance and partly because "Dame Rumor" had been busy, and given an inkling that on this afternoon one might hear Madame Helbig play. Before I knew it Mme. Helbig had Mozart's "Magic Flute" score before her on the piano, and was playing the opening bars of the aria. One of the musicians present rushed to the piano and said, "Surely you are not going to sing it in the original key;" but dear Madame waved him aside, laughingly saying, "Oh yes, we are!" and I began. She plays with splendid fire and enthusiasm; the whole atmosphere was music, everybody there was musical or intensely interested in music, and I was anxious that my voice should be up to the mark for dear Madame's sake. I had not thought of singing for her to-day, but, fortunately, as it happened, I had eaten a light lunch, and the song went off very nicely. When I finished, everyone rushed around the piano

and Mme. H. said, "There! You say there are no miracles now-a-days; there is a miracle; that little woman's throat does not look different from any one else's, yet she takes that high F. with as much ease as you or I say good morning. Don't talk to me about fairy tales, there is more truth in many of them, than in most of the story books." Then she went on to tell us of some wonderful scientific experiments that have been made in the production of sound waves; when the vibrations have become impossible for the human ear to hear, a cat's hair is seen to stand up straight, and the animal prances about with fury or delight, impossible to say which. You see, Mme. H. is a great scientist as well as a great musician; indeed she is a very remarkable woman in every way, and I have greatly enjoyed and appreciated her friendship for me.

The wife of Mon. Kroupenski, who is at present the Conseiller d'Etat and Chamberlain of His Majesty the Czar of Russia, was very charming, and I enjoyed a nice little talk with her. Mme. H. introduced me to several other people about whom I will try to write you later, but these days are very busy.

On our way home we stopped at the old church of Sant' Onofrio, where the poet Torquato Tasso is

buried. We went into the church to see his monument that was erected in 1857, by Pius IX, and then on into the adjoining monastery of the Order of St. Jerome. It was built in 1430, in honor of the Egyptian hermit, Honuphrius. There are only a few of the monks left, as the order has been suppressed, though those already here are allowed to remain, but no new friars can be added to the order. One of these old monks showed us the room where Tasso lived, and where, when about to receive his crown of laurels on the capitol from Pope Clement VIII, he died on the 25th of April, 1595. Poor Tasso! What a sad life was his! You remember his early life was passed in the service of the Cardinal d'Este, whom he accompanied on various diplomatic missions, and who brought him into relations with his brother, the then reigning Duke of Ferrara. Here he lived happily for several years, and enjoyed the intimate friendship of the Duke and his two beautiful sisters, Lucrezia and Eleonora. In 1575 his great epic poem, "*Gerusalemme Liberata*," was completed; but a strange melancholy took possession of him, it is generally believed on account of his deep love for the Princess Eleonora, whom, of course, he could not hope to marry. He grew suspicious, saw a secret enemy in everyone, and finally fled from the court.

With rest and quiet, his mind became clear once more. Twice he returned to the Court of Ferrara, and twice the disease seized his mind. At last his manners and general actions became so strange that the Duke confined him in a lunatic asylum, where he remained seven years. During this time all Europe read his great work, and his name became one of the greatest of his age. He wrote a number of beautiful lyrical poems, a pastorale, some essays, letters, etc. In 1586, after his release from Ferrara, he settled at Naples, but he was homesick and suffering, and when Pope Clement VIII invited him to come to Rome to be crowned on the capitol, he died before the solemnity took place.

Shelley's song for the poet came to us as we drove past the shattered oak tree, under which Tasso used to sit, and which is marked by a tablet to his memory.

"I loved — alas! our life is love;
But, when we cease to breathe and move,
I do suppose love ceases too.
I thought (but not as now I do)
Keen thoughts and bright of linked lore, —
Of all that men had thought before,
And all that Nature shows, and more.
And still I love, and still I think
But strangely, for my heart can drink
The dregs of such despair, and live,
And love.

And, if I think, my thoughts come fast;
I mix the present with the past,
And each seems uglier than the last.

Sometimes I see before me flee
A silver spirit's form, like thee,
O Leonora! and I sit
. . . still watching it,
Till by the grated casement's ledge
It fades, with such a sigh as sedge
Breathes o'er the breezy streamlet's edge."

## XL

### To T. C. B.

Rome, Italy, April 4, 1905

*My dear P.:*

YESTERDAY morning we received an invitation from Lady Egerton to a small reception she was giving for Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, their daughter, Princess Margaret, and her fiancé, Prince Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden, and their other daughter, Princess Victoria Patricia. The Duke and Duchess, who are staying but a few days in Rome, have received a great deal of attention from Their Majesties, the King and Queen, and Her Majesty Queen Margherita gave a dinner for them at her palace.

Lady Egerton sent word that she would be pleased if I would sing, and naturally I was very glad to do so. The British Embassy is one of the finest in Rome, and Lady Egerton has made the great ball-room look delightfully home-like. She is exceedingly clever in her arrangement of furniture and bric-a-brac, for, as you know, it is very difficult to make an immensely large room an attractive liv-

ing-room. There were not many people at the reception, and directly after we arrived Lady Egerton kindly presented me to Her Royal Highness the Duchess. Some one had told me that we should be expected to stand all the evening, but that was entirely wrong, for everything was informal; while no one was presented to the Duke, everyone was made to feel quite comfortable, and the Duchess was graciousness itself. After I had exchanged greetings with a few of the ladies, Donna Bice Tittoni, Mrs. Lamb and others, Lady Egerton asked if I would sing, kindly offering to play my accompaniments. I began with a Mozart aria, and then sang some modern French songs; afterwards Prof. Sgambati played two of his own compositions most delightfully; a lady with a fine "mezzo" voice sang some German songs and then Lady Egerton asked me to sing an aria from the "Magic Flute." When I finished, H. R. H. the Duke left his chair and was kind enough to say that he would like to meet me. He said some extremely kind things about my singing, and was interested to learn that I knew President and Mrs. Roosevelt.

So we had a mutual admiration talk about President Roosevelt, whom the Duke admires extremely—in fact, everyone here seems to have the most intense

admiration for Mr. Roosevelt. His Royal Highness asked about Mrs. Roosevelt, and of course I had only pleasant things to tell him, and added that she has been very kind to me. He asked if I would sing again, and knowing that the Duchess is German, I sang two modern German songs, the last one a very brilliant Canzonetta from an opera by Meyer-Helmund, ending with a trill "a mile long," as the girl said. I am sure you will remember the song I mean. When I had finished, the Duchess came to me in the most charming way and said, "You must have spent many years in study to acquire such perfect technique, and you sing with so much feeling as well." I said I was very happy if I had been able to please her, and we had a nice little talk about music generally, for the Duchess is said to be one of the most musical of the Royalties of Europe.

Their Royal Highnesses withdrew early, as their days are very much occupied, and, soon after their withdrawal, everyone else left.

Lady Egerton is assuredly a charming hostess, knows just what to do and how to do it in the nicest way possible. She looked very handsome last night in a black satin gown heavily embroidered in jet, and wore some beautiful pearls. The Duchess wore a soft gray dress which was very becoming to her blonde coloring. She looks almost as young

as her pretty daughters, whom we also met, and has such simple gracious manners. I have heard Blanche Marchesi enthuse so much about Her Highness, who has been very kind to her, that I was especially interested and pleased to have the honor of meeting her. The Royal party will soon go to England, as the marriage of Princess Margaret and Prince Gustavus Adolphus is set for a day early in June, I am told.

Princess Margaret will make a beautiful bride, she is such a sweet-looking girl, as indeed is her sister, and they both have their mother's charm of manner. The Duchess is much beloved in England, and I do not wonder. She was the daughter of Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia.

To-morrow is a very busy day, so I must not write more to-night.

## XLI

### To E. F. D. B.

Rome, Italy, April 6, 1905

*My dear M.:*

THE last three days we have lived in a whirl; Tuesday we drove up to the Gianicolo to say good-bye to Mme. Helbig; in the afternoon we made a lot of calls, and in the evening we went to the second of the Princess d'Antuni's brilliant receptions. Everybody was there, and the Princess took special care of me, and made my evening thoroughly enjoyable.

While I was singing with Bustini and Settacciolli yesterday morning, a message came from the British Embassy, asking me to send my album back by the messenger. Naturally I was pleased, and I am sure you will be gratified to learn that Their Royal Highnesses, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, the Princesses Margaret and Victoria Patricia and Prince Gustavus Adolphus, have all written their names in my album, which was returned last evening.

In the afternoon we went to call on the Marchesa de Viti de Marco; who should we meet there but

Mrs. Beerbohm Tree and her daughter, who are on a four weeks' jaunt from the fogs of London. Mrs. Tree is very attractive, listened with interest to my account of the sale that was going on at the Hotel Splendide of the laces of the Industrie; and later, when I went in to see how the sale was progressing, Mrs. T. was going out with an armful of purchases. I had tea with the Countess Taverna and Donna Bice, and ran into the Marchesa Cappelli's for a last Wednesday. I am quite sad that these are my last days with these dear women, who I begin to feel are becoming real friends.

The Countess Prezezdziecka, a charming Polish woman to whom I was introduced the other evening at the Antuni's, sent over and asked us to come to her reception this evening. The Marchesa Lucifero-Speyer also had a reception, but as I am singing to-morrow, I feel that I must give up these alluring invitations.

Friday we are going out to Tivoli if the weather is fine.

## XLII

### Tivoli

Rome, Italy, April 7, 1905.

*My dear C.:*

TO-DAY has been filled to overflowing. Early in the morning we took the train for Tivoli. It was a bright, sunny day, and the Campagna was as ever most attractive. Arriving at the station, we took a cab to the little restaurant, driving the longest way round to get a better view of the world-famed water-falls of Tivoli. We ate our lunch on a terrace, from which we had lovely views of the mountains, ravines and numberless gushing water-falls, that were everywhere, beside and beneath us, while just above us was the beautiful little temple of Vesta.

When one goes to Tivoli, it is not difficult to understand why there are so many fountains in Rome. The accumulated waters of the Sabine mountains seem to rush literally under the town. Two immense tunnels, one built centuries ago by

THE CASCADES AND WATERFALLS AT TIVOLI

the Romans, and the other by one of the more recent Popes, prevent the disasters which formerly happened to the town from time to time, when the water swept away the foundations of the houses; but there are, besides, numerous water-falls which rush out madly into the ravine below.

After lunch we drove over to the western part of the town, to see the beautiful Villa d'Este, which, as you know, is one of the finest of the Renaissance period. It was begun for Cardinal Ippolito d'Este, but now belongs to the Archduke Francis Ferdinand of Austria-Este.

In some of the rooms are a few damaged frescoes by Zucchero, odd designs of men or women, represented as coming through a door-way; but the key-note of the whole place is water, water—arranged in cascades from one terrace to another, and in the most ingenious and fascinating way, fountains spring up at every turn in the beautiful pathways, while fern-grown grottoes, often shielding dainty statuettes, are on every side.

We sat a long time near the wonderful group of old cypress trees that have been so often painted, and enjoyed first the view of the villa and fountains on the one side, then the broad Campagna stretching out toward Rome on the other.

The Cardinal d'Este had gorgeous ideas and gorgeous facilities, but his dream was never completed, and the whole place is fast becoming a ruin.

Our merciless watches told us we must leave, if we were to see all the beauties of the Villa Adriana.

There is so much to be seen there, and distances are so great, that we were very glad of the sedan chairs which we found at the entrance. An immense wall over two hundred yards long runs east and west at the entrance of this villa, so that one side is always in the shade. It seems to me that this is one of the most interesting ruins in Italy, and numerous works of art have been taken from here that are now among the treasures of the Vatican and Capitoline museums. The villa is mentioned only twice in ancient history, but the archæologists have tried to fit the ruins with the description of Hadrian's biographer Spartian. There are innumerable rooms and courts, some large, others small, and to them have been assigned names more or less correct, I suppose. The mosaics in the floors are exquisite, and it was in one of these small rooms that the famous mosaic of the "doves of the fountain," that we see so often copied, was found. There are numerous subterranean halls for the passage of servants and slaves, and a ruin of an Egyptian temple, where Hadrian cele-

VIEW OF THE VILLA D'ESTE AT TIVOLI

brated festivals in the Egyptian manner. We decided to drive back and take the train at Bagni, and, as we had plenty of time, we walked all around to see these strange sulphur waters, which are of a peculiar blue, and incrust everything they touch. We reached Rome in time for dinner, and this evening we went to the reception of the Princess Venosa. It seems that there is to be an out-of-door fête given at one of the villas near Rome for charity, and some of the younger girls are going to sell flowers and candies, dressed in Louis XVI shepherdess costumes. Countess Taverna's daughter is going in costume, as is also the daughter of the Princess d'Avella. They asked me about the shepherdess' hats, and I said that I thought the new fashions in Paris this spring were as near the old models as one could possibly find.

I met the Princess Doria, who is a delightful English woman, sister of the Duke Newcastle, and also the pretty Duchess of Terranova. After we had a nice chat all around we went over to the Princess Poggio Suasa's. It was very late, and most people were going away as we came in, but we were very glad, for we had a pleasant visit with the Princess and her sister, the Marquise, who, like ourselves, is soon going up to Paris.

I am mailing you two letters at once, but one was

dated yesterday; I mislaid it under some papers, and could not find it at all, till I asked St. Anthony of Padua to come to my rescue, after the manner of the Italians, and, sure enough, I found it at once.

## XLIII

### To E. F. D. B.

ADELAIDE RISTORI

Rome, Italy, April 9, 1905

*Dear M.:*

SOME time ago, I wrote you that I had met the daughter of the famous actress, Adelaide Ristori, who now lives in a fine old palace in the Via Montrone, and bears the name and title of the Marchesa Capranica del Grillo. I have seen quite a little of Donna Bianca, the daughter, who is one of the sweetest women I have met in Rome, and entirely devoted to her famous mother.

For some time we have been trying to arrange a day when I could go to meet and sing to the great Ristori. A slight indisposition on her part, during the coldest of the weather, has made it impossible for her to receive her friends until recently. A few days ago, however, the much coveted invitation came, and yesterday I had tea with the woman who has been the greatest actress of her time, and who was in her prime the most beautiful woman in Italy.

She is now over eighty years of age, but as she came forward leaning on the arm of her daughter, she had the same majestic bearing that I have always admired so much in the photographs that we have of her at home.

I was speaking one day of music and art with Donna Bianca, and in reference to Mme. Sembrich, I said, that I did not believe it was my dear friend's voice alone that had made her fame, nor her voice and art together, but rather the sweetness of her true womanhood, that was the crowning attraction to the great audiences that love her so much. "I think that was always true of my mother," Donna Bianca said; and I feel sure this must have been so, for Adelaide Ristori is a very noble and beautiful character, as well as a great and distinguished artist. You will never make me believe, that the personal character of an artist does not have its psychical effect on an audience. I do not say, that in order to be an artist, one must be a beautiful character, but I do say that the greatest artists, those that are the most beloved by the most people, like Sembrich and Ristori, have almost invariably beautiful natures as well as great talent.

As I drank my cup of tea, and sat chatting with this famous woman, who made herself very interesting and

LA MARCHESA CAPRANICA DEL GRILLO

(ADELAIDE RISTORI)

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A Mme Francis Batcheller
Ricordo di Adelaide Ristori
Mso Capranica del Grillo
Roma 12 Aprile
1905

delightful to me, I wondered if I were in a dream or if it were really quite true. The great Marchesa asked me if I would sing for her, and I do not know when I ever enjoyed singing more than on that afternoon. As I finished, the dear woman took my hands in hers, saying, "You sing straight to the heart, I want to talk to you," and then she told me of some of her various experiences in her many travels around the world. "If you wish to be known everywhere, my dear, you must go everywhere, put up with many discomforts, learn to accommodate yourself to various customs, and to all sorts of people, and as you love your art and work, happiness and success will come to you. My life has been one long journey, you know."

From the day she was born, Adelaide Ristori was destined for the theatre. The child of a mother and father who belonged to one of the small traveling troupes of the Italian stage, she first saw the foot-lights at the age of three months, when the enterprising director gained an unwilling permission from her mother to introduce the little baby into a small comedy that the troupe was then giving, called "Les Etrennes." The story of the little scene was supposed to be one of reconciliation between a young girl, who had married against her parents' wishes,

and the irate father. She had not the courage to confess her marriage or to present boldly her new baby to the family, so on this, the New Year's fête, she had conspired with an old servant of the house to place the baby in the basket, half hidden with the best fruits and flowers of the garden, which according to custom must be presented to the master of the house on this day. But little Adelaide had no intention of waiting for any cue to make her voice heard upon the stage, and not being able to devour the fruits, called lustily for her maternal consolation. All the actors were upset, and the curtain dropped amidst the general laughter of the audience.

Her second debut was made at the age of three, where in one of the scenes, a very bad man was supposed to steal the child. The scene was quite exciting, and the little girl, feeling that she was really being stolen, bit and scratched at the poor actor, who was trying to hold her, until she freed herself and ran "willy-nilly" to the arms of her mamma.

At twelve years of age she was regularly engaged for children's parts, and as she was tall, she began soon after to play the rôles of young girls and ingénues. Her father, a man of great good sense, would not allow her to accept the brilliant offers which were made her by several of the companies

travelling throughout Italy, but conscious that she must keep her health as well as continue her education, preferred that she should accept, as she did for a time, modest parts in the company known as the troupe of the King of Sardinia, which stayed for the greater part of the year at Turin. Almost immediately she began to play important rôles, and the hard work and many obstacles inevitable to the artist, only increased her enthusiasm for her art. She had the high-strung, sensitive nature of the artist—gay to-day, sad to-morrow; and she tells the amusing story, that once when she was not in the cast at the theatre, during a scene which represented a masquerade ball, she dressed herself in a domino, and pranced about the stage with the others, unmasking at the critical moment, to the great amusement of the audience, before the astounded actor who was playing the principal rôle. At other times, she became extremely sad, and used to take long walks in the cemetery, visit the insane asylums, and sometimes after the extreme nervous tension of some dramatic rôle, she would faint and become unconscious for a quarter of an hour at a time.

At the age of eighteen her manager insisted that she should play the rôle of Mary Stuart. At first, it seemed to her beyond her strength and beyond her

possibilities, but there was nothing to do but resign herself and study. The night that preceded her first representation of the part she could not shut her eyes, but was very nervous, feverish and utterly lacking in her confidence to succeed.

She said it seemed to her as if all the eyes of the audience contained sharp points which were sticking into her body. She seemed to hear people say, "Dear child, she can never play such a part," and then a horrible silence would follow, in which no one dared to applaud. Her sweet mother guided and guarded her through these days of trial and worry, and her conscientious work brought her full success.

I was struck by this frank admission of nervousness on the part of the great artist. I remember Sarasate, the well-known Spanish violinist, saying to me once when we were waiting our turn in a concert, in which we were both taking part, "Anyone who says he feels no emotion whatever when he faces a great audience lies." Of course he did not mean that everyone is terrified with fear, but I think myself when anyone steps on to the platform, before a great audience, he must feel a certain emotion. This must be scientifically true, as the personal vibrations of everyone in the audience must, just at first,

be directed to the person on the platform. After a few seconds have passed, the direct aim of the vibrations is dispersed, and the true artist gains his equilibrium, loses his nervousness in the pleasure of his art and in his endeavor to please others.

You will be interested to know that Ristori believes in the complete innocence and sweetness of the character of Mary Stuart. I remember your telling me how magnificent she was in the rôle of the injured and ill-used Queen of Scots. Ristori's life was not all sunshine and flowers, for it was only after repeated pleadings that Pope Pius IX gave his consent to her marriage with the young and handsome Marchese Capranica del Grillo, whose family bitterly opposed the match. There were months of waiting, anxiety and opposition, but at last all difficulties were overcome, the young lovers were married and received the blessing of the Pope.

Fully recognizing his wife's great genius, the Marchese never failed to aid and encourage her in every possible way. For a time it seemed as if her domestic happiness would lessen her enthusiasm for her public career, but she had a great desire to prove to her own country, as well as to the world, the value of Italian art, which was rather being neg-

lected at that time, the public inclining to favor more especially pieces by French authors. In Paris she received the homage of all the great critics and dramatic writers, and, in fact, all over the world, where she carried her wonderful Italian art, she met with the same triumphs, and the same love and admiration were lavished upon her. No difficulties daunted or discouraged her, and so impressed did she become with the beauty of Shakespeare that she mastered the English language, and played the rôle of Lady Macbeth in English—a very difficult thing for an Italian to do.

I remember Mon. B. of France describing to me his impressions of the sleep-walking scene in that play. He said it was the most wonderful piece of acting that he had ever seen. The marvellous way in which Ristori was able to keep the pupils of her eyes perfectly still, and to speak in a strange, veiled voice, such as one might use when walking in one's sleep, and yet to give the audience the definite picture of a woman morally and mentally ill, must have been extraordinary. She says that the steady strain of keeping the pupils of her eyes immovable, permanently injured her eye-sight. Throughout the whole scene she gave long, painful sighs, to give the impression that she was really in a nervous sleep.

She told us about a gala night in Naples, when she fell apparently without reason across the front of the stage into the foot-lights, and was only saved from being burned seriously by the brother of King Ferdinand of Naples, Count of Syracuse. Fortunately, the theatre was lighted with oil, and though her arm was burned badly, she persisted in continuing the performance. It was said at the time that the accident was due to the presence in the theatre of a celebrated *jettatura*, and the Count of Syracuse presented her then and there with a rabbit's foot mounted in gold, saying, "I killed the beast myself, wear this bijou against all *jettature* of the future."

It was at Madrid in the same year that Ristori says she passed the most memorable evening of her life As she drove to the theatre one evening, she heard the solemn ringing of a bell in the street by a monk. She asked the reason of this, and was told that a young soldier, called Nicolas Chapado, in a moment of anger, had put his hand to his sabre, and started to attack a sergeant, his superior officer, and had been condemned to die. The story filled the kind-hearted Marchesa with sadness, and while she was thinking of the unhappy man, as she made her toilet for the stage, a knock came on her door. Her husband went to find out what was wanted, and discovered

that a number of people, knowing the great fondness of the Queen for Ristori, had come to beg her to intercede for the life of the condemned man. They explained that the unhappy soldier was an excellent young man of irreproachable character, who had served eleven years in the army, and had been struck unjustly by his sergeant before his comrades. "But the Queen will think me foolish," cried Ristori, "I should never dare." She was quite upset at the idea that they looked to her to save the life of this man, but she was so tender-hearted, that she could not refuse to do her utmost. She sent out into the audience by a messenger that the Marchesa Capranica del Grillo desired to see the Marshal Narvaez Duke de Valence, President of the Council of the Ministers. Always polite, he came at once with his aide-de-camp, and though at first stern and severe, he could not but be moved by the pleadings of this wonderful woman. At last he said, "Well, if the Queen consents, I will not oppose, though only today I begged her to be severe, as all clemency at this time is dangerous, for our revolutions nearly always begin in the army. Listen, Madame, in the *entr'acte* ask for an audience with Her Majesty, be as eloquent with her as you have been with me; the Queen adores you, she will tell you that the President of

the Council opposes a pardon, she will call me; I will come, you may hope." Hardly had the Marshal left, when an anxious crowd overwhelmed her with questions, but she could say nothing. After the first act, an audience of the Queen was asked and granted, and at the feet of the Royal Lady Ristori begged for the life of this poor soldier. "Oh, Your Majesty, let my supplications reach your heart, and pardon a faithful subject who is really a good soldier, and who would give his life for Your Majesty; he but committed an indiscretion in a moment of thoughtlessness!" The Queen was much moved by the tears of the noble woman at her feet. "Calm yourself, Madame," she said, "I wished myself to grant him pardon, but the Marshal"—forgetting all etiquette and without perceiving that she was interrupting her Majesty, Ristori continued, "Deign then to express your clement intentions, and I know the Marshal will consent also." True to his promise, Narvaez came at once to the box, and bowed before his Sovereign. The Queen took Ristori's hand, saying, "Well, yes, yes, we will pardon him." As the public was becoming impatient, the Queen sent then and there for pen and paper, and having signed the act of pardon, said to Ristori, "There! At least one tragedy is well ended. Keep this pen, which shall

remain for you and yours a blessed souvenir"; and Ristori, her precious gift in her hand, with a heart bounding with joy, announced to the impatient crowd awaiting the decision, that the pardon had been granted.

A few moments afterward, when she appeared upon the scene, a tremendous demonstration of cheers and vivas resounded from all parts of the house: the name of the Queen alternating with that of Ristori. "I bowed to the Royal box," she said, "for I would not accept for myself the gratitude of the public, but I heard the Queen distinctly say in a loud voice, pointing to me, 'No—no, it is she—it is she.'" Ristori says that she owes to this Queen the most memorable evening of her existence, and she has always carefully treasured the pen which signed the pardon of the life of an honest man.

In Holland, where she played in 1859, she met with the same enthusiasm, particularly in Utrecht, where apparently the whole city met her at the station, and made such a demonstration in the streets and in front of her hotel, that the King said, "It is too small for a revolution, but too large for a demonstration." Nevertheless the King and Queen went often to her representations and presented her with the Gold Medal of Artistic Merit of Holland.

So it was everywhere, young and old, great and small, admired her alike, and she received decorations and medals from nearly every crowned head in the civilized world; playing now at the winter palace of the Czar and Czarina of Russia; now at the private birthday festival of Emperor William of Germany; now in Paris, where the Emperor Napoleon lavished upon her decorations and attentions; now in South America, where the Emperor, Dom Pedro, became one of her fast friends, as well as her admirer; and in our own America, the same admiration and applause greeted her, whenever she did us the honor to come to our shores.

She says that the most remarkable return from the playhouse that she ever had, was in Havana, Cuba. When she left the theatre, the enthusiastic Cubans tried to unharness her horses and drag her carriage themselves. She was at last able to prevent this, but she could not prevent the enthusiastic youths from climbing all over her carriage, at the risk of breaking their legs in the wheels. She was literally buried with bouquets, and she said, "I have often been haunted by the magic spectacle of that night in the tropics, where, under the star-lit sky, I passed in review this vast crowd, as if I had been a Queen. On each side was a living hedge of the most elegant

people of Cuba in evening dress, throwing me kisses and flowers, while the coachmen, all negroes, were hardly able to restrain their horses, frightened by the light of the torches held all along the road I was to go. Of the thousand and one nights that I have passed in coming back from the theatre by star-light, that was certainly the most brilliant."

The last night that Ristori appeared upon the stage was in New York, when at the urgent invitation of a German company, she consented to play Mary Stuart, speaking her lines in English while the rest of the company played in German. It was a very risky thing to do, and at first she was not at all willing to undertake it, but her great art made all things possible.

Many other interesting things, her daughter, Donna Bianca, has been kind enough to tell me, and has put into my hands material which has enabled me to learn much more about the great Ristori than I have known or realized before, as, of course, I am far too young to have ever seen her act. Donna Bianca speaks with much enthusiasm of Boston and Bostonians, and referred to the many kindnesses that Mrs. John L. Gardner had shown her mother and herself, when they were last in America.

The Marchese Giorgio, Donna Bianca's brother,

is a Gentleman-in-Waiting to Her Majesty Queen Margherita, and is a very interesting man.

On the eightieth birthday of Adelaide Ristori, a representation of some play was given in every theatre in Italy, and the proceeds sent to the great artist of whom Italy is so proud, and whom it so justly loves and honors.

But the great Marchesa would not accept pecuniary offerings. She thanked the country for its beautiful tribute, but used the money to establish a home for aged or infirm actresses. It was like her great heart to do for others of the profession that she has raised so high, who have been less fortunate and less gifted than herself.

## XLIV

### To E. F. D. B.

Rome, Italy, April 11, 1905

*My dear M.:*

WE had planned to go to Frascati this morning, but it was too rainy, so we drove up to the Villa Borghese, to take a last look at our favorite works of art in the galleries there. Mine is Bernini's group of Apollo and Daphne, but F. B. prefers Canova's Pauline Bonaparte.

After dinner we called upon Miss Cochrane, and with her drove to see the famous singer Clara Novella now the Countess Gigliucci. She is a very interesting woman, and told us many of her experiences. I sang one or two songs for her, off-hand, F. B. playing my accompaniments; she said she had read a great deal about my voice, and was anxious to hear it. We were sorry that we had to hurry away, but we did not like to miss Signora de Filippi's reception. Signor de Filippi, as I think I wrote you, is the President of the Aeronaut Club in Rome, and has made thirty ascensions this year in a balloon; on each occa-

sion he has been accompanied by his wife, a charming English woman who entertains delightfully.

Alas! we are beginning to say good-byes, and yesterday I made a little farewell call on Mme. Barrère, the French Ambassadress, who spoke most kindly about my voice, and hoped we would come back next winter. Then we went around to Mr. Graham's wonderful apartment. It ought to be called a museum, by rights, for such a wonderful collection of Chinese and Japanese works of art I have never seen before. Mr. G. lived for some years in China and Japan, and had very exceptional opportunities to purchase rare tapestries and all sorts of exquisite oriental bric-a-brac. He made us some excellent tea, showed us all his beautiful things, and we had such a pleasant time that we reached home barely in time to dress for dinner.

## XLV

### To C. R.

SUA ECCELLENZA LA MARCHESA DI RUDINI

ROME, ITALY, April 12, 1905

*My dear C.:*

THROUGH the kindness and courtesy of the Marchesa Leone di Rudini I was able to get a very nice box for the amateur theatricals, on March 25, given for the benefit of the Educatorio Pestalozzi, of which the Marchesa di Rudini is president. The house presented a sight long to be remembered, for all aristocratic and intellectual Rome found itself together in the Argentina theatre on that evening. The piece given was written especially for the occasion by M. Auguste Turchi, and called "*Aprile d'Amore*" ("April of Love"). I felt like a toy Chinese mandarin, for one saw everybody one knew. I think all in all it was the most beautiful audience I ever remember. The jewels were superb, toilets exquisite, and there were more beautiful women than I have ever seen together at one time. Her Majesty the Queen, attended by her Lady-of-

HER EXCELLENCY THE MARCHESA LEONE DI RUDINI

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Honor, the Countess of Trinità, entered the Royal box soon after the beginning of the opera. She looked far more lovely than anyone in the house, clad in a white gown, embroidered in silver spangles, as she bowed and smiled at the ovation of applause given her as she entered. She wore a diamond ornament in her hair, which is so abundant, so beautiful and always so becomingly *coiffed.*

The principal rôles in the operetta were taken by prominent society people, who sang extremely well. The music was not difficult, but there was no feeling of the amateur, for they had all been well drilled, and had so much natural talent. The Marchese Carlo Calabrini took the principal man's part, and was perfectly irresistible as a rich American gentleman, John Prycchenbrack, traveling in Italy, enchanted with the beauty of the Italian women, and very desirous of marrying and taking back to America a lovely Italian bride. It seems that the Marchese Calabrini—who, by the way, is one of the Gentlemen-in-Waiting to Her Majesty the Queen—has an English mother, consequently he knows all the tricks of the English and Americans in speaking his language, and he kept the audience in gales of laughter by his funny foreign-sounding Italian. Besides the rich American, there were other Italian suitors for

the hand of the Prima Donna, as in all comic operas, and there were the usual solos, trios and quartettes, which were all extremely well done. The Marchese Giorgio Guglielmi, who is one of the favorites here in amateur theatricals, played his part of Don Palmiro, a sort of "Beau Brummel" suitor in a specially fetching manner.

At the end of the second act, the Baron Gino de Morpurgo brought down the house by driving a coach-and-four in and around and about the stage.

It was the most dexterous piece of driving I have ever seen, and round after round of applause followed, as he drove off the stage. He came back to bow his acknowledgments, but that would not satisfy the audience at all. Shrieks of "*Bis, Bis!*" rang from all parts of the house, and at last he had to drive on again, and put his stunning horses through their paces once more. He did it just as well the second time, and the enthusiasm of the audience knew no bounds. One of the men told me he is considered the best whip in Italy. He comes from Venice, where the only horse in the place is kept in the Zoo, so that the children may know there is such an animal. Is n't it odd? But, of course, all the principal families spend a great deal of time in Rome every year. Morpurgo looked very fine,

dressed as a postilion, with white wig, blue coat, red waist-coat, white knee-breeches, white stockings, and big silver-buckled black slippers.

The duet between Mme. De Luca and Madame Facini was also greeted with much applause. Of course the audience all felt in good humor with themselves and the world in general, but then, the performance really was surprisingly well done.

At the end of the third act, which had a most effective stage setting, representing Spring at the Isle of San Giorgio, John Prycchenbrack was supposed to give a gorgeous fête with his American millions. Calabrini wore a "Grand-father's" hat, an "Uncle Sam" beard, long trousers and a coat with long tails; and he was too funny for words with his broken English-Italian. This fête served as an excuse for one of the prettiest ballets I have ever seen anywhere. To begin with, all the women in it, without exception, were really beautiful, and then the costumes were fresh, dainty and elegant. As F. B. said, "This is a ballet after one's own heart." The four seasons were represented each by six ladies. Spring came first, in costumes of delicate green chiffon, trimmed with roses, and wreaths of roses were worn in the hair, while each one carried a garland of roses in her hand. You see the roses come

in the Spring here, so that the seasons were arranged quite differently from what they would have been with us. Summer was represented in yellow chiffon, trimmed with bunches of wheat and red poppies, and each summer-girl carried a scythe in her hand. Miss Patterson, of Baltimore, the niece of the Countess Gianotti, looked very pretty as one of this group, and the costume was also particularly becoming to the Princess Giovanelli. Autumn was made extremely effective with violet dresses, trimmed with cleverly arranged wreaths of grape vines and bunches of grapes. Another American girl, Miss Parish, of New York, looked very pretty in these violet shades. Winter was the prettiest and cleverest costume for the season that I remember to have seen. The gowns were of soft, white mulle, with little balls of white cotton sewed on all over the skirts, and the head dresses were an artistic arrangement of these same little balls of cotton made into a sort of a crown of tiny snow balls. Dorothy Mocatta, a handsome English girl (daughter of a handsome mother), the Princess of Camporeale, and the laughter of the Marchesa Bevilacqua Lazise di Nozarole, carried off the honors in this group. The prettiest sort of a dance was arranged, and you can imagine the effect of the interwinding of the yellow,

# THE BALLET OF H. E. THE MARCHESA DI RUDINI

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purple, green and white colors. Ah! But every one actually held their breath when a golden apparition, representing the sun, floated on in the midst of the seasons. Every glass was levelled at this exquisite vision, and every one soon recognized the beautiful Marchesa Dora di Rudini. Tremendous applause followed. She was simply *éblouissante*, and her rare dark beauty was set off to the best possible advantage by her shimmering golden skirt covered with gold spangles. On her head was arranged a head-dress to represent the rays of the sun, but her beautiful eyes seemed quite as brilliant as her dazzling head-dress. The music was particularly attractive for her dance, and I am sure any professional dancer would have been envious of the Marchesa's grace and litheness. When the curtain dropped at the last tableau of the sun amid the seasons, everybody was wild with enthusiasm. They did it all over again most amiably, and then, in spite of herself and much against her will, the clever and energetic promoter of the evening, the incomparable Marchesa Leone di Rudini was pushed by various members of her own opera company to the front of the stage, where she was greeted with three cheers.

The Queen left at the end of the second act, after having warmly congratulated H. E. the Marchesa.

I cannot begin to tell you all the people I saw that I knew. The Princess d'Antuni looked particularly handsome, wearing her wonderful tiara of pearls. The beautiful Princess Viggiano had a box just above me, and looked distinguished and elegant, as she always does. H. E. Mme. Ohyama, the Japanese Ambassadress, wore some very fine jewels, and was in a white gown of the latest Paris fashion. The Marchesa Casati had on her wonderful pearls, as did the Duchess Visconti di Modrone—in fact, everybody seemed to be looking their best. The Countess Lützow with her lovely white hair and beautiful figure made me think of my dear mother.

As I came out from our box on the arm of the Col. Marchese Beccaria Incisa, many people made way for us to pass, as he is a very distinguished officer and a member of a famous family, a brother of the Rudini. F. B. gave his arm to the Marchesa, of course, and with very little trouble, thanks to the prompt action of the footman of the Colonel, we found our carriage and drove away home.

It was a delightful evening, and we were so glad to have had the Marchese and Marchesa Incisa with us in our box. The people that we did not know, they did, and they told us all about everything and everybody. The Marchesa looked exceedingly well in

COMPANY OF H. E. THE MARCHESA DI RUDINI

SHOWING BARON GINO DI MORPURGO IN THE CENTRE

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black satin with diamonds and pearl ornaments, and kept us all entertained throughout the evening with her bright and jolly ways.

The Marchesa di Rudini surely ought to feel highly gratified at the complete success of her undertaking. I have been in amateur theatricals so much myself, that I know the immense amount of work that a great production of this kind means. But then the Marchesa is an unusually clever woman; knows just what to do and how to do it. She is also very rich, and devotes endless time and money to the charity organizations in which she is interested. The Marchese, her husband, has been decorated by His Majesty with the Collar of the Annunciation (Collana dell' Annunziata), the greatest honor anyone can receive in Italy, and those who obtain it rank as cousins of the King. Since 1518, this order, called the Ordine Supremo dell' Annunziata, has been the highest order of knighthood of the Ducal House of Savoy, now the Royal House of Italy. It is said to have been originally founded by Amadeus VI of Savoy in 1362, and was called then the Order of the Collar of Savoy, but some authorities consider that its origin is much older. The medal of the order bears the representation of the Annunciation, while the collar is decorated with al-

ternate gold knots and enameled roses. The latter bear the letters F. E. R. T., thus making the Latin word *Fert* (He bears), an ancient motto of the House of Savoy. Again authorities differ as to this interpretation. The King is always the Grand Master of the order. The knights since 1720 are not limited in number, but they must be of high rank, and already admitted to the orders of St. Mauritius and St. Lazarus; and there is only one class of knights. The decoration is usually worn suspended by a gold chain, without the collar that I have just described, and since 1860 the knights wear on the left breast a star embroidered in gold. The four officers of the order are the Chancellor (always a bishop or archbishop), the Secretary (usually the Minister of Foreign Affairs), the Almoner (usually the King's first almoner), and the Treasurer. These officers wear the decoration around the neck, suspended by a sky-blue ribbon, accompanied by the star on the left breast.

The Marchesa might properly be described as the most up-to-date woman in Rome. Always faultlessly dressed in the latest Parisian fashion, her turn-outs are likewise of the finest, and she has adopted the fast-growing custom among the wealthy Romans, of having a beautiful villa in the new part of Rome, instead of living in a part of one of the old-time palaces.

You see, these old palaces are so vast, that they are rarely occupied by one family alone. In the olden days the palace was built by the head of the house, who occupied the first floor; his eldest son took possession of the second, on the occasion of his marriage; and the third floor was given over to another son or daughter, as the case might be. But this fashion, as I said, is gradually passing out, and the Romans have taken the word villa for what in many cases might properly be still called a palazzo, although these villas are not nearly as large as the great old palaces of the fifteenth century.

The Marchesa invited me to call on her, and appointed a special time, in order that we might see something of each other, for as she said quite truly, "When one receives formally, one *really* does not see anybody at all." As she is a very busy woman, I thought she was very kind to make this arrangement, and I thoroughly enjoyed my visit with her. She speaks English very well, and is quite as up-to-date in her American expressions, as she is in everything else. She received us in a fascinating gown of white cloth, trimmed with rare old oriental embroideries, and her house was as *au fait* and cosmopolitan as herself. Kipling has said, "Men and women may sometimes after great effort achieve a creditable lie,

but the house which is their temple cannot say anything save the truth of those who have lived in it." Everything in this lovely house, furnished with great elegance and taste, speaks of the personality of the Marchesa herself.

She asked me if I would sing for her the day that she celebrates as her fête-day (birthdays don't count over here, and as all Roman Catholics are named for some saint in the Holy Calendar, the annual holiday is celebrated on the day of the Saint for whom one is named). I was only too glad to be able in some way to return her charming courtesies to me. Several people had told me that they had never heard a voice and a flute together (you see there are so few high voices in Italy), so it occurred to me that it would be something quite new (and that is what the Marchesa likes) to sing one of my songs with a flute obligato. Accordingly, I rehearsed with Professor Settacciolli, professor of the flute at the Academy of St. Cecilia, and I was very glad, for the song went off finely and every one seemed surprised and delighted. One lady, who was in a room opening out of the music-room, said to me, "But Madame, I could not tell if it was the flute or if it was the voice that I heard."

No débutante at home ever received more gor-

geous flowers than the Marchesa on her fête-day. The whole house was literally transformed into a bower, and besides, a number of tables at one end of the drawing-room were quite covered with dainty and costly gifts from her numerous, admiring friends. The Marchesa Cappelli, who does such beautiful needle-work, had embroidered an exquisite pillow for the Marchesa, to whom she is most devoted. There were also fans, dainty bits of jewelry, odd bits of old silver, and in fact, all sorts of pretty things. But the Marchesa's popularity is richly deserved, for she is really one of the most charming women I have ever met, as well as one of the cleverest. I was sipping a cup of tea, with the beautiful Princess Viggiano who was wearing her order of the palace, a large monogram, E. V. (Elena, Victor Emmanuel) in diamonds, as she had been assisting the Queen at a small reception at the palace, when Bustini, who had played my accompaniments, came and said that everyone wanted me to sing once more. I had finished singing, as I thought, but I returned to the piano and sang Gounod's little serenade with the flute accompaniment. People are so perfectly charming here, and have such a pretty way of thanking you for doing things they ask, that you can refuse them nothing.

During the afternoon, all fashionable Rome paid homage to the Marchesa, and came to wish her well for another year. Just as we were going out, I saw Countess Bruschi for a moment. She was wearing my pet shade of pinkish lilac, and I never saw her look more lovely. She, too, had been in attendance on Her Majesty, and wore her diamond order, like that of the Princess Viggiano.

An awful thunder-storm came up just as everyone was leaving, but instead of spoiling the gayety of the afternoon, the clever Marchesa became more animated than ever, passed from room to room greeting her various guests with an appropriate word for each, so that everybody forgot the shower, and the fact that they had intended to go home.

Although the Marchesa is distinctly White in her politics, her popularity extends to the Vatican, for I exchanged greetings with Cardinal Mathieu to-day. I think I wrote you about being presented to him at the Marchesa Cappelli's a short time ago. He wore, as he did the other day, the deep purple *soutane*, with small red buttons down the front and the red *berretta* on his head. Of course, he formed the centre of the group of people who were anxious to meet him. When a reception is given in the evening to which cardinals have been invited, no one is

allowed to come in a décolleté gown, and no prelate must on any account be present in a room with dancing. On presentation, one is expected to make a slight reverence, and if His Eminence extends his hand, you are expected to kiss the great ring on his right hand, after the manner of His Holiness, the Pope.

The Marchesa has promised to give me her picture, so I shall be able to show you how lovely she is when I get home. How many things we shall have to talk about.

I said good-bye to a great many people to-day, for we have made up our mind that we must be moving on to Paris. I am quite blue at the thought of leaving this delightful place, where everyone has been so hospitable. I never thought I should be unhappy at the thought of going to Paris, which always seems like home to me. The Marchesa's brother, the Col. Marchese Incisa and his wife have jointly given me a letter of introduction to the Countess Simeon who lives in Paris, a sister of the Colonel and of the Marchesa di Rudini.

If she is as charming as the other members of her family, and I have no doubt she is, I shall surely enjoy making her acquaintance.

It does not seem as if we should ever be ready to

leave, there are so many last little things to be done, so many good-byes to be said, and such loads of P. P. C. cards to be sent out. Everybody has been so lovely that I do not feel as if I had half thanked anybody. I cannot write more now, as the trunks demand attention; we have already invested in an extra one as the accumulation of many months is more than one would imagine

## XLVI

### To T. C. B.

Rome, Italy, April 14, 1905

*My dear P.:*

MANY thanks for your cable and pleasant birthday wishes. I did not realize that I had told anyone it was my birthday, but by eleven o'clock this morning my rooms were a bower of flowers from my Italian friends; many of the flowers came in exquisite vases which were, in themselves, very dainty gifts.

This afternoon F. B. and I went for a long drive to Montemario, and this evening the Marchesa Monaldi gave a charming dinner for me. Prof. and Mme. Sgambati, Count San Martino, Baron Morpurgo and others were there. The dinner was very pleasant, and afterwards a clever young Italian gave some amusing recitations in the different dialects of Italy; altogether it has been a delightful day, and I think the Marchesa was very kind to entertain so charmingly in my honor.

I forgot whether I wrote you that she had a

musicale a few days ago at which I sang, where Prof. Sgambati played my accompaniments for his songs.

I presume we shall see the Monaldi in England later, for she and the Marchese are going up to London for the season in June. She is a very attractive Englishwoman, and devoted to London, of course.

I was glad to meet Count San Martino at dinner to-night, as he is such a very busy man one can almost never secure him, for he is so prominent in the municipal government, being President of the Consiglio Communale, at the head of so many important societies,—the Belle Arti, St. Cecilia Orchestral Society, and many others, that his time is often not his own. He is a man of great wealth and culture, and does a great deal for Rome in many ways. Belonging as he does to one of the most distinguished families, his social demands are also great, but the busiest people are those who always know how to arrange their time systematically, and one might say that Count San Martino performs "prodigies of valor" with the twenty-four hours of each day. We had a nice musical talk about some of my music which the Count and I went over together the other evening when he came to call, but in the midst a telephone call demanded that he

COUNT SAN MARTINO

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E. de Sant Martino

come to some unexpected municipal meeting, so he bade all a hasty good evening and was off.

That 's what it is for a man to be brilliant, rich and influential—he never can call an hour his own.

It is very late and I must not write more.

## XLVII

### To E. F. D. B.

Continental Hotel,
Milan, Italy, April 20, 1905

*My dear M.:*

YOU will indeed be surprised to get a letter from here, but we are only too thankful to reach this hotel this morning after a most exciting and uncomfortable journey from Rome. Indeed it was quite uncertain whether we could get here at all, as a railway strike is becoming general throughout Italy. The trains are being run by government officers and have to be protected all along the line with soldiers, as the strikers are anything but peaceful in their attitude. The train-de-luxe, on which we had engaged our sleeping compartment, did not go at all, so we were obliged to take any train we could get. You would have laughed, at the station at Rome, to see the gold-laced hotel porters handling all the baggage and putting it on the train; but they were really very nice about it, and considering that they were not at all used to the business of weighing trunks, etc., they did very well.

Soldiers were everywhere in the station, and, while the poor porters were struggling with the trunks, the strikers had taken possession of the station restaurant and were feasting in high glee.

Try as we might, we could only secure seats in a second-class compartment, but as there were already in it only a quiet Italian professor and another man, who said he should leave the train at Florence, we did not complain.

R. and his mother rushed down to the station at the last moment, having been first to the hotel; they did not think that we should brave the strikers and get away, but our trunks were packed and all our plans made to be in Paris for Easter, so we decided to go in spite of everything. We foresaw difficulties, and F. B. had a generous lunch prepared for us by the hotel people in Rome. The last good-byes were very hard to say, particularly to R. and his dear mother, who have been so kind to us in many ways, and have done so much to make our stay in Rome pleasant.

The train was guarded and all along the road at bridges and entrances of tunnels, soldiers were stationed at close intervals; it was really quite exciting. As we came in sight of Florence, I recalled all of our many happy days there together. How we did

enjoy the galleries and the wonderful paintings of Fra Angelico! What lovely drives we used to take out into the country to the surrounding villas, and do you remember how much we enjoyed going to Fiesole, and the Medici chapel? What a wonderful place it is, and what a wonderful people those Medici were! Not one of the family is living to-day, but they will never be forgotten and they did not intend to be. Those six pills of the doctor's (you remember the Coat of Arms of the Medici family) are stamped in all parts of Italy. They were wonderfully powerful characters, nearly all of them, and some of them very bad; but I always feel a certain sort of sympathy for Catherine; she was so badly used and ill-treated as a young bride in France, that it seems to me her later cruelties are to a certain extent explained.

I shall never forget the beautiful views of the Apennine Mountains that we saw by the light of the full moon from the car windows, but otherwise the night was not unalloyed joy, for at one of the small stations four giggling, gabbling girls insisted upon getting into our compartment, and Sleep fled at once out of the window.

However, here we are quite comfortable in this nice hotel, where we have been so often. Soap and water

enjoy the palaces and the wonderful paintings of Fra Angelico? When lovely drives we used to take out into the country, to the surrounding villas, and do you remember how much we enjoyed going to Fiesole, and the Monte Cappuccini? What a wonderful place it is, and what a wonderful people those Medici were! Little could the family is living to-day, but they will never be forgotten, and they did not intend to be. Those [illegible] the Author's great resemblance the Cosimo [illegible] the Medici family are stamped in all parts of Italy. They were wonderfully generous, liberal, kind to all of them, and some of them very, very bad. I always feel a certain sort of sympathy for Lucrezia, who was so badly used and threatened to a young lady in France, that it seems to me she has been treated very, very harsh. Caveat legislator!

I shall never forget the moonlit views of the Apennine Mountains that we saw by the light of the full moon from the car windows, for otherwise the night was not enlivened by, at one of the small stations, four peddling peddling girls insisted upon getting into our compartment, and these fled at once out of the window.

However, here we are quite comfortable in this nice hotel, where we have been so often. Soap and water

INTERIOR OF THE PALACE BORROMEO AT ISOLA BELLA

and a good cup of coffee have refreshed us, and we are going over to the cathedral presently to see and hear the great Holy Thursday ceremonies, conducted by H. E. Cardinal Charles Andrea Ferrara.

*Later.*

We are really fortunate to have been here to-day; the ceremony was magnificent, and the Cardinal most gorgeous in his white and gold robes. His jeweled hat, mitre and all the gold plate of the rich treasury of this wonderful cathedral was in use to-day. There was a very elaborate ceremony, in which a great many priests took part. The choir sang beautifully, and there was one very high soprano voice like the Pope's angel. After the ceremonies at the high altar, which seemed to me very complicated, the Cardinal went to the side altar of San Giovanni, accompanied by the priests, and the ceremony of washing his feet in oil took place. There was such a crowd that we could not see very distinctly, but the music was fine. Before leaving the cathedral, we went into the subterranean chapel to see the tomb of St. Carlo Borromeo, the patron saint of the cathedral. There lies the skeleton decked out in all his robes and jewels—really a most uncanny sight. Did you remember that there are fifty-two columns in the cathedral for the fifty-two Sundays in the year?

I had forgotten. In one of the chapels we saw the old wooden crucifix which St. Carlo Borromeo carried when he went about bare-footed on his errands of mercy during the plague.

We are sorry that we have not time to stay a few days in the lake country, which must be delightful at this season of the year, especially Lago Maggiore. I think the Isola Bella is one of the loveliest spots on earth, with its gardens and terraces abounding in flowers, and its wonderful old castle with the wee little village that clusters around it. It all belongs to the Borromeo family, one of the most distinguished names in Northern Italy. The other Borromeo islands, the Isola dei Pescatori (Fishermen's Island) and Isola Madre, are also very attractive. The last time we were there we stayed at Stresa, quite near the villa belonging to the Duchess of Genoa, the mother of Queen Margherita, who usually passes her summer there.

We hoped to have time to drive out from Milan to-day to Santa Maria delle Grazie, which is now a cavalry barrack, to see again the "Last Supper" of Leonardo da Vinci, but we had to give it up; it was running too great a risk to miss the train for Paris, and a cab horse, when you want to hurry, generally falls down.

ISOLA BELLA AT LAGO MAGGIORE

After the train left Milan, we passed along through the great St. Gotthard tunnel, and we felt as if we had had a review of our Italian lake trip, for the road skirted the edge of Lake Como, where we had such a delightful time two years ago. The Countess Taverna has a beautiful villa on the borders of the lake; so has the Duchess Melzi d'Eril, whose picture, I wrote you, so much resembled you. I told you, I am sure, about meeting her charming daughter, the Countess Zaccaria. We had splendid views of Lake Lugano also, and the train passes over a causeway built directly across the lake. Do you remember what fun we had going up in the *funiculare* to Mount San Salvatore? And then the Alps! How magnificent they are, their wonderful snow-peaks reaching almost beyond belief into the blue sky!

We were quite comfortable in a fine observation car, and Nature gave us her most wonderful cinematograph exhibition. Many people left the train at Lucerne, and I was glad to see the beautiful lake once more.

I can hardly realize that we have left Rome behind us, it has been such a delightful winter; we have met a great many charming people, and have seen a great many interesting things, but I always think of the story that Sgambati told me of that dis-

tinguished man, Thorwaldsen, who came to Rome, and asked a friend living there how long it would take him to really see Rome? "Well," replied the man, "I really cannot tell; you see, I have only lived here thirty years." People were very kind when I left, urging me to come back to Rome, and whether I am able to return or not, I shall ever have with me the memory of my dear Italian friends, and their many kindnesses to me.

"Music, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory;
Odors, when sweet violets sicken,
Live within the sense they quicken;

Rose-leaves, when the rose is dead,
Are heaped for the beloved's bed;
And so thy thoughts, when thou art gone,
Love itself shall slumber on."

THRONE ROOM OF THE BORROMEO PALACE AT
ISOLA BELLA

## LXVIII

Boston, December, 1905

*My dear Princess:*

YOU asked me to write you something about the conditions of the Italians who have come over to America, and as I have just spent some days in going about among the settlements of your country people in my own city, I am able to write you what to me seem rather interesting facts. Dr. Tosti, the Italian Consul here in Boston, who is one of the most scholarly Italians in America, and whose charming wife is much liked here, has kindly assisted me in obtaining my information; he presented to me one of the prominent Italian priests here in Boston, Padre Biasotti, a very intelligent and able man, who devotes his life to helping his fellow countrymen who travel far and wide seeking an honest livelihood. Padre Biasotti belongs to the Order of San Carlo Borromeo, which, as you know, was founded by Monseigneur Scalabrini for the purpose of aiding and assisting Italian emigrants in North and South America.

In 1901 the celebrated Bishop came over to visit

his missions in America, and in *La Piccola Italia* (Little Italy) of Boston, he found great need of an Italian school, which could aid in training the children of the people of his fatherland, who arrive in America knowing nothing of the English language and next to nothing of our laws and customs.

Parochial schools there are to be sure, to which the Italian children are admitted, and Mon. Scalabrini paid a high tribute to our excellent and efficient public school system in Boston, but the Italians, young and old alike, were greatly in need of much that could not be obtained except in a school where their own language was spoken.

To aid in the success of this really difficult undertaking, a number of the Italian Sisters of the Apostolic Sisters of the Sacred Heart (an order founded by Mons. Scalabrini for the benefit of the Italian immigrants in North and South America), come to Boston, where they were warmly welcomed by the Italian colony.

To make a long story short, Padre Biasotti, with wonderful perseverance and ability, has succeeded in buying a fine house in the Italian quarters, and has established a school where 800 pupils have received excellent instruction during this last year.

A so-called Giardino d'Infanzia has been one of

the special benefits to the Italian colony; the poor Italian woman is only too glad to confide her little ones to the tender care of the Sisters, for she is thus enabled to earn a living or attend with greater ease to her household duties. During this past year over 300 babies, from three to six years old, have come under the care of the holy women, who direct the school. A playground is arranged for out-of-door games, and a large room provided where the children are kept amused, and almost unconsciously they learn the simple practices of their Holy Church, and cleanly habits of daily life.

Not wishing to interfere with the excellent educational advantages offered by our public schools, Padre Biasotti opens his classes for girls and boys from six to fourteen years, only from four to six in the afternoon, after the public schools are closed.

In those classes many helps are offered to the young Italians, and their lessons in the public schools are ably supplemented and explained by the Sisters, while at the same time they try to make the children feel a love for the dear Italy over the seas, and endeavor to teach those born in this country, and speaking only English, something of their own beautiful language.

If the school in the city has been tiring, there is

an out-of-door as well as an indoor gymnasium, where the children may have healthy exercise; at an evening school, the more ambitious are taught designing, sewing and even embroidery, while every Thursday afternoon women may come and learn to do their household sewing, the cloth necessary for their wants being the only expense.

Not satisfied with all this, the indefatigable Padre has instituted a musical society called San Giovanni Berchmans, which numbers one hundred members, who bind themselves to good conduct in their own families, and in the school or work-shops where they are employed. They have started a band, bought suitable instruments, and, with astonishing energy and interest, have purchased very attractive uniforms. Directed by an Italian professor, they are now able to give excellent concerts to the rare pleasure and delight of all the inhabitants of *Piccola Italia*. They have also given some excellent concerts for the benefit of the Italian charities; another social society, San Luigi Gonzaga, was formed with the hope that the young people would come together, listen to the deeds of their own people, and talk with one another in their own tongue; but the Italian brain is very quick, and the children, even those who have been in this country but a short time, are soon chattering

fluently in English, and very often the children of Italian parents born in this country cannot speak a word of Italian.

However, Dr. Tosti tells me that the Italian Government rather encourages those who come here to live, to become Americanized, and almost invariably the Italian immigrants make excellent citizens.

For the purpose of teaching the children of the school the mother tongue correctly, a little stage has been built in one of the school-rooms, and from time to time plays are given, to which the parents of the boys and girls are invited. A good moral is always brought out, and at the same time much diversion is furnished to all concerned.

By an arrangement with the Public Library of Boston, numbers of Italian books and papers are sent from time to time to the school, and in a large reading-room, where 200 people can be comfortably accommodated at reading-tables, the Italians may enjoy the literature of their own land. If it is impossible to come to the reading-room the books may be taken home for fifteen days, and a young Italian girl acts as librarian.

On the third floor of the building is a pretty chapel, which can seat about one hundred and twenty persons, and here on Sundays the Sisters instruct the

members of the school in the mystic stories of their Church and its Holy Faith. The Dante Alighieri Society, composed of many of the most cultured women of Boston, has taken a great deal of interest in all this work, and our members have often witnessed the little plays given by the children.

It was during the Christmas holidays when Dr. Tosti went with us to the school; the children were assembled in the hall to prepare for the Christmas festivals, and could hardly be made to keep their attention on the songs they were learning to sing, so great was their interest in the pretty Christmas tree that was gayly decorated and placed on the little stage.

In honor of our coming the rehearsal was stopped, and the children sang several of the songs that they knew quite well. Very prettily too, they sang, and with the ever charming enthusiasm of their race. Then two or three of the older girls recited some Italian poems very nicely for us. Many of the children have the dark brilliant eyes of the sunny south, but now and then a little blonde with very Anglo-Saxon eyes told of the intermarriage with some strain of northern blood.

We left the eager faces of the school rehearsal, and mounted the stairs to the top of the building, where,

to our surprise and delight, we found a real Italian *terrazza*. Yes, there were the trellises for the flowers in summer, shading little tables where of a hot summer afternoon, the poor children, forced to stay in the hot city, could go and find shade, air and flowers—as in their own land. Surely, Padre Biasotti has left no stone unturned to do his uttermost for his own people, and they appreciate it, for among them he has been able to raise over $70,000 (350,000 lire), the sum necessary to make all these advantageous enterprises possible.

After leaving the school we went to see the church. "My church is of wood, but my school is of stone," said the Padre, and, I thought, how wise and far-seeing was his remark.

Nevertheless the Padre has on hand a scheme whereby before the next year is over a $100,000 stone church in the style of Venetian architecture will lift its head proudly to the world, and bid all the *Italia* of Boston to worship at its altar. The Padre is a Venetian and a personal friend of Pope Pius X, who greatly admires his young countryman, and has stood ready with Papal protection and help in many times of need.

The Roman Catholics in Boston are for the most part of Irish descent, and had Mons. Williams not

been a broad-minded and unusually fine man, the Italians might not always have found it easy to feel at home even in their church.

However, now that there are over 50,000 Italians in Boston, among whom is owned $2,000,000 of real estate, they begin to feel that they are a part of a great city in which they have definite legal rights and interests, and in which they almost invariably make excellent citizens.

The Padre told me that he had made a study of the Italians here in Boston, that he had been to the jails, prisons, house of correction, reformatories, etc., etc., and had found in these institutions fewer Italians than any other nationality.

"The Italians are very moral people," the Padre said, and I believe this is true. I know a large contractor living near us in the country, who hires many hundred Italians to work for him each year, and I was pleased when he told me a short time ago that he had never had in his employ but one bad Italian. "They are as honest, hard-working men as I have ever seen," he said.

In 1901 only 351 Italians landed in Boston, but in 1903, 22,308 came to the land of the Pilgrims. The increase in immigration has been enormous, and while many of the Italians go back home, to visit

and show to their friends the success of their efforts, they nearly always return to America, and only a few, unfavored by Fate, return disillusioned from the land of the "*bigga mon*" to remain on the sunny shores of Bella Napoli, where poverty is more easily endured.

A franc in Naples is the practical equivalent of a dollar in America among the poorer classes, so while wages are higher here, prices are accordingly higher, but the great demand for unskilled labor makes progress in most cases probable and profitable.

Many of the Italians in and about Boston have become quite wealthy, and one Italian is building at his own individual expense a $25,000 church, which shows unusual generosity and interest, as you will agree.

The great increase in Italian immigration has necessitated the forming of a society in Boston for the protection of the Italian immigrants; most of the Italians coming to our shores are from Southern Italy, and those coming to Boston come generally from the Province of Avellino (30,000), while one town, Monte Muro, has sent over 500 of its inhabitants to our shores, so completely has the tidal wave of emigration swept Southern Italy.

As might be expected, these poor people arriving here, speaking only their own dialect, utterly ignorant of our laws, language and customs, are easily led

astray, and more easily cheated, but since the founding of the Society of San Raffaele, the immigrants are properly aided, advised and protected.

Many sad stories are told by the Padre where the immigration laws of our land are made to seem indeed hard to bear, but the just priest did not seem to think our laws unreasonable, and indeed paid the kindest tribute to Commissioner Col. Billings, who, he said, always had the kindest interest in the Italians, as well as a keen lookout for the maintenance of the law of the land.

Many expatriations are occasioned by the suspicion and diffidence of the immigrant, who, fearing to be sent back across the great ocean, hastens to assure the Commissioner that already he has work assured him, and with this admission seals his own doom, since all who come under contract for labor are strictly forbidden entrance to our country.

Sometimes the saddest cases present themselves. One instance is told of a woman who came to join her husband, and as he did not appear on the arrival of the steamer she was detained until he should arrive.

When the news reached him that his wife was and would be detained until he could go to release her, he left a sick bed some fifty miles from Boston, and

braved a very stormy day to reach the place where she was detained by Government officials. Hardly had he reached the Detention Office, before he was taken seriously ill; the doctors pronounced his case pneumonia, and ordered him to a hospital, where a few days later he died. A priest of the Society of San Raffaele obtained permission of the Commissioner, for the poor wife to be allowed to be with her dying husband, and later for her to attend his funeral. Black were the poor woman's prospects, alone and in a strange land, with two small children. All her little property in Italy had been sold, in order that she might join her husband, and now it seemed that she must be sent back. At this critical time the society intervened, sent a special request to Washington in her behalf, and through the generosity of friends, the woman was allowed to go to relatives in the city of Providence, who offered her a home and support for her immediate needs.

When a young girl comes to join her lover, she is only allowed to land after the marriage ceremony is performed by a priest, in the presence of the Government Commissioner; but Padre Biasotti has obtained leave to perform these ceremonies in his little wooden church of which I spoke.

I cannot explain to you in far-off Italy the im-

pression I received as I entered this church. I found myself confronted with the strangest inconsistencies and wide-spread contrasts. There I stood in the old Puritan meeting-house (in North Square opposite the house of Paul Revere), the Sailors' Mission Church of the Colonial days, with its high-back pews, its straight, stiff gallery—where at the back was the organ, from which one seemed to hear "Rock of Ages" pealing forth; and then—as I turned to see the old high pulpit, the brilliancy of a gorgeously lighted Roman Catholic altar in all its holy Christmas decorations greeted my amazed and blinded eyes. And yet we were not so different at heart, we Puritans, after all. Massachusetts has always stood for the rights of every man; Massachusetts gave birth to Samuel Adams—and Samuel Adams would have welcomed warmly the children of the land of Cavour, who resembles our severe Puritan statesman in more ways than one.

We afterward went to see the Franciscan Church, where a Franciscan monk showed us all about, and then we drove out to see the new hospital which the Padre told us he should be pleased to show us.

We were glad to go and see what a fine place the kind Sisters have established for caring for the sick and suffering Italians, though I believe the hospital

MRS. JULIA WARD HOWE

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For my nightingale.
Tryphosa Bates Batcheller.
Julia Ward Howe.

treats all sufferers, regardless of nationality. High up on a hill in East Boston, where the best of fresh air is to be had, Padre Biasotti has provided this hospital, and in so doing has added another laurel to his crown of good works.

One of the first friends of the Italian immigrant in Boston was Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, who is the Honorary President of our Dante Alighieri Society. Mrs. Howe has been much in Italy, and her nephew, Marion Crawford, has, as you know, lived most of his life in your country.

Many years ago, when Mrs. Howe was in Italy, the country was smarting under Austrian rule, and the dear woman's sympathies were greatly aroused for the people and the land she loves so well. Many sweet poems from her pen had Italy for their subject, and on the publication of a book of these poems, Mrs. Howe sent the volume to Massimo d'Azeglio, one of the most famous of the early Italian patriots, to whom Charles Albert of Savoy pledged his life, the lives of his sons, indeed his all, for the cause of United Italy. D'Azeglio showed much appreciation of the poet's charm, and begged the dear lady to interest herself in the protection of his countrymen, who went across the seas to seek a living and a new home, in what then seemed to Italians and indeed

many Europeans at that time, the end of the world.

Mrs. Howe was prompt to reply in word and deed, and has ever been the firm friend of Italy. No Italian who has been greeted by her, or who has had the rare pleasure of speaking his own tongue with the woman we like to call the "Queen of America," is likely to forget his American friend.

Mrs. Howe, as you doubtless know, has done as much, if not more, than any woman in our country for the cause of woman. She has spoken to cultured societies of women the length and breadth of the land, preaching the uplifting of the standard of responsibilities of woman's life to a level with those of man. A daughter of one of the aristocratic families of New York, she has been most ardent in her endeavors to speak for the rights of women, and in her own life and personality has given the best possible argument in favor of her principles.

In her salon are received the distinguished of all lands, who come to us in Boston, and I have heard her converse freely in several languages to different foreign guests during an afternoon, which is not unusual in a younger woman, but in a hostess who wears her eighty-seven years as gracefully as does Mrs. Howe, it is a delight to behold. I speak thus enthusi-

GARDEN AND INNER COURT OF MRS. JOHN L. GARDNER'S
PALACE AT BOSTON

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astically, for Mrs. Howe has been one of the dearest friends of my life, and calls me her Nightingale, a title I am very happy to bear. She has taken an active interest in our Dante Society, and generally entertains our Circolo at her house once during each season.

Another admirer of Italy in Boston is Mrs. John L. Gardner, who has built herself a real Italian palace, in which are hung some of your famous Italian masterpieces, bought at various times by Mrs. Gardner in Italy, where she has spent much of her time.

Were you to step into the court yard of Mrs. Gardner's home, you would say, "Yes, this is like Italy," and as you went through one beautiful room after another you would end by feeling that the dream had come true, and that sure enough it was Italy.

I have enjoyed going about the palace with the hostess and seeing all these Italian treasures, and if they must be out of Italy, you can feel that they are in a most fitting place, where they receive their due homage and appreciation.

## LIX

New York, February, 1906

*My dear Princess:*

YOU will have received my letter in regard to the Italians in Boston, and now that I find myself in New York for a time, where I am overseeing the publishing of my book, I think you may be interested in hearing about the Italians here, for we have almost as many of your countrymen in New York as you have in Rome, over 400,000, and very successful most of them have been, too.

One hears a good deal of talk about the Italian immigration and its probable restriction, but believe me, though we Americans have a thoughtless and, sometimes, undiplomatic way of thinking out loud we do not mean to be unkind. Most of us welcome gladly your country people to our shores, and while the tide of immigration has become so extensive as to occasion new and difficult problems, which must be studied and gradually solved, my people will not hesitate to meet these difficulties with the same spirit of courage and firm reliance on the rights of man that has made us the nation that we are.

Indeed, I think that most of our people feel that the Italians who come to us are a distinct advantage to our land, and I quote from a well-known manufacturer of Rhode Island:

"Notwithstanding our laws on the subject of immigration, they are excellently framed and effectively carried out," said Mr. Fletcher; "they, however, fall short of accomplishing the full purpose, and what is needed more perhaps than anything else is a law that will reach the runners of the steamship agents in the pauper districts of the European countries. These agents, by making false representations, are responsible for the large numbers which are turned back at Ellis Island, and have to be transported again to their starting point.

"Any law of an international character which would remedy this feature would meet with the support of any enlightened nation, and the difficulties of discrimination between those who are and those who are not desirable would be largely disposed of.

"Another, and almost as great an evil of the present immigration system, is the fact that there is no law or no method by which the distribution of immigrants can be successfully and intelligently regulated. The tendency of these people is to concentrate in large cities. In many cases they have not

the means, even though they may have the desire, to go to other parts of the country where their services can be utilized. In many sections, particularly in the South, there is great need of additions to the intelligent working class, and if many of our immigrants could be informed of this, and if some means could be devised to transport them to the interior, the question would be solved, and immigration would become a greater benefit.

"Take my own State of Rhode Island, for instance," continued Mr. Fletcher. "Its population, according to the last census, was 380,000, forty-two per cent. of which were foreign-born. Yet favored as we are with this large percentage of new blood, our manufacturing establishments are to-day short of help. Perhaps one reason for this is the fact that the children of immigrants rarely continue in the same class of work that their parents took up upon their arrival. American conditions give them the desire to step up in the social scale, and American schools make them capable of doing so. Hence, our mills are dependent on a fresh supply of foreign labor every year. It should be borne in mind that the demand for labor on the part of the manufacturer is not born of the desire for cheap help. This idea, which the various labor unions are promulgating,

should be *combated strongly*. If at any time an immigrant should be employed in any of my mills, he is put to work alongside the native help, and gets exactly the same treatment and the same wages. American manufacturers would be very foolish to do otherwise, for we want to encourage the immigration of strong, able-bodied young men, who are progressive in their tendencies, in order that our manufacturers may not be actually hampered for lack of help as they are to-day. I believe, of course, in the protection of American labor as well as of American products. While labor needs protection, it does not need that kind of protection that would prevent a manufacturer from running his plant to its full capacity by reason of insufficient help, in which event oftentimes a short equipment of help cannot be fully engaged by reason of an unbalance.

"What would facilitate and prevent the unnecessary return of undesirable immigrants would be the requirement from an immigrant of a certificate from the consul of each district of embarkation, showing a clean bill of health and such other qualifications, that would be filled out, and this certificate being presented to the officials of Ellis Island, would go far toward correcting one of the greatest evils that we now have to contend with.

"The real trouble lies, as I have pointed out, not in the fact that immigrants are not coming to our shores fast enough, but in that they do not get to the sections of the country where they are most needed. If some intelligent methods were devised and put in operation to handle our incoming guests, and steer them in those directions where there is a real demand for them, the so-called immigration question would be largely solved. The National Government will have to take this matter up sooner or later, and it is the only agent which can be trusted to do the work thoroughly. It can't be left to the railroad and steamship companies, as it has been in the past. For that reason, I am in favor of landing immigrants at ports contiguous to the territory which they may be destined to occupy, and they should also be better posted before they leave their own country as to resources and inducements of the various sections of the land to which they are going."

However, things would seem to be improving, and it is a significant fact that the Italians coming to America in the last three years have been bound for every State and Territory in the Union.

When a stranger comes to new surroundings he should receive a welcome; but how often is this the case in any walk in life? In the school room, is the

new scholar, who is stared and glared at on entering, greeted with kind words of welcome at recess? No, indeed; ten to one, he is jeered at by some, avoided by others, and treated with indifferent scorn by the rest; then one of two things happens: the new-comer thrashes the first real aggressive jeerer, and proves his right to his position among the scholars; or, failing in this, he becomes a submissive and obedient member of the school, and by his good conduct and kindly manners gradually wins a place for himself, first, in the heart of the teacher, and later in the hearts of his fellow-scholars.

After all, life in general is much the same, and the multitude are quite like the children, and show their feelings regardless of manners or consequences.

The Italians should appreciate this prejudice, which is born of ignorance, since, among themselves, especially among those from different provinces, there exist so many prejudices. Ignorance is ever the mother of prejudice, and those who know little of the Italian laborer, less of his country, and still less of the Italian nature, are sometimes very unjust and unkind in their judgments. Fortunately, this class is in the minority, for we who know the Italians, their great historical heritage, their kindly nature and their rare intelligence, value them at their proper

worth, and to us, I hope, may be given the privilege of assisting them in attaining their welfare and happiness here in America.

The Italian, as the new-comer, cannot take the alternative of the new scholar and fight his way. He is forced to the submissive course, first, by his ignorance of the laws and customs of the land into which he has come, and secondly, because any aggression on his part will only bring him into trouble with forces too strong for him to cope with single-handed; but the Italian has no wish to be aggressive—it is not his nature, and he will endure much with patience. If actual injustice is done him, he must apply to the laws of the land, though, I am sorry to say, in many cases it is difficult to bring the laws of the land to work for individuals, especially when they do not know the language of the country in which they are, and must rely on some middleman to transact their business for them. One Italian gentleman, who has made many studies among his people here, told me that not infrequently a poor Italian is put to great annoyance and sometimes grossly overcharged by the lawyers who are supposed to adjust his claim.

As most of the Italians who come to us are from southern Italy and Sicily, where law and order have, until 1870, been ever most unstable, these men have

the inherited belief in their absolute right in extreme cases to take the law into their own hands, and believe that their revenge for an outrage is theirs alone to repay. A story was recently told me by Count Massiglia, the Italian Consul-General, when he was at another diplomatic post, of a man who was found in a dying condition, having been attacked and mortally wounded. The Consul had him at once taken to a hospital and, on being told that he could not live, begged the man to reveal to him the name of his assailant; though the man knew quite well he had but an hour to live, and could speak with difficulty, he managed to say: "If I live, I will take my own revenge; if I die, God will revenge me," and nothing could induce him to betray his assassin.

From this you can see that the Sicilians and the men of Southern Italy feel it to be almost cowardly to ask even the law of the land, which means to them some vague, uncertain person, to avenge their wrongs; and when the *rabbia* seizes them, crimes of blood are apt to follow; though it is only fair to say that they are nearly always committed among themselves; as they are committed without secrecy, they are widely exploited in the sensational press, while less exciting but no less wicked crimes of others pass unnoticed and unchronicled. As Signor

Speranza very truly points out, the criminal in these open crimes always pays the full penalty for his offense, while the carefully planned and successfully executed misdeeds are often left unpunished for lack of evidence. As they learn our laws they learn their protection as well as the penalty for breaking them, and the crimes among the Italians are decreasing steadily each year.

No, the Italian with us is for the most part good and honest. He loves his family, and when he is here without them, sends much of his savings to Italy until he can afford to have them join him, as he almost invariably does, sooner or later.

There is a very erroneous idea among some people, that many of the Italian immigrants return with their earnings to Italy, there to spend their hard-earned savings in an old age of comfort. Formerly that was sometimes true, but it is almost never the case now. The life out here in America seems to entirely unfit the Italian for the old life in his village piazza. He frequently goes back to Italy to visit and show his newly-earned success, but almost invariably he returns to America where his children are growing up as good American citizens.

The surest proof of this statement, is the ever-increasing real estate holdings of the Italians in this

country, and where a man's land is, there his interests are quite sure to be.

It is customary for the various Italian societies to have in that part of New York which is called *Piccola Italia* an annual festival (very often on Columbus day), and on these occasions the Italians show all their love of pomp and ceremony, as well as their fondness for elaborate discourses.

But music is ever the Italian's dearest pleasure, and I do not know what the artists of the Metropolitan Opera House would do for enthusiastic applause if it were not for the Italians who crowd the galleries and stand patiently around the orchestral rail throughout one of their favorite operas of Verdi, Puccini or Donizetti. During the season in New York it is not unusual to hear the shoe-blacks and the day laborers in the street discussing the merits of this or that singer, and giving their reasons why this or that opera pleases them, and there is a certain sentiment of patriotism about their opera-going, for many of our most noted singers here are Italians. The celebrated baritone, Signor Scotti, is especially loved by his fellow-countrymen here in America, I am told.

Only a few evenings ago F. B. and I went to the Mardi Gras ball given here by the Italians. The

Countess Massiglia, wife of the Italian Consul-General, was kind enough to ask us to her box, where we had an excellent opportunity to see the carnival dancing. It was very like the Argentina Carnival ball in Rome last year. The hall was very tastefully decorated; there were many maskers, much confetti and serpentine and a general good time.

The Queen of the Carnival was a pretty Italian girl who seemed to enjoy her temporary royalty immensely, and smiled down gayly at the merry-makers from her exalted throne of tinsel, with her snapping black eyes. Not a rough, coarse thing did we see the entire evening, and when we left at a few minutes past one in the morning, happiness and good-natured fun had full sway.

Objections are made by some people to the immigration laws as they now exist, and insist that they should be made more strict; that only those who can read and write should be allowed to enter the country; but I do not think that these people realize the wonderful aptness of the Italian mind, or understand the conditions and necessities of our country. Only a few days ago I went with Count Aldrovandi, the Vice-Consul of Italy here in New York, to Ellis Island, and with Signor Tizzani, Manager for the Society for Italian Immigrants, we made a complete

tour of all the departments of the landing place of immigrants to New York. If the people objecting to the present immigration laws could have been with us, it seems to me they would have been convinced that all the necessary precautions are taken, and that only the young, vigorous and healthy of the Old World are being allowed to come to us. To quote the regulations, no one who is "old, blind, deaf-mute, suffering from contagious diseases, in a state of ill health, without sufficient money, anyone who would seem to be in a condition likely to become a public charge, and all who come under contract for labor" are excluded from the country. As a matter of fact, far from being the scum of Italy's paupers and criminals, the Italian immigrants who come to us are the very flower of her peasantry.

Why should we keep out the strong, well-built, able-bodied young men and women, because they have been born in localities where no schooling for them has been possible? They are ready and anxious to work, hard and long, for their day's wage, and their nimble brains are not long in mastering symbols and signs. Indeed, within a very few months many of them speak excellent English. At least these sturdy people from the hills and mountains are honest, and have what is the most impor-

tant thing in the world—good, rugged health, and consequently cheerful, normal minds.

Those who have but a smattering of education, really not enough to discriminate between those who have none, as I, who have lived in Italy, know, are often among those to whom one may apply the saying, "A little learning is a dangerous thing." What possible advantage our country can derive from a peasant who can read and write a few words in one of the many and varied dialects of Italy, I fail to see, while if they and their children first learn to write and read in English, they are the quicker a part of our country and have an interest the sooner in our interests.

One great change that should take place among us, who count our ancestors in dear old England, is that we should cease to have the most unpleasant and often most unjust prejudices against the foreigner. Ours is the promised land, not only for our Pilgrim and Puritan Fathers, but for all who wish to make their way in life by hard and honest work. Nothing can be more typical of America than President Roosevelt's splendid words: "All I ask is a square deal for every man—give him a fair chance. Do not let him wrong any one, and do not let him be wronged."

To those who are opposed to the healthy youth of Europe coming to our shore, let me point out that men who are educated even but little are rarely willing to dig ditches and work on railroads.

Another mistake is the great prejudice against the southern Italian. How often you hear the remark: "Oh well, you know the northern Italian is by far the best, and unfortunately only the southern Italians come to us." Now the northern and southern Italians are very different in character and in their mode of life, but both have their good points.

In the north of Italy, which has been the contested territory of French, Spanish and Austrian armies for so many years, there is a great mixture of northern blood, and in Milan and the north generally, there is mixed with the love of art and beauty a vast deal of thrift and business enterprise. But the many fierce conflicts of foreign armies in this land have left their mark in more ways than one, and unfortunately considerable socialism exists all through northern Italy, which is not surprising considering the awful state of unrest in which the whole section was kept for so many years.

The southern Italian, the Neapolitan, is a child of nature. He must live out of doors. He has much Greek, some Phœnician, Saracen and even

Arabic blood in his veins. He loves nature and beauty,—beauty of every sort. In appearance an Italian may resemble a tow-headed Teuton or a swarthy Arab, and the peasants from each section of the peninsula have their own dialects, of which there are over three hundred in Italy. Unless they have been at school and learned the accepted Tuscan dialect, adopted by Dante and now called Italian, an Italian from one section of Italy cannot understand a word of what his fellow-countryman says, coming from an adjoining province.

The Neapolitan may be poor, but if he has sunshine and his beautiful Napoli, he is not very unhappy under conditions that to us would seem very trying. Unfortunately in New York sunshine is much more expensive than in his dear Naples, and many are the trials of sickness and poverty that the poor southern Italian who comes to us has often to suffer. Crowded rooms, hard work, scant food, no knowledge of the language of the country and *so*—so little sunshine in his cramped dwelling place. It is almost a miracle, it seems to me, that most of the Italians get on as well and as rapidly as they do, but they are naturally a cheerful, hopeful race, and are always hoping for better times. Their love of beauty in art has been most beneficial

to them here in America, for in Boston one very important industry which has had an educational effect upon the whole country, and for which Boston has been the centre, is that of making plaster casts of the work of the great sculptors, and this has been developed wholly by Italians.

The southern Italian is simple and straightforward in his nature, and requires but little to give him happiness. His heart is as tender as a child's, and it is only when his hot blood is stirred by some fiery passion that the *rabbia* makes him what the word implies—insane, but have we not in our own land the Kentucky mountaineers' blood feuds, and the race riots in the West and South?

After all, human nature, with few changes, on the outside is not so very different wherever we go, but the Italian nature is wondrously kind, and a Neapolitan, a Florentine, a Sicilian, a Roman or a Bolognese, can all be splendid, true friends, as I well know.

You will say that I am partial; but that is precisely what I am not; because I know the Italians and therefore I can speak without prejudice. Bad Italians there are, of course, but I think we should search in vain for a country where there are no bad specimens. Count Aldrovandi who, by the way, once more proves my firm belief in heredity, is exactly what

one would expect a descendant of one of the most distinguished Italian families to be:—a man of great culture, refinement and charm. He has been most kind in helping me to procure these statements, and I owe him many thanks for his very helpful assistance in my studies and investigations among the Italians here. However, to the incredulous, facts and figures speak volumes in short space. It seems to me that they tell their own story. The Italian Savings Bank of New York City has to-day on deposit $1,059,-369.19. The report shows open accounts to the number of 7,000 and books to the number of 10,844; the average sum on deposit being $170.

As to the much-talked-of Society of the Sicilian Mafia, it is generally believed by the intelligent Italians here that no such organization exists in America, and the authorities at police headquarters scout the idea.

On Manhattan Island there are 23 Roman Catholic churches, which are entirely or in part devoted to the Italians. As one enters these churches one feels the warmth of the Italian enthusiasm in artistic decorations of the altar and the church in general. In the downtown quarter the church has provided a home for the protection of female immigrants. Through the generosity and energy of one of New

York's most fashionable and charitable ladies, Countess Annie Leary, an Italian settlement, known as Miss Leary's Italian Settlement, has been established, where competent teachers give instruction in drawing, painting and many of the higher branches of study.

This work has grown out of the successful enterprise begun by Countess Leary some time ago in the Italian quarter.

Sewing schools were established and Sisters of Charity were sent to teach any among the Italians who might wish to come and learn. Materials were freely furnished, and as may be imagined, the attendance was large.

Once together and the sewing begun, the women were interestingly and almost unconsciously instructed by the Holy Sisters in the precepts of the Roman Catholic faith. Thus did my friend accomplish the difficult and double task of improvement, religious and material.

I must hasten, however, to claim Countess Leary as an American, and to explain that her title was conferred upon her by His Holiness, the late Pope Leo XIII, as an expression of the appreciation of the church for the many and generous works of its charitable daughter.

In the salon of Countess Leary's elegant home

on Fifth Avenue is a large photograph of H. H. Pius X, on which is inscribed the papal blessing and words of commendation and appreciation of the present Pontiff.

There are also four organized Evangelical churches, maintained by the Presbyterian, Methodist, Protestant Episcopal and Baptist denominations. These churches are fairly well attended, but the Italian is by birth and training a Roman Catholic, and a prominent Italian told me that the material aid offered in one way or another by these churches proved to the needy Italian the main attraction to these Protestant missions.—Probably the institution which has done the really most lasting good for the Italians in our country is the Educational School, established in Leonard Street and maintained by the Children's Aid Society. The day sessions are conducted precisely along public school lines, mainly for children who, for various reasons, cannot attend our public schools. A night school is conducted in the same building, which aims primarily at giving instructions in the English language, and there is also a department of Italian instruction, the teacher of which is supported by the Italian Government. Efforts have been made also to establish night schools in some of the Italian labor camps. The trials have met with great success, and

the men showed the greatest eagerness to avail themselves of all possible opportunities to improve their condition, as the following letter shows:

*Translation of a Letter from one of the Pupils*

"ASPINWALL, PA., BOX 13, NOV. 2, 1905

*Illustrious Lady Teacher:*

Your gracious letter reached me yesterday, and I could not have received a greater pleasure. Nevertheless I am sorry to read that it will perhaps be impossible to have you here again. My richest hopes are lost? Again I will confide them to you and wish to believe that I shall be put in the right way. For this reason I am about to beg you to let me know if in the city of Pittsburg—a city entirely unknown to me—perhaps there may be some one who could give me some information in regard to our holy religion of which I am ignorant of even the principles.

Certainly in New York there must be churches and some one perhaps of their faculty who would lose a little time on my account.

At present I will not say any more.

The fatigue of the shovel oppresses me and prevents me from continuing.

Awaiting your reply, which I trust to receive, although I beg you to excuse this continual disturbing, I salute you with esteem.

ARISTOTILLE GUERRIERI."

The editor of one of the local Italian papers published in New York, and there are four of them, gives this interesting testimony to the value of this school:

"I landed at Castle Garden," he continued, "with $1.70 in my pocket, and not a friend or relative in America. I never shall forget the strange impression New York made on me that Sunday. At home the people were all in the streets, in their best clothes, enjoying themselves on Sunday. Lower Manhattan, closed, silent, and empty, seemed to me a city of the dead. 'What kind of a country is this?' I muttered to myself. I had come to America to work in the mines, but there did n't seem to be any mines about. I walked up Broadway, my heavy old-country valise in my hand, about as lonesome, homesick, forlorn a boy as could be found on the continent. I did n't know what to do or where to go.

"The best luck that ever happened to me in my life was when I met an Italian, who saw that I was a green immigrant boy and stopped to speak to me. He took me to a decent place to spend the night, and the next day took me to the Italian school of the Children's Aid Society, at No. 156 Leonard Street. The late A. E. Cerqua, who had helped the late C. L. Brace in starting the school, received me and put me in a printing class. I worked in that little print shop during the day, and in the evening I went into the English classes. What would have become of me had it not been for Mr. Cerqua and the Children's Aid Society I don't know. In two days after I landed at Castle Garden I had found good friends and was hard at work learning my trade and studying English.

"There are five or six Italian printing offices in town, including all the most important ones, the proprietors of which were all in that printing class in Leonard Street, with me, twenty-five years ago."

Sig. Frugone is now endeavoring to start a similar school in the uptown settlement, called *Piccola Italia*,

and among the Italians has already raised $3,000 to this end. These societies which work for the good of all the Italians are the sources from which the greatest permanent good to the Italian in America is to come, for the Italian is an Italian to us; but to his fellow countrymen he is a Neapolitano, or Abruzzese, or Calabrese or Genoese, as the case may be, and is very apt to have more prejudices against his foreign neighbor who comes from a province which has never had over-kindly feelings for his *paese* (county) in Italy, than the few people among us who regard the Italian immigrant as undesirable. So far as the Italian is concerned this is unfortunate; from our point of view it is just as well, for assimilation will the sooner be accomplished, and they will all become Americans. The New York colony is composed of persons coming from nearly every province in Italy, and each man feels after the manner of the home sentiment, that his first duty is to his *paesano* (fellow countryman). Thanks to this fellow feeling, what few Italians need help almost invariably receive it from their own people, and rarely from any public charity. You must remember that up to 1870, when the present United Kingdom of Italy was so miraculously formed by the bravery of Victor Emmanuel II, the patriotism of Garibaldi, the

diplomacy of Cavour, and, as has been said, the smile of Queen Margherita, the country had been divided into numerous dukedoms and principalities, among which there existed all sorts of rivalries, resentments and not infrequently a state of open warfare. These old jealousies are sometimes reflected even to-day in the fierce rivalry between two cities or towns in the same province. It is therefore not surprising, that having all these prejudices against all outside his own *paese*, the *Abruzzese* does not hasten to associate himself with the Neapolitan in a common work for the general Italian welfare in America. Therefore the Italian of culture and position must not blame some of my own countrymen who regard, from the prejudice born of ignorance, the Italian immigrant askance, and question the benefit to our country of his coming. We must consider that it costs Italy a goodly sum to rear a young man to the age of eighteen or twenty, and when at that age he comes to us, he becomes here not only a good worker, but a consumer as well. Of the many attributes to recommend the Italian to us, not the least is his almost invariable sobriety and great powers of endurance, both factors in life which mean psychical and physical vigor.

The Italian loves his pleasure, but so little con-

tents him. Sipping an ice or coffee with his friends, a simple game of cards at the house of a friend, listening to a bit of music, a visit to the Art Museum, and he is quite contented.

I recall one afternoon this winter when I was driving in the park, I noticed several Italians digging in the streets near the entrance to the Art Museum. As soon as it was time for them to leave their work they dropped their axes and shovels and went straight into the museum. Had you followed them you would have surely found them before the best masters' paintings, for the Italians have an intuitive sense of beauty, in color and contour. Even the newest immigrant, with his push cart, makes his ware attractive, and arranges his fruit and wares in the most attractive manner. The art sense of the Italians is one of the most valuable contributions that they bring to our new country, because it is one of the qualities that many of our people lack. Almost indefinite instances are cited by teachers in the different schools as proof of this rare artistic sense. Unfortunately, from an inability to speak the language or to start themselves, skilled artisans coming from Italy are often forced to abandon the work for which they are fitted and well trained, and the remark is often heard: "I was a silversmith in Italy, but I have had to

carry pig-iron since I came here"; while another, a decorator, wears out his strength handling beer barrels in a saloon.

Unfortunately also in many cases, the educated Italian can succeed here only by beginning at the bottom of the ladder, but instead of clamoring against the seeming injustice of Fate, most of the skilled laborers begin literally at the bottom of the ditch, and greatly to the credit of their manhood, accept the situation cheerfully and bravely until they make a way to the place that their talents deserve them to win. This is not altogether a surprising state of affairs, for we have constant and definite demands for unskilled labor, while the educated Italian is bound to meet with difficulties in finding employment for his talents, especially as he is more likely than not ignorant of English.

There are some of our people who judge from picturesque paintings that the Italians are inclined to be beggars, and to those who evince uneasiness in regard to the preponderance in the Italian immigration of illiterate, unskilled labor, we would say, that this is precisely the class, according to charity records, that is most able to care for itself here, while the skilled or professional worker often seems to be at a great disadvantage. Of the sturdy, hard-work-

ing peasants who come to our shores, very few, if any, ask help from public charities. In the immigration of 1903, less than one-half of one per cent. was of the professional class, but five per cent. of the charity cases was of this class.

One problem that has required much study has been the readiness of the Italians to commit their children to some charitable institution. This is sometimes caused by the fact that the father of the family has deserted the wife, leaving her with several small children and little or no means of support, but generally these cases occur where the father and mother have died, and the family must of necessity be broken up. In general, however, the Italian parents are unwilling to give up their children permanently, by adoption or otherwise, though many of the Italians have unfortunately acquired the idea that the commitment of children is a custom of the country of which they may as well take advantage; but more careful regulations of commitments has already checked this evil, and will soon do away completely with this mistaken idea. The Italian parents have many complaints to make, however, of their children, saying that they become unmanageable and "wild" in this country; but the Italian mother among the middle and poorer classes is generally very young,

and nearly as much a child as her children. She plays with them, quarrels with them, indulges them in many ways, and then scolds them with insufficient reason, so an Italian has told me. Italian children, whether born in Italy or here, find America much to their taste. They are quick to adapt themselves to the freedom of the new country, as are their elders, and though many of them could not define the word "Republic" before coming to us here in America, we all know from the glorious history of modern Italy that the love of freedom and spirit of independence are elements inherent in the Italian character.

When the Italian reaches America he breathes the atmosphere created by republican institutions with undisguised pleasure, but in his enthusiasm he sometimes loses sight of the close and narrow distinction between liberty and license; he fails to remember, if he ever knew, that the most sacred rights of liberty lie in the observance by every man of the rights of every other man, and he does not always quite understand that the greatest good for the greatest number is the foundation stone of any great democratic body, and along such lines only can great things be accomplished. But the Italians' mistakes or infringements against municipal laws are almost invariably those of ignorance rather than of wilful disobedience to the law.

With the nervous atmosphere of our climate, and the hopes that the laws of our land make possible, is born in the heart of nearly all the Italians here among us, that distinctive American characteristic, ambition. Decry it if you will, Cæsar did, I know, and yet without it, what would the world become? Desire to "get ahead," a wholesome and worthy wish to attain to something better than present conditions, are other ways of saying the same thing.

In this little letter, which shows all the grace and courtesy inherent in the Italian character, you will see my meaning at a glance.

It was written by a little boy, 12 years old, to a teacher in one of the industrial schools, who had asked for letters containing some information as to the children's parents' condition, etc., in order that she might have a better understanding of her scholars:

"Dear and most gracious Signora A:

My father has been two years in America, and he follows the trade of carpenter and . . . He would like to make of me an honest, industrious boy with at the same time a trade better than his, and he sends me to school so that when I am grown up I may be an educated man and useful to others.

Later I wish to make machines for factories and thus to have better wages than others. Having nothing more to say, I kiss my hand to you, and assure you that I am,

Your, GIULIO."

Similarly in the four Italian schools of the Children's Aid Society in New York, the older children were asked to write their teachers what they wished to do when they grew up. In most every instance the letters showed a decided wish and determination to "get on," either to acquire money, fame or to "help father and mother."

Another instance of the desire among the children to become truly American is their tendency to change their names to American forms, as is seen in the transformation of the charming name of Vincenzo Campobello to Jim Campbell. While patriotic on their part, this seems rather a pity, but it evinces at any rate the right spirit. Surely these elements in our midst can only be good and beneficial.

The young girls show less ambition than the boys, but that is easily explained, for the Italian girl, even more than the average young woman, expects and hopes to be occupied at an early age with the care of her own household. The women of Italy, particularly the women of Abruzzi and Calabria, from which districts come the larger part of the Italian immigration, have been noted for centuries for their skill and handicraft, and it is with delight that I can write you that through the untiring and endless efforts of Signorina Carolina Amari, a lace school, to

be a branch of the Industrie Femminili in Rome, has been established at Richmond House in MacDougal Street, where these Old World hand-works of women are now to be preserved, renewed, and we surely hope ably supported. At least Miss Colgate, who is the chairman of a committee of ladies in New York, who are endeavoring to help on this work, assures me that over $1,500 worth of orders have been given to the school during the past few weeks, since its commencement, which would indicate a definite success for the work in hand. Over the tea-cups in Miss Colgate's beautiful drawing-room, hung with wonderful old mediæval tapestries and seeming like an apartment in one of your old palaces in Italy, Miss Amari explained to me her method of work here. She has been pleasantly received by President and Mrs. Roosevelt, in Washington, and has, I hope, gained an agreeable impression of us Americans; surely she has learned to know of our love of Italy and its people, not only across the seas, but here in our midst.

Men and races must be judged broadly, and if we look at the pages of history, which we are told repeats itself, we must surely feel that the incoming Italian is a distinct benefit to our country. It was the people of that wonderful peninsula who achieved

the greatness of Rome, who carried their civilization and learning to Gaul and Britain. In the Middle Ages, infused with the new and best blood of the Northern Tribes, they established, after many struggles, not only political but religious supremacy in their midst, and they sent their messengers to find and awaken to the world the glories of our own Columbia. To-day, through the trials of blood and battle, they have bought their right to be called one of the great nations of the world.

Surely a people with their glorious heritage must have the seeds of great possibilities, and the fact that the individual holdings of the Italians in savings banks in New York alone is over $15,000,000; that they have $20,000,000 worth of real estate; 10,000 stores owned by Italians, estimated at $7,000,000; $7,500,000 invested in wholesale business, while the property of the Italian colony in New York City is estimated at considerably over $60,000,000, a value much below that of the Italian colonies of St. Louis, San Francisco and Chicago, seems to me adequate proof of these possibilities and their realization; but not to have recourse to sordid figures and dollars alone, let me say that the most remarkable progress is along the spiritual side.

It is estimated that there are more than 50,000

Italian children in the public schools of New York and adjacent cities. One young Italian on record has saved money earned by barbering to take him through Columbia University. Another who borrowed money from a far-seeing and generous professor, took his college course, and repaid his benefactor in full a very short time after leaving college. A third won the fellowship for the American school at Rome, so that an American institution sent the son of an Italian, now "one of us," we are happy to say, to Italy, to perfect his special scholarship. Therefore as the steamship lines (and there are now three excellent Italian lines, of one of which Signor Solari is the well-known inspector) ply back and forth between Italy and America, let us in this country give as kind a welcome to the countrymen of that land which all of us who visit learn to love so well, as we always receive from the ever charming and courteous Italians in Italy.

To my friends in Italy I send the expressions of greatest appreciation, *simpatia* and the sincerest affection, and I beg you to believe me, dear Princess,

Your loving and devoted friend,

TRYPHOSA BATES BATCHELLER.

## L

### A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE HOUSE OF SAVOY. HIS MAJESTY THE KING.

LOVE of ancestors was always a marked characteristic of the House of Savoy, and since no force is greater or more powerful than that of heredity, I think, dear reader, you may be interested to trace very briefly with me the wonderful heritage of Victor Emmanuel III of Savoy. If your memory is as illusive as mine at times, you will enjoy, as I have, reviving the stories of New Italy, which are so wonderful and so interesting.

In the early part of the eleventh century, Umberto Biancamano (the White-handed) was the first to really exercise a sovereign rule over the States of Savoy, which had been a part of the Kingdom of Burgundy that was governed under the suzerainty of Rudolph the Idle by various dependent or subordinate rulers. The country that extends along the rivers Rhone and Iser, now called Savoy, from its geographical position, always formed, even in old Roman times, the highway between Italy and Gaul, At the death of Rudolph, who left no issue, the

HIS MAJESTY KING VICTOR EMMANUEL III OF ITALY

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Kingdom of Burgundy became split up into many principalities. The son of Umberto, Amadeo I, died without issue, and was succeeded by Otho, who married the pious Adelaide, the Princess of Susa and Turin, and through her he gradually extended his domain beyond the Alps into Italy.

The provinces situated on the confines of a kingdom were called marches, and thus the Count who governed and defended them from foreign invasion came to be called a Marquis. Later, however, every ruler who exercised dominion over several countships came also to be called a Marquis, however his dominions might be situated. The valley of Susa was originally a true marquisate, but after Otho of Savoy's marriage to Adelaide the title of Marquis passed over to the Counts of Savoy. A succession of Counts of Savoy follow, and Amedeo III died while returning from the unfortunate second crusade (1147–1149). His successor, Umberto III (called the Saint) was renowned for his many Christian virtues as well as for his great courage. In late years (1838), he was solemnly canonized by the Pope.

The rulers of the House of Savoy maintained the constant struggle not only to hold their present possessions, but to increase their principalities, and in 1340 Amadeo VI, called Count Verde (Green Count),

made his appearance at a solemn tournament held at Chambery, where he first gave proof of his great prowess and dexterity. On this occasion he was clothed entirely in green, a color which from that time he adopted, and was henceforth known as the Green Knight. It was he who instituted the Order of the Collar of Savoy (now known by the name of St. Annunziata), which consists of fifteen knights, in honor of the fifteen mysteries of the Rosary. He was a great warrior, assisted the Popes in maintaining the Eastern Empire, defeated the army of the Visconti family at Milan, and through his diplomacy in settling various strifes in neighboring provinces added greatly to his own territorial possessions. His son, Amadeo VII, Conte Rosso (Red Count), was a worthy descendant of his father, and during his reign Nice came under the government of the House of Savoy.

It was in the year 1416, when the Emperor Sigismund, while passing through Chambery, raised the principality of Savoy to the honor of a dukedom, and Amadeo VIII, nephew of Count Verde, was the first Duke of the title, and assisted, through the advice and instigation of Carmagnola, the Venetians and Florentines to free themselves from the yoke of the Duke of Milan.

Alessandro Manzoni has described this battle of Maclodio in charming verse.

Later Amadeo gave his time and thought to legislation, and completed a codex called *Statuta Subaudiæ*, or Statutes of Savoy. This masterpiece gained for its author the surname of Solomon. He had been fortunate in every enterprise, conqueror over all his enemies, successful in all his undertakings, yet he was not satisfied; he must needs conquer himself. Like Charles V of Spain, he renounced the throne in favor of his son Louis, and passed the rest of his days in the convent of Riparglia, near Geneva, where, clothed as a hermit, he ended his days in solitary devotion. During the reign of his son Louis, the Dukes of Savoy received the title of King of Cyprus, a title which they retained down to the present century.

All through the early part of the fifteenth century, especially during the period when the Popes were in Avignon, European warriors were accustomed, even from distant lands, to descend upon the towns of Italy in order to sack them, and return, enriched with their booty, to their own country. The people of the Peninsula, however,—they can hardly yet be called under the unified name Italians,—learned to form companies to defend themselves from these

incursions, though the adventurers who for the most part formed these bands fought mainly for gold and glory, and for those who offered them the highest pay.

In 1453, the Turkish armies, after capturing Constantinople,—1123 years after Constantine the Great had transferred the seat of empire there, made themselves masters, under the leadership of the mighty warrior Mahomet II, of all Greece, whence they proceeded to descend upon Italy. A Venetian captain, Charles of Montone, by his intrepid bravery, prevented the Turks from crossing the Alps, but the whole country was alarmed, the more so as hurricanes and earthquakes seemed to follow one another in quick succession, carrying disaster in their path. Mahomet dispatched an army to the south of Italy and easily captured the city of Otranto.

Now the Pope became terrified, and fled to France. But the sudden death of Mahomet, from a terrible gangrene, arrested the danger which threatened Italy.

No sooner was the Peninsula free from the terror of foreign invasion, which had also largely put an end to the civil wars, than the arts and sciences began to revive. Many of the Princes of the various States of Italy began to adorn their country with

churches, palaces and libraries (printing had been invented in 1348). Florence now came to surpass all other cities of the Peninsula, and protected, governed and adorned, as it was by Cosmo di Medici and his son, Lorenzo the Magnificent, there gathered here most of the eminent literati, artists and great men of the time.

While Christopher Columbus was winning great glory for Genoa and Italy in the discovery of the New World, Charles VIII of France was marching across Tuscany to Naples, where he seized the throne of Ferdinand I.

Once in Italy the French were not so easily ousted, and a league was formed with the Pope, Venetians, Maximilian I, Emperor of Germany, Ferdinand the Catholic of Spain (Columbus' benefactor) and the Duke of Milan (who now regretted his treacherous invitation to the French to come to Italy) to force Charles' return to France.

Ferdinand was restored as King of Naples, but another incursion followed by Charles' successor, Louis XII, of France, who captured the city of Milan.

Venice had now (1509) become the most powerful republic of Italy, arousing the jealousy of all the other principalities of the Peninsula, and a great

league, called the League of Cambray, was formed by the principal potentates of Europe, including the Emperor of Germany, King of France, King of Spain, Pope Julius II, Dukes of Ferrara, Savoy and others, to diminish if not to crush the increasing power of the Venetians, who were beaten at the battle of Agnadello, though several Lombard cities were obliged to submit to the French rule and the cities of Romagna were forced to open their gates to the former rule of the Pope, while Puglia gave itself up to the Spanish. Thus, jealousy of one of their own principalities had caused several of the Italian dukedoms to fall under something much worse, the rule of the foreigner.

The French abused their rights as the victors, oppressed the conquered to such a degree that the Pope now became alarmed at the French ascendancy in Italy, and joined his old enemy, Venice, in order to drive them out, but it was Maximilian Sforza, Duke of Milan, who, with the aid of Swiss mercenaries, at last succeeded in driving the French entirely from Lombardy, though he was obliged to succumb somewhat later, to Francis I at the famous battle of Marignano (1515), called the Battle of the Giants. After all these sanguinary struggles things in the end were much as before. France remained

master in Lombardy; Ferdinand of Spain held Naples; the Pope controlled the cities of Romagna, and Venice continued to increase its marvelous commerce, the Venetian ships distributing importations from the East throughout Europe.

Lorenzo di Medici, the Magnificent, who had been elected Pope under the name of Leo X (1513), desired peace, happiness and the welfare of Italy. He encouraged artists and learning of all kinds. Under his protection many illustrious men arose, who have made Italy famous by the fruits of their genius, which all the world admires to-day. While many parts of Europe were still crude and ignorant, the great men of Italy, protected by the Pontiff, produced pictures, statues and other works of art, which still serve as models for all nations.

The beginning of the Basilica of St. Peter at Rome had been commenced under Julius II by the Florentine, Bramante. This great work thus begun was continued by Michael Angelo Buonarotti and Raffaele Sanzio.

At this time lived also the painter, poet, geometrician, mechanician and musician, Leonardo da Vinci, who gave to the world works of his great genius, and was the first to carry Italian art into France, where he died.

Charles V of Spain now became Emperor of Germany, ruler of Naples, Sicily, The Netherlands and all New America as far as then discovered, and a fierce struggle arose between this powerful monarch and Francis I of France for the rich dukedom of Lombardy. Poor Italy was again the scene of bloody battles, and at Pavia, in 1525, suffering from the treachery of Charles of Bourbon, the Italians were obliged to resign not only their rights to Lombardy, but to Burgundy, while Charles V gave the dukedom of Milan to Francis Sforza, who had been exiled to France, though a Spanish army was still maintained.

Charles now sent the Bourbon Prince to capture Rome with the pretext that the Pope had refused to grant certain concessions demanded by the Emperor, and the sacking of Rome by the Spanish soldiers under the French leader, who had been first false to his family and country, and was now false to his church, is one of the most frightful pages of history.

The Bourbon Charles now repaired to Florence, where he accomplished the fall of the republic, and reinstated the banished Medici.

Shortly after the fall of the Republic of Florence that of Siena fell likewise. It had twice driven out the Spaniards with great heroism, but at last, after

the death of Strozzi, was obliged to submit to the most humiliating conditions of peace.

During all this long, bloody struggle Piedmont had suffered intensely, and the unfortunate Prince Charles III saw his dominions all pass from his rule, with the exception of Nice and Vercelli, where he finally died of grief. His neighboring province of Genoa had been alternately under French and German rule, but at last, through the bravery of a citizen, Andrew Doria (1529), the republic was wrested from French rule and proclaimed a free state.

Still further complications now arose since Charles V determined to retire from his throne, and enter a monastery, and his empire was divided between his two sons, Phillip II receiving Spain, America, the Low Countries, Burgundy, Sardinia, the two Sicilies and Milan, while Ferdinand V became Emperor of Germany.

Henry II of France, always eager to recover Lombardy, and ever jealous of the grandeur of Spain, profited by the separation, to wage war against Phillip II in Flanders. The Duke of Savoy, Emanuel Filiberto, fighting with the Spanish forces, proved himself a wonderful warrior, performed great feats of valor and succeeded in gaining complete victory over the French at the Battle of St. Quentin (1557). A

statue of this great general is now standing on the Piazza of St. Carlo at Turin.

The Duke of Savoy also took part in the great battle of Lepanto against the Turks (1571), and Marcantonio Colonna commanded galleys in the name of the Pope, by whom he was given a triumphal entry into Rome after the complete defeat of the enemy.

(You will recall I spoke of the chart of this battle in the Colonna Palace.)

While St. Carlo Borromeo, whose great brass statue we have seen at his birth-place, Arona, on the shores of Lago Maggiore, was performing deeds of goodness and benevolence in the plague-fested city of Milan (1576), Venice, under the influence of Sarpi, was disgusted at the intrigues of the Roman Court, and was on the point of following the religious dissension of England and Germany, by separating itself from the Roman See, when the timely intervention of France and the Duke of Savoy brought about a reconciliation with the Pope.

Charles Emanuel of Savoy, surnamed the Great (1580), in consequence of the many things he accomplished, succeeded, though only through many hard-fought battles, in greatly adding to his territorial domains, and while the French were agitated by the

Huguenot wars, seized the opportunity to retake the Marquisate of Saluzzo, and in this way became master of the territory and commanded the passage of the Alps, by which the French were accustomed to enter Italy. He made an effort to drive from his domains the Vaudois, a sect of people who had espoused the doctrines of the Reformation, but at length, though he defined the limits of their abode with great severity, he ceased to persecute them.

Just at this time Ariosto's "Orlando Furioso" and Tasso's "Geruseleme Liberata" were being read, while Galileo was discovering the pendulum, inventing the telescope and proving, by his great book, Copernicus' theory that the earth revolved around the sun.

Italy had become in a certain way Spanish; the Spanish Viceroy governed Lombardy, Sicily, Sardinia and Naples, and Spanish influence exerted itself upon many of the other States. Even to-day many Spanish customs still exist in Italy, which have come down from that epoch.

Attacked by Spain, Savoy allied itself with France, and in the battle at Casale, where the Spanish were badly defeated, the Spanish General Leganez, full of disgust, sent the French General, allied with the Piedmontese, the following message:

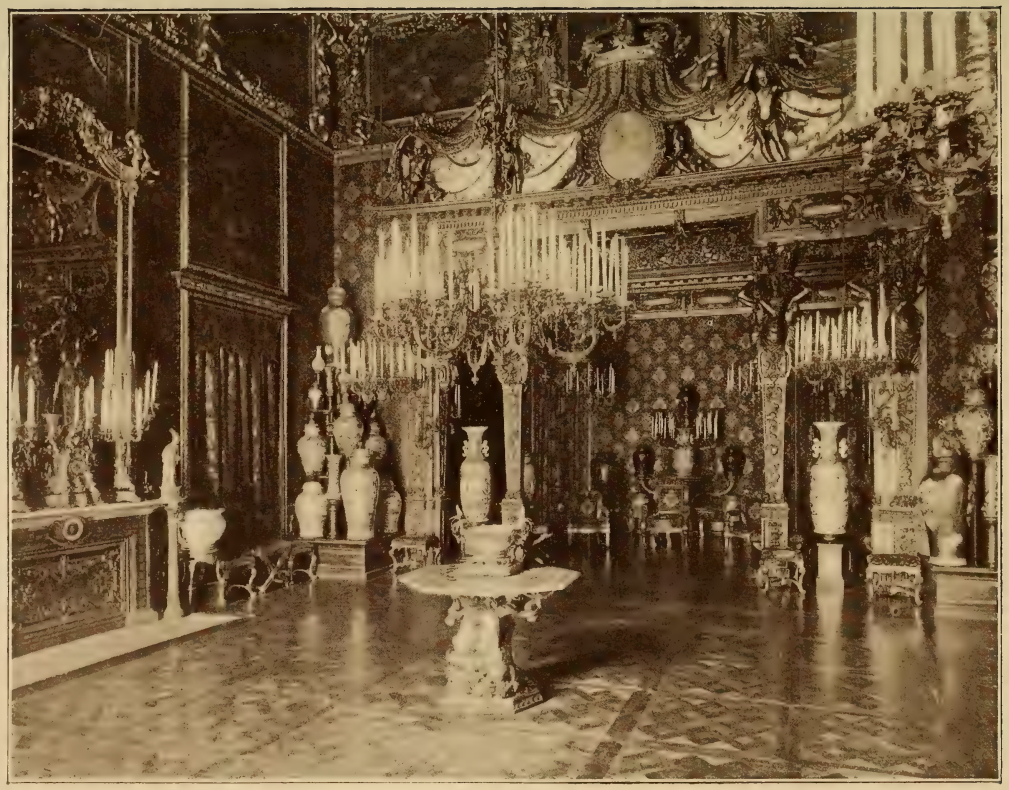
"If I were the King of France I would have your head cut off for having risked the battle with so small a force."

"And I," answered Artour, the French General, "had I the honor to be the King of Spain, would have the Marquis Leganez decapitated for allowing himself to be beaten by a mere handful of men."

Later, about 1665, during the war of the Spanish Succession, when it was found that Victor Amadeo II of Savoy had sided not with France but with Germany, a numerous army of French and Spaniards attacked his States. Savoy, Nice, Susa, Aosta, Ivrea and Vercelli unfortunately fell into the hands of the enemy, who then turned on Turin, which they besieged, but after a fierce struggle, Victor Amadeo, aided by the Austrian General, Prince Eugene, completely defeated the French, drove them out of Turin, and Piedmont rose again from its ruins. At the end of the war of the Spanish Succession by the Treaty of Rastadt, Spain was conceded to Philip V, nephew of Louis XIV of France, while Lombardy, Naples and Sardinia were united with Austria, and for over one hundred years France and Spain lost all their influence in Italy, the whole Peninsula becoming virtually Austrian.

By the victory of Turin and the Treaty of Rastadt, the States of Victor Amedeo were greatly enlarged, and he was the first of the Dukes of Savoy to

INTERIOR OF THE ROYAL PALACE AT TURIN



bear the title of the King of Sicily, though he soon exchanged Sicily for Sardinia with the Emperor of Germany, and the Dukes of Savoy have ever since been known as the Kings of Sardinia.

During the reign of the son of Victor Amedeo II, all Europe was stirred by the Polish war, and the War of the Succession of Austria (1731).

In regard to the choice of a King for Poland (Polish Kings were elected by the people), Austria and Russia took sides against France and Spain. The theatre of war was for the most part in Italy, and the King of Sardinia was forced in a measure to take part in order to preserve his own States. At the treaty of peace, signed after two years' fighting, it was decided that Charles Bourbon of Spain should be recognized King of Naples and Sicily, and he was the first to assume the title of King of the Two Sicilies.

The Austrian Succession of Maria Theresa was upheld by the King of Sardinia and England, and opposed by France and Spain, and a nine years' war ensued. At length the powerful army of Austrians and Piedmontese succeeded in driving out the French and Spanish forces, and Italy enjoyed several years of much-needed peace.

In 1799 the French Revolution startled the world, and the great Napoleon appears upon the Italian

scene. On his entrance to Italy he found the country divided in this wise: Piedmont belonged to the House of Savoy which had taken the title of King of Sardinia. Lombardy was under the Emperor of Germany; the two republics of Genoa and Venice continued to exist, but in degenerate form; in the two Sicilies and the Dukedom of Parma, Princes who were descended from the Spanish Bourbons, were still reigning; Lucca was a republic; Tuscany was ruled by a Grand Duke, brother of the Emperor of Austria; Rome and the Romagna formed the States of the Church, in whose midst was the little Republic of San Marino.

What Napoleon accomplished in Italy and the marvelous way in which he placed Italy under French rule in an incredibly short space of time, is quite familiar to all.

After the battle of Marengo (1800) all further thought of opposition to Napoleon vanished, and even the Pope did exactly as bidden. But once Emperor, Napoleon made the great mistake of placing on the conquered thrones members of his family, utterly inadequate, many of them, for their positions, and who became not only annoying to him, but worked him positive mischief.

The King of Sardinia could not hope to with-

stand the French invasion, and Piedmont became for the time, the Sub-Alpine Republic, and Prince Borghese, who had married Pauline Bonaparte, was made Governor. Savoy and Nice were annexed to France. Eliza Bonaparte was given Tuscany; Murat, brother-in-law of Napoleon, was made King of Naples; Louis Bonaparte was made King of Holland, and Lucien was made King of Westphalia.

The great Napoleon did much for Italy in many ways; in the establishment of schools, in the building of wonderful roads and bridges that are used to-day, and he made many other improvements which remain to remind one throughout Italy, and indeed throughout Europe, that, however criticised by his enemies, Napoleon lived and labored for the permanent good of the countries which came under his rule.

After the Congress of Vienna (1815), Italy enjoyed some years of tranquillity, and by virtue of the treaty agreed on at Vienna, the legitimate princes were for the most part restored to their domains, and pristine forms of government established.

Sardinia, Piedmont, Savoy and Novara were restored to their former King, Genoa being also added to his dominions. The countries belonging to Venice and Lombardy were made over to Austria under the name of the Lombardo-Venetian King-

dom. The Neapolitan and Tuscan States were restored to their former sovereigns; the Pope again took possession of his Roman States. The dukedoms of Reggio, Modena and Mirandola were given to Francis, Duke of Austria, while those of Parma, Piacenza and Guastella were given to Marie Louise, wife of Napoleon.

After this, Italy enjoyed some years of tranquillity, and then followed the disastrous revolutions in Sicily and Naples against King Ferdinand, that were put down eventually by Austrian arms. The Pope issued an edict at this time (1820) in which he stated that if the people of Italy must be so afflicted by the scourge of war, he, as an essentially pacific ruler, intended to preserve perfect neutrality toward all nations. In this way Rome was preserved for the time from disasters of war.

In Piedmont, however, the revolutionary spirit became intense, and Victor Emmanuel I, hearing that many of the cities had joined the rebels, abdicated in favor of his brother, Carlo Felice, then living at Modena, meanwhile appointing his cousin, Charles Albert, regent. The much-demanded Constitution, similar to the Spanish Constitution exacted in Naples, was insisted on by the populace, and finally granted, but its life was shorter even than that at

Naples; the Austrian General in Milan was called upon for assistance, and the Austrians, marching on Turin, entered the city without resistance and the whole revolution collapsed.

Instead of liberating Piedmont and Naples, and forming a united Italy, the revolutionists had thus far only succeeded in adding one more citadel, Alessandria, to be occupied by the Austrians. Nevertheless the spirit of the revolution still remained and there was in the secret societies, or Carbonari, a definite plan to unite all Italy into one republic, to remove the Pope from Rome, and to drive all the Kings of Italy from their thrones.

In 1846 Pius IX was elected to the Pontifical seat, and his first act was to grant a general amnesty. He promoted many other reforms, which were received with great applause and admiration, and the revolutionists seized this opportunity of toleration to spread anew throughout Italy the tempting idea of making it one united land, and driving out the Austrian tyrants from Lombardy. The cry soon arose on every hand, "Long live Italy, long live Pio Nono, and death to the Austrians!" The Milanese were the first to take arms against the Austrians, but in the beginning of the War of Independence the Milanese would have fared sadly indeed, had it not

been for the help given them by Charles Albert, King of Sardinia, who, at the death of Carlo Felice had ascended the throne. Under the bad leadership of General Ramorino, the Piedmontese suffered a fearful defeat at Novara, and Charles Albert, broken-hearted at the loss of the battle, spoke to the assembled chiefs of his army in this wise:

"As I can this day neither save Italy nor die as a soldier, my obligation to my country is ended. I can no longer render service to my subjects, to whose happiness I have devoted eighteen years of my life, and therefore I lay down my crown, and place it on the head of my son and successor. I am no longer King. Your King is now my son Victor Emmanuel II."

And what a King and what a son!

After the battle of Novara, Piedmont had to pay 1,200,000 francs to Austria as the price of peace, and poor Charles Albert, oppressed with grief at his fallen fortunes, died in 1849.

In Rome also affairs were becoming desperate, and the assassination of Count Rossi, President of the Pope's Ministry, and a man who exerted his best influences and great ability for the reorganization of the States of Italy, brought consternation to every one. At the time of his death he had opened negotiations with Naples, Florence and Turin, hoping

thus to form a basis for a national federation of the Italian States. The revolutionists saw that the establishment of law and order and a new Italy, under Papal rule, would but ill meet their cherished hopes of a great, independent republic; Count Rossi paid the price of their disapproval with his life.

After the murder of Count Rossi, things went from bad to worse; the revolutionists besieged the Vatican, removed the guards and pointed cannon at the entrance. Pio Nono in disguise escaped from the Vatican at night, and, aided by Count Spauro, joined Cardinal Antonelli at Gaeta. General confusion followed, the Papal adherents were terrified, the indifferent were astounded, but the revolutionists were filled with exultation, and immediately took the preliminary steps towards the proclaiming of a republic, by establishing a provisional government, which was called a *Junta*. The leading men of the Papal Government nearly all relinquished their posts; the Chambers and Municipal Body resigned, and, under the leadership of Joseph Galletti of Bologna, the following decree was issued February 9, 1849: "The Papacy has fallen *de facto* and *de jure* from being the head of the Roman States. The National Government will now take the glorious name of Roman Republic."

Spain, France, Portugal, Austria and Naples, all came forward now to restore the Pope to his condition of independence and dignity.

Piedmont and Tuscany, on account of internal dissensions, refused to join the league of the Catholic powers. Having tried all pacific means in vain, the allied powers now determined to intervene by force of arms, in order to restore Pius IX to his throne.

The French were the first on the scene, the Austrians advancing by way of Lombardy and Tuscany.

In the midst of the general hostilities, Giuseppe Garibaldi, the bold and courageous man who was afterwards to prove himself one of the real liberators of Italy, appeared on the scene; a man of action, obedient in supreme emergencies to the inspiration of his own genius, he came forward now with fifteen hundred picked men to the aid of the Republican party. He was received with enthusiasm by the then heads of the government, and fierce fighting now ensued against the French, who only succeeded in entering the city after repeated assaults, and order was at last restored by the French General Oudinot. Order had also been restored in Piedmont, where Victor Emmanuel had become King, and the Grand Duke Leopold had again control over Tuscany.

The French, after having re-established the Pope

on his throne, returned in part to their own country, leaving, however, a garrison in Rome, sufficient to quell any disorders that might afterwards arise. The Austrians maintained garrisons in Lombardy, also a close watch on the Papal States, and for some ten years Italy was at peace.

Piedmont, during this time, under the reign of Victor Emmanuel, and under the guidance of her greatest statesman, Cavour, continued steadily forward, consolidating her power and extending her influence.

With the most consummate tact and diplomatic daring, Cavour made an alliance between Piedmont and France, always placing Piedmont in the light of one of the great European powers. To justify these assumptions, Piedmont sent 20,000 men under General La Marmora to the Crimea in the war with France and England against Russia, and those soldiers distinguished themselves at the victory of the allies over the Russians on the river Tchernaya, and reaped their full glory and benefit therefrom.

After the disastrous battle against the Austrians at Novara in 1849, an armistice rather than a real peace had been concluded, and fierce animosities remained on each side. Austria began to make powerful armaments in the Lombardo-Venetian territory, and Pied-

mont, seeing war threatened, began to arm herself in opposition; meanwhile the idea of a United Italy steadily gained ground throughout the peninsula.

Cavour's diplomacy with Emperor Napoleon III was remarkable. His frequent journeyings back and forth from Piedmont to France, his cleverly laid plans, which he still more cleverly succeeded in executing, are all well-known matters of history. Napoleon III provoked a rupture with Austria, and on Piedmont's refusing to disarm generally, war was formally declared on April 26th, 1859. The French troops with Napoleon III at their head, and led by the best generals in France, at once poured into Piedmont by way of Genoa and Mont Cenis.

The first real battle was at Montebello near Casteggio, where the Austrians were worsted. Another battle followed at Palestro, where the allies led by Victor Emmanuel, displayed great courage, and at the battle of Magenta, on the fourth of June the Austrians were completely routed.

After these successes Victor Emmanuel and Emperor Napoleon III made a triumphal entry into Milan on January 8th. More victories followed, but the decisive battle was fought at Solferino where the fighting line extended ten miles, and where 500,000 men were under arms. The Emperor Napoleon, the

King of Sardinia, and the Emperor of Austria commanded their respective armies in person, and it was indeed such a battle as reminded one of the days of Aëtius and Attila. The glory or disgrace of France and Piedmont hung in the balance.

The fighting began at four in the morning on June 24th, and lasted till late the next afternoon, when, favored by a violent storm, the allies assailed the enemy with so much vehemence and courage that after tremendous fighting the victory was theirs. The enemy retired across the Mincio, to an impregnable position in a plain defended by the four fortresses of Mantua, Peschiera, Verona, and Legnano.

It seemed most hazardous to attempt to attack those fortresses and run the risk of losing all that had been already gained; therefore the preliminaries of peace were signed at Villafranca and peace concluded at Zurich. This peace was, however, far from satisfactory to Piedmont, for, as the price of the assistance from Napoleon III, they were obliged to cede to France Savoy and Nice. Thus, while it gave Lombardy to the King of Sardinia, it was far from freeing Italy from foreign domination from sea to sea.

This treaty of Villafranca was a fearful blow and disappointment to the hopes and aspirations of the Italian people, for they saw the brightest chance that

had ever occurred since the old Roman times, of a free and united country, suddenly vanish before them, and they knew themselves to be in almost the same condition as they were before the war began. Venetia was still in the hands of the Austrians; but though the States of Southern Italy were to remain under the rule of the Pope, Piacenza, Parma, from which Marie Louise had taken flight, Modena, Massa, Carrara and Tuscany, having driven out the Grand Duke from Florence, and Bologna under Marquis d'Azeglio, declared themselves in favor of annexation under the rule of the King of Sardinia.

The stipulation in the Villafranca treaty that forbade a foreign army to enter any of the Italian States for the sake of carrying out the provisions of the treaty, made it possible for the Piedmontese government with Rattazzi at the head, to quietly pursue their purpose of annexation, assimilate the laws and institutions of all the different States, so that the political world of Europe should regard the annexation of these States to Piedmont as a *fait accompli.*

Cavour now came forward again, and with the extraordinary sagacity with which he was endowed, added to his wonderful belief in the justice and ultimate success of his cause, he brought over France and England to his views.

He pointed out the impossibility of forcing the population of Central Italy to receive again the reactionary governments which they had expelled from their respective capitals, unless by military force; a plebiscite was resorted to in the various States which were annexed, and a large majority in all but Tuscany declared itself. It seemed very unjust that Savoy and Nice, which had been the cradle of the dynasty of Piedmont, should be separated from the now so much desired United Italy, but both provinces by a majority of votes decided for annexation to France.

Victor Emmanuel is said to have declared when obliged to submit to this decision, "If Austria were not on my heels, by the Almighty, I would not have yielded Nice and Savoy to France,—not if I had been obliged to march an army in their defense."

The new Parliament, with members chosen from Lombardy, Tuscany and the other annexed States, now opened at Turin. The King, in his opening speech, said: "Italy is no longer an open field for the ambition of foreigners; from this time it belongs to the Italians themselves. We shall have many obstacles to surmount; but upheld by public opinion and by the affection of the people, I will not allow any of our rights to be violated or diminished. Attached

as my ancestors have always been to the Catholic faith and the Pope, nevertheless if the ecclesiastical authority will have recourse to arms for its temporal interests, I would find in my conscience and in the traditions of my family the force necessary to maintain our civil liberties as well as my own authority intact, and shall have to answer for this only to my own people and to God."

It was only natural that Southern Italy and Sicily should catch the enthusiasm for unification. The revolutionary spirit was the more increased by the galling tyranny of the police officers of the new King, Francesco II, especially in Sicily, where, although there were revolts and several attempts at insurrection, there was not the widespread revolution that the exaggerated reports spread throughout Italy.

In 1860 Garibaldi, gaining the secret sympathy of the King of Sardinia, now determined to seize the opportunity to aid the Sicilian insurgents, who were driven from their homes by cruelty of government officials, and had retired in small bands to the mountains, where they lived perforce after the manner of brigands.

Embarking from Genoa, Garibaldi, who had gathered around him many of his old companions of the

"red shirt," landed in Sicily, put himself at the head of the revolutionary movement, and having worsted the royal troops in a small encounter, determined to march on Palermo, of which Garibaldi, after much fighting, took possession, and quickly became master of the entire island.

He then crossed the straits of Messina with his ever-increasing army, and soon Calabria, Puglia, and the Abruzzi opened their gates before him as a conqueror. All Naples was in confusion. The King fled, and Garibaldi, trusting to the magic of his name, left behind him the main body of his army, and entered Naples with only a half dozen friends and supporters, amidst the universal cheers of the whole population.

Then the Kingdom of Naples, which had lasted more than eight hundred years, now fell almost without striking a blow, under the prestige of a popular leader, aided by the enthusiasm which had been created by the party of action in favor of a free and united Italy.

The Pope, alarmed, endeavored to raise up an army to maintain and increase his temporal power. Victor Emmanuel saw that the entrance of the foreign army was alike dangerous to Sardinia and the other States of Italy, and at once organized an

army in two divisions, one under General Cialdini, which passed along the Adriatic shores, while the other under Generals Faute and Della Rocca occupied the valley of the Tiber.

Garibaldi meantime gave battle once more against the royal troops, and won a victory on the banks of the Volturno, whence he now entered Gaeta.

He was now sole dictator of Naples. He established many reforms, instituted schools, expelled the Jesuits, and proclaimed general religious liberty. The Republican party, which had previously been led by Mazzini, and with which Garibaldi felt the greatest sympathy, now tried to prevent the annexation of the two Sicilies to the Kingdom of Victor Emmanuel, preferring to preserve it as a center for republican institutions, from which the policy of a united Italian Republic could be later proclaimed.

But Garibaldi was far too wise a man, and too earnest a patriot, to be induced to any hasty adoption of republican institutions, and he fully realized the necessity of following the plebiscite as the only system in deciding the annexation or autonomy of the southern provinces. The result of the plebiscite proclaimed for annexation by a large majority, and the most sanguine hopes of the National party were realized.

Victor Emmanuel now marched to Naples, to render assistance to the forces of Garibaldi, and complete the conquest of the country. All the towns through which he passed greeted their new king with acclamations of joy.

Near Capua the two of the foremost actors in the history of the formation of United Italy met with most cordial greetings, and on the 7th of November the King, accompanied by Garibaldi, made a triumphal entrance into Naples. The result of the plebiscite was brought to Victor Emmanuel the next day, by a deputation inviting him to assume the government of the whole of Southern Italy. Garibaldi wished to keep the dictatorship for a year previous to the formal annexation, but Victor Emmanuel (fearing to compromise the country in the eyes of Catholic Europe by an independent attack on Rome) for many excellent reasons refused, and Garibaldi, considering his work completed, retired to his cottage in Caprera.

Victor Emmanuel, King of Sardinia, was now King of Italy by the grace of God and by the will of the nation. But Rome still remained in the hands of the Pope, and Cavour, with his rare ability, now proceeded to untangle this fast knot in the solution of Italian unity. He declared that Rome was by

right the proper capital of Italy, and maintained the famous doctrine of "a free church in a free state." To reconcile the Catholic powers, he announced his plan to give to the Pope perfect freedom of action in all spiritual matters, while reserving for the Kingdom of Italy the prestige of its ancient capital. This great speech made in the Parliament was the last act of Cavour's wonderful and eventful life, for on the 6th of June he died.

The occupation of Rome was now the question of the moment, and all pacific methods were attempted, always meeting the same reply, "*Non possumus.*" The non-success of pacific efforts excited the party of action to stronger methods of procedure. Garibaldi was soon to the fore once more. "*Roma o morte!*" rang throughout Italy, but the government did not wish to compromise Italy in the eyes of Napoleon, who still continued the occupation of Rome and sent to arrest the most daring revolutionists; Garibaldi returned again to Caprera.

He went now to Sicily, the scene of his former successes, and enrolled many of the Sicilian youths under his banner; but when it became known that his goal was Rome, Victor Emmanuel sent a royal army to watch the progress of events.

Garibaldi nevertheless proceeded, but his reception

this time in Naples was far different from his first. The country was quiet, annexed by its own wish to the government of Victor Emmanuel, and when the government troops opposed his advance, he fired, and after a brief combat, was taken prisoner with all his followers, who were dispersed throughout Italy. The Italian troops were not allowed to cross the borders of the Papal States, and the boundary lands and frontiers became the haunts of numerous bands of brigands, who, when pursued, took refuge in the Roman territory.

France began to wish to be relieved from the embarrassments which the Roman occupation now occasioned, and an agreement was at last reached between the Italian Government and the French Emperor, that neither army should attack the other, and that the French troops should gradually be removed from Rome; the King was also to transfer his capital to some other convenient locality, and Florence was selected,—en route for Rome, in the minds of many.

When the agreement between the French and Italian governments became known, Cardinal Antonelli, the Pope's Prime Minister, at first remonstrated, and then began to enroll troops.

The Italian Government now signed an offensive

and defensive alliance with Prussia. This brought the question of Venice once more into prominence.

Prussia declared war against Austria in 1866, and Italy, according to the treaty signed in Berlin, did the same. The Italians fought bravely at the battle of Custoza and Villafranca, but though they were worsted by the Austrians in both, their armies remained unbroken. The Prussians meantime marched victoriously on Vienna, and a treaty was soon signed by virtue of which Italy obtained Venice, which, by another plebiscite, was incorporated as a part of the Italian Kingdom.

Now that the Venetian question was plainly settled, and Venetia added to the Kingdom of Italy, the desire for the possession of Rome to become the capital became more ardent than ever. The Holy See offered a firm and unwavering resistance to any interference of civil power; but meantime Napoleon was gradually removing his troops from Rome according to his treaty with Victor Emmanuel, although he insisted that Italy should not depart from her agreement to prevent any hostile force from entering Rome and causing revolution in the Papal city.

No sooner had the French troops left Rome than the revolutionists, headed by Garibaldi, who issued

a proclamation urging the Roman people to revolt, started a secret expedition to invade the Papal State, this against the express wishes and orders of the Government, which arrested Garibaldi and sent him to his home in Caprera. Nevertheless bands of insurgents passed the Papal frontiers, and urged the population to revolt. The Roman Government complained to the French Emperor, who, indignant at what he considered a breach of faith on the part of Italy, prepared to send troops back to Rome, as a protection to the Holy See against invasion.

Garibaldi unwisely endeavored once more to attack Rome, but was defeated by the Papal and French troops, and forced to cross the frontier where he was again arrested. Victor Emmanuel now endeavored to form an alliance between Italy, Austria and France, hoping in this way to come to an amicable settlement of all the outstanding questions, — the Roman first of all. Had Napoleon III yielded to those proposals, his fate would, it is generally thought, have been much less terrible.

The year 1867 closed with the publication of the Dogma of Infallibility.

1870 brought the war between France and Prussia, and the fearful defeats of the French arms are too well known to need mention here. Suffice it to say

that France needed her every soldier, and all French troops were now withdrawn from Rome; though Victor Emmanuel had too much respect for his compact with Napoleon to take advantage of his misfortunes to enter Rome by force of arms; but after the catastrophe at Sedan, which was followed by the deposition of the Emperor, and the proclamation of the French Republic, there was nothing which forced him to observe a treaty with a power that now ceased to exist. England and France encouraged the occupation of Rome by Victor Emmanuel. Spain had her own revolution to look after. Austria had been defeated (and lost Venice), and was not in a position to dictate or open strife anew. Moreover since the publication of the Dogma of Infallibility of the Pope, a great change had taken place in the minds of the people as to the advisability of the Pope's having temporal power.

Victor Emmanuel once more had recourse to diplomacy and the ways of peace, but all efforts on his part to persuade Pius IX to come to an agreement met with the same dogged obstinacy. Accordingly an army of fifty thousand men under General Cadorna was marched across the frontier into the Papal territory.

The inhabitants welcomed them as deliverers rather

than as invaders, and on the twentieth of September (1870), the army arrived under the walls of the city, and with but a slight struggle and a few shots at the Porta Pia, a breach was made in the walls, and the national army entered Rome amidst the enthusiastic acclamations of the people.

At first the Pope meditated flight, but no friendly country was near him. He therefore shut himself up in the Vatican, where, according to the tradition established by him, the Popes are to-day the prisoners of the King of Italy

Directly after the occupation of Rome, a plebiscite was taken to determine the wishes of the Roman people; 40,895 votes were cast for annexation of Rome to the Italian Kingdom, and 96 against it.

On the 9th of October a deputation of citizens, headed by the Duke of Sermoneta, presented themselves before the King, and gave him the result of the plebiscite, formally proclaiming the Pontifical States henceforth annexed to the Kingdom of Italy. Steps were at once taken to transfer the Government to Rome, its natural seat. From that time forth the whole effort of the King and his ministers was to develop the resources of the country, to promote its industries, and extend its relations with foreign countries, reform its finances, organize its army and

navy, and to promote the cause of national education.

Victor Emmanuel (*Il Re Galantuomo*), died on the 9th of January, 1878, receiving, in due form, the absolution of the Church, lamented by a whole nation, whose freedom he had done more than any one to win. A month later Pius IX also died. King Umberto I proved a worthy successor to his gallant father, and his sad death is still fresh in the minds of all lovers of Italy.

King Victor Emmanuel III is surely a worthy, fitting successor to his great progenitors. With such a a father as Umberto I, and such a mother as Queen Margherita, it is not surprising that Victor Emmanuel III is a very fine man. Every care was lavished upon his education, and he is one of the first scholars of Europe. He is keenly alive to all the best interests of Italy; has taken an active part in the recent agricultural improvements throughout Italy, especially in the endeavors to drain and improve the Roman Campagna; he has given his patronage and help to the first Italian International Exhibition at Milan, which was opened most brilliantly a short time ago, and in the recent distress following the earthquake in Calabria and the eruption of Vesuvius, His Majesty not only gave most

generously to the sufferers, but went himself among them, and both he and the Queen personally gave aid and assistance to those in peril and sorrow.

These personal endeavors of the King and Queen in times of danger to care for the welfare of their people will ever be remembered, and have placed the names of Victor Emmanuel and Elena deep in the hearts of the Italian people. United Italy has had a glorious beginning with such Kings as Victor Emmanuel and Umberto I, and with Victor Emmanuel III, it has the promise of a great and brilliant future.

THE END.

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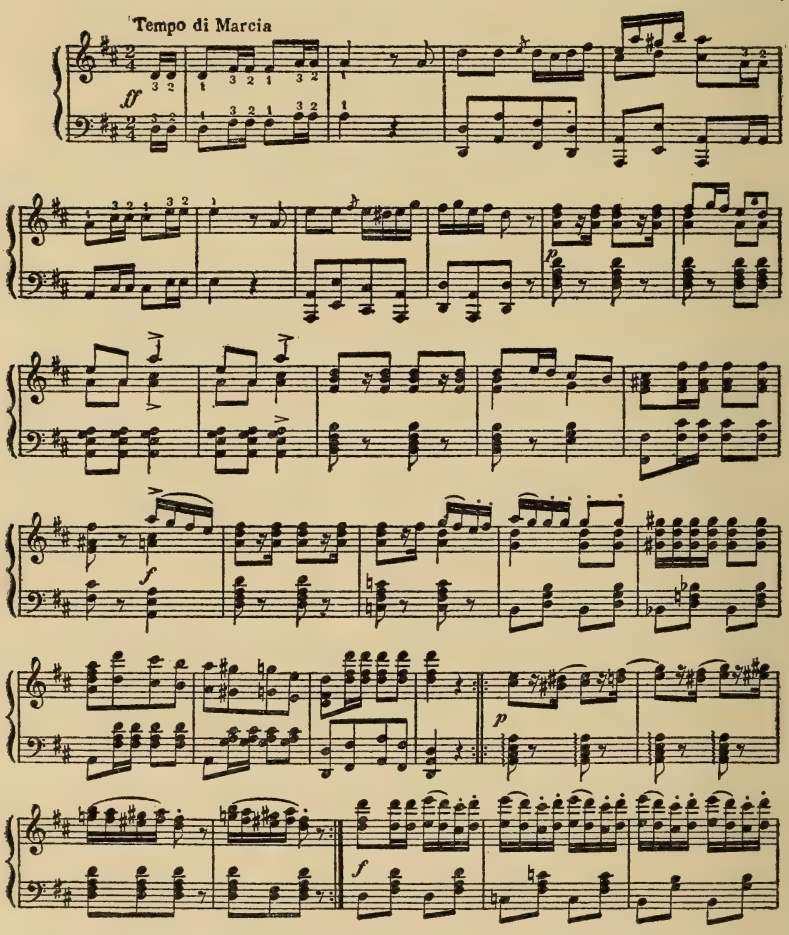




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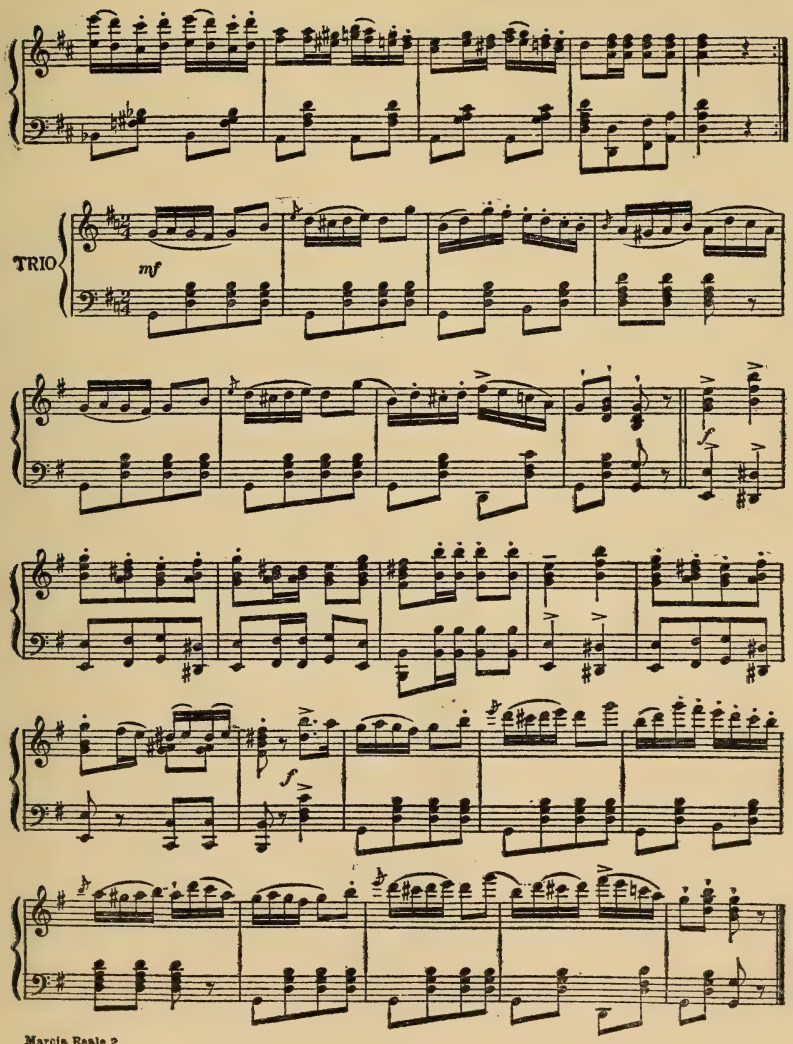
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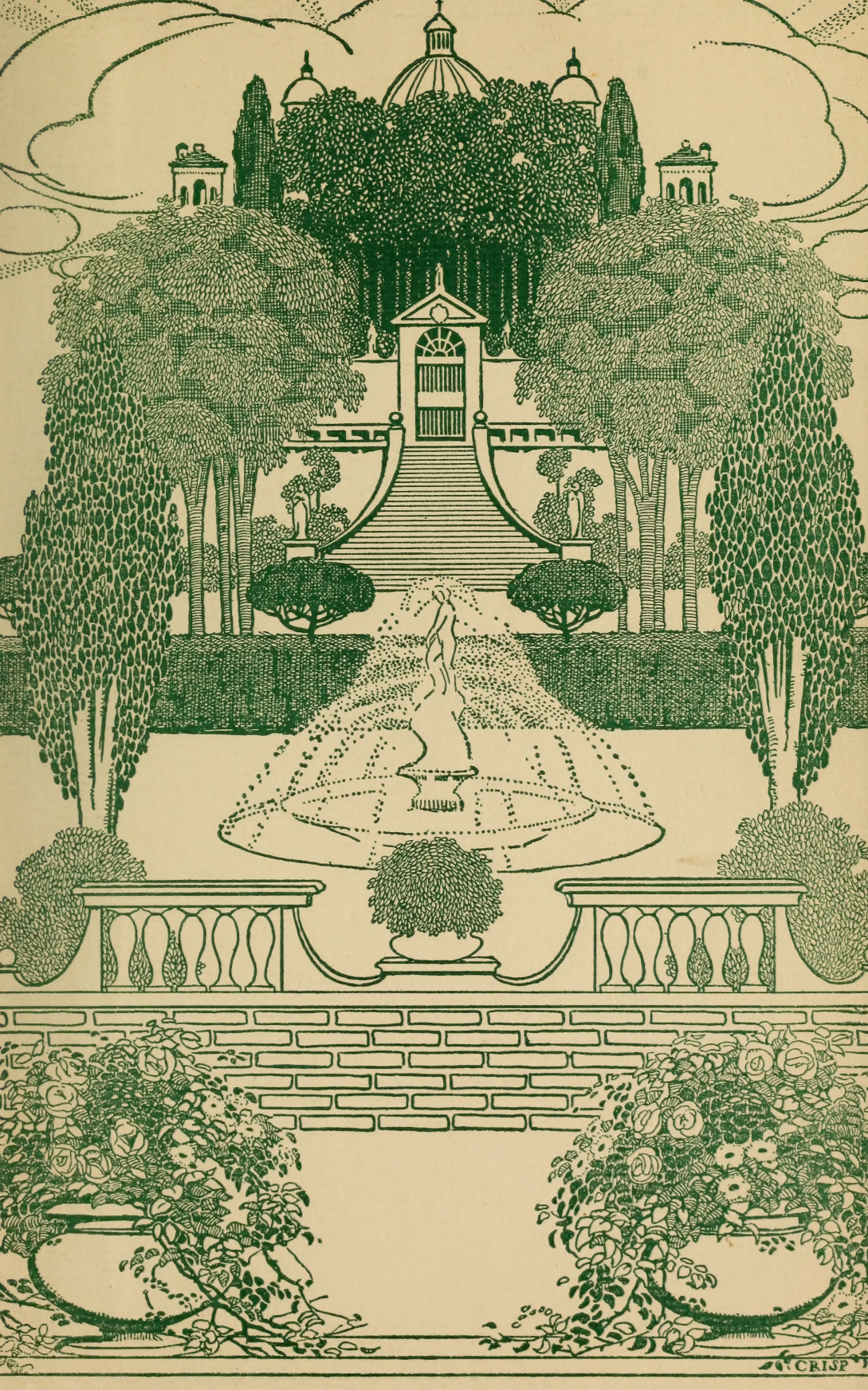
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